JUNE

BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

A Review
of Reviews for busy
men and women, with
some Canadian Specials.

How Sir Thomas Shaughnessy
Reached the Top.

The Proper Way to
Spend a Holiday.

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The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

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How Sir Thomas Shaughnessy Reached the Top

Some Outstanding Characteristics in the Career of a Railway Man Who is Head of the Largest Transportation Corporation in the World—Methods of One Who Commands an Industrial Army of 35,000 and Whose Gospel is Work.

By C. D. Cliffe.

"If you want work well done, select a busy man. The other kind have no time."

THIS then gives preface to explaining Sir Thomas G. Shaughnessy, President of the greatest railway and shipping corporation in the world, the C.P.R. He is not only one of the business men who does his work superbly, but all accounts go to show that from very childhood, Sir Thomas was singularly direct and true. From the time he began railway work in a junior post at the age of sixteen, up to the supreme distinction he holds to-day, he has added to his work a touch of personality, through great zeal, patience and persistence, making it always peculiar, unique, individual, distinct and unforgettable—in short, he is a railroad genius.

Genius, however, is never defined twice alike, nor put in the alembic and resolved into its constituent parts —so let it go at that.

Born in Milwaukee, Wis., October 6, 1853, in a house still standing, and which should be marked with a bronze plate, but it is not, young Shaughnessy took on many of the traits of the alert, fervent, daring Western neighbors. His ancestry were purely Irish, and the sterling qualities of the race were always his, even to sturdiness of body and mind, which early marked him as a leader among his fellows. In one of the large public schools of Milwaukee, schoolmates recall the rugged sharpness of the young man who in classes and debates at the literary society was a dominant figure. What marked him always was the thoroughness, absoluteness in all work, and then that indefinable touch of judgment, which made him notable for buying the things he ought to

Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, President of the C.P.R.

Sir Thomas Shaughnessy's Residence, 905 Dorchester St. West, Montreal.

have bought and for never leaving unsold the things he ought to have worked off. At the early age of sixteen, having graduated from a business college, he was employed in the purchasing department of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. The restlessness of coming manhood made the active young mind impatient and promotion after promotion followed until in January, 1879, he was appointed general storekeeper of the road—a most responsible and trying position for one so young. Education is a matter of desire, and the young man early acquired the study habit. He constantly read works of the masters on economic questions, and his mind was full of epigrams and maxims which he sprinkled through his diary. He organized intellectual clubs in the city, where coteries of brainy young men discussed economics and politics. It was sophomoric, of course, but these young men defended their studies in essays and orations which were right out on the highway which leads to superiority. Sir Thomas worked and read, and early acquired the power to do independent thinking and to speak so directly and convincingly that, as Mr. Dooley says, "'Twas a speech ye cud waltz to." Steadily he was getting his education—getting it as all great men have got theirs—by doing.

Little did he dream that he was being watched in all his work by an official of the same railway, then plain William Van Horne, who had formerly been a telegraph operator, and who had been chosen recently manager of the newly-built Canadian transcontinental line, the C.P.R. Scarcely had Sir William Van Horne taken over the task of management of the C.P.R. than he saw the need of a strong man in the purchasing department, and in October, 1882, Sir Thomas was selected for the position. He was then under thirty years of age, which serves as a vital illustration to all young men of what may be accomplished by concentrating effort and working wisely and intelligently.

It would be impossible to tell the value of the new purchasing agent to the C.P.R. in the days when grafters were hovering around and when pinchbeck patriots and politicians wished to share rake-offs for orders, and were turned down rigidly on all sides, and were completely silenced by his open-handed honesty and bold, stern insistence of clear cut, sterling worth. Sir William Van Horne was known to have praised his "find" abundantly, and soon noticed that the irrepressible brain of the future president called for greater things. In his 31st year, young Shaughnessy was appointed to the onerous and exacting position of assistant to the general manager, which he held from January, 1884, to September, 1885, when he was given the full position of assistant general manager of the road. This he held until September, 1889, when his qualifications and prominence were greatly accentuated by his being chosen assistant to the President. In this work, he proved his worth in a thousand ways, and it was a cumulative consequence to find him two years less than forty years old, in June, 1891, elected a director of the company and made Vice-President. In 1899—June 12th—when Sir Wm. Van Horne retired from the Presidency, the opportunity of his life, the supreme climax of his ambition, came

to Mr. Shaughnessy when he was made President—the kindly autocrat of the C.P.R.

There he was, less than 45 years of age, a time when many men are just beginning to discover themselves, commanding an army of employes numbering 35,000, and controlling a railway which occupied a front rank amongst the greatest transportation corporations of the age. All this speaks eloquently of his ability. But that was ten years ago. Listen to the progress made in this last decade. The staff has risen to over 70,000; the earnings have advanced from less than $30,000,000 to over $72,000,000, in 1907. Not only has the mileage increased from 9,816 to over 13,000, but an Atlantic fleet of fifteen modern steamships, including the two splendid Empresses, has been inaugurated; the Pacific fleet has been enlarged, the Pacific Coast service greatly improved, the Upper Lake service augmented by two magnificent Clyde-built steamships, and the equipment of the rail system—locomotives, passenger, sleeping, dining and freight cars—more than doubled, the latter now numbering over 40,000. New lines have been built and extensions made since Sir Thomas came into office, so that now Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba and the West are fairly well gridironed. The chain of hotels has also been lengthened, and now extends from St. Andrews-by-the-Sea, on the Bay of Fundy, to Victoria, on the Pacific Coast, where the new Empress is the welcome meeting place of the East and West.

Probably this development is best told in a reference taken from a newspaper report of the annual meeting of shareholders held last October:

"The most interesting feature of the meeting was the annual address of the President, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, which was unusually full, and contained a good deal of picturesque information that made it quite different from the ordinary cut and dried presentation of balance sheet facts. Indeed, Sir Thomas was so impressed with his subject that he, at one time, almost became guilty of adjectival eloquence, when discussing what had been done by the C.P.R. irrigation works in the West, which, he said, were converting a land that had been 'bleak and uncultivated territory, into a pleasing and productive district.'

"This touch of poetic fancy made the shareholders sit up and look for more, but they were disappointed. The President at once relapsed into facts and figures to show how the system had advanced during the past year, and how it was to be still further advanced during the years to come. The prospect pleased the shareholders, and a hearty burst of applause greeted the close of Sir Thomas Shaughnessy's speech.

"The address was remarkable in many ways, not the least of which was the evidence given by Sir Thomas of the manner in which the Canadian Pacific dominates the general outlook of the Dominion, and the reason why the railway invariably identifies itself with the progress of the country, on the principle that what is good for Canada must be good for the C.P.R. Sir Thomas presented figures to show that about one-twelfth of the people of Canada are directly or indirectly dependent upon the Canadian Pacific for their living. In addition to this, Sir Thomas stated that there were about fifteen thousand shareholders of the C.P.R. in America and Europe, whose holdings amounted to fifty or less shares, indicating the world-wide confidence of the small investor in the concern."

It was just two years ago on May 19th that the Board of Trade of the City of Quebec tendered a banquet to Sir Thomas in honor of the inauguration of new Empress steamships, which made their Canadian terminal the Ancient Capital. Many notable speeches were made, that of the guest being prophetic and optimistic regarding the Dominion. The teaching of the address at that time was that there should be no rivalry between the trade interests of the country, but that, on the contrary, all should unite at once for profit and patriotism, to do their part in the development of the nation, whose future was now assured. He said, in part:

President's Office in Windsor Street Station, Montreal.

"We have done much to improve the St. Lawrence route, but much remains to be done. The United States spends many millions a year in deepening the harbors of New York, Boston, Portland, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Galveston, New Orleans, etc., and millions more on its harbors on the Great Lakes. If we are not to be rendered dependent on American ports, we must do our utmost, regardless of expense, I might almost say, to improve the St. Lawrence route. The well-being of the whole of the Canadian people is involved; so is the political future of the country. It is by all odds the most important question of the day.

"Unless we complete a thorough system of improvements, based on scientific principles, we cannot hope to retain the rapidly growing traffic of the Northwest within Canadian channels. Much of it now finds its way to American ports; much more will go that way unless we bestir ourselves."

Thus it will be seen that the restless prophetic brain of the President is imaginative, and as one writer aptly puts it, "not for building poems, but steamboats; not expressed in verbal

delicacy, but in steel rails and Mogul engines."

What then is there that strikes the observer as the cardinal reason for his unbounded success?

The answer must be—genius, or that infinite capacity for taking pains. There is a special tone about the regime of this railway king; the elements are an atmosphere, a language, a character, memories and traditions all its own, and these combined give the tone. It is different from the pioneer end of the great railway, bigger, broader, in fact, is the lengthened shadow of one man—Sir Thomas. It is said, too, that Sir Thomas feels that difference, with a pardonable pride. In the early struggles there was a tinge of doubt; in his regime, devouring eagerness is the keynote of certainty and "No finality."

"No finality" is a by-word of the President's when he speaks of the possibilities of the C.P.R. corporation. He has used it when measuring swords with magnates such as J. J. Hill and others

In 1901 his parents at home in Milwaukee were awakened one night by a telegram. It is said the father broke the envelope with quivering hand, fearing lest anything should have happened ill to his illustrious son in Canada. To his delight and astonishment he read these words: "You may be gratified to know that His Majesty has conferred on me the honor of knighthood. One owes a great deal to a good father and mother."

In 1907, six years after being made a Knight Bachelor, Sir Thomas was accorded the further distinction of Knight Commander of the Victorian Order—an order established in 1896 and designed as a recognition of personal services to Queen Victoria, but retained by King Edward under the nomenclature adopted by his mother.

In Montreal his offices are located on the second floor of the spacious Windsor Street building. He usually sits at the end of the large room being about fifty feet away from the entrance. Without any of the cheap airs of the "would be," there is that mysterious something about Sir Thomas that always accompanies greatness. Yet he is one of the easiest men in the world to see; that is if you have anything to see him about.

A glance at the man would see a face stern, yet shaded with humorous, sympathetic features, eyes small and penetrating, being scarcely discernible, owing to the line of the low hanging upperlids being sharply defined, which indicate impulsiveness, impatience and command. His broad, well-shaped head, covered with bright sandy hair, is carried always conspicuously erect. Forty years of strenuous work towards higher aims have stamped the brow with reflectiveness, but kept its serenity. The rest of the face might be taken for a lad of twenty, being fair and rosy as if its owner had never lost a night's sleep or a day's enjoyment. Yet there is the iron lower jaw, wearing on the chin the bright Imperial, the firm, straight mouth hidden by a heavy blonde moustache, coupled with an aquiline, dominant, almost Roman nose, giving a striking soldier-like appearance, not easily forgotten. Add to this, his fine figure, above medium height, broad-shouldered and straight, always immaculately dressed in quiet, good taste, and Sir Thomas is printed on the retina of the eye as a striking personality.

He believes that men can be changed by changing their environment and that all the paraphernalia of learning cannot educate a man; they can but help him to educate himself. Here you may get the tools; but they will be useful only to him who can use them.

His gospel is work. He inspires work everywhere throughout the system of the road. This is noticeable in the head offices where by some occult knowledge everyone on the staff seems to know whether he is in or out. His presence means judgment and the law of sympathetic relations is in force, always with such a personality. He is as accurate in his habits as the finest mechanism. He reaches his office at exactly the time

he says. He frequently walks down town to the Bank of Montreal to attend the Board meetings, being a director, and during his stroll along St. James Street he is a much looked-at figure. Rigid in the domain of duty he is the very antithesis in social life where his bright native wit and well-stored mind always lend attractiveness. He and Lady Shaughnessy and their handsome daughter, the very image of her father in many features, may be seen at the finest musical functions, grand opera, etc., this being about the only known fad that has caught the President.

faithful employes who have met with misfortune, but of which the world knows not, and many a sufferer has found his burden lightened and his life brightened by his kindly action. Not one of his doings receives cheap splash notices in the papers. Even the slightest praise in the press is not liked by Sir Thomas. Facts of public interest he is glad to give, but woe be to the newspaper writer who blunders or makes a boisterous show of incompetency. Some men say they do not like undue publicity. Sir Thomas means it.

He was the initiator of the fine pen-

Windsor Street Station of C.P.R., Montreal.

He knows the trade of Canada accurately, so much so, in fact, that it is described by those who know him as almost witchcraft the way he can define the situations. He has found time in the multiplicity of calls to deliver informal addresses before the Canadian Club and other gatherings. Any man to whom prosperity has not uncovered a shining face can appeal to the President. He is generous to the deserving, and he never questions if he believes he can do good by giving his money or his assistance personally in a word here or a suggestion there. Instances there are in plenty of his practical sympathy with

sion system now perfected by which no retired employe of the road will receive less than five dollars a week.

That he believes in education for railway men is proven by his hearty support of a project in McGill University, of a transportation department in connection with the science faculty—a department in which students will receive in a four years' course a good general education as well as a practical knowledge of railroading.

The newest development of the C.P.R. is the opening of the new Sudbury branch which will bring Toronto within thirty-six hours of Winnipeg.

Will There be Another Canadian Cardinal?

Archbishop Begin of Quebec and Archbishop Bruchesi of Montreal Prominently Mentioned for the Exalted Station — His Holiness Possesses a Warm Affection for Canada and Says the Roman Catholic Church Enjoys Greater Liberty Here Than Elsewhere.

By J. R Trudeau.

IN the ecclesiastical history of the Dominion there has been only one native Canadian created a Cardinal of the Roman Catholic Church, and that was over 22 years ago, when Monsignor Taschereau was elevated to the Sacred College. He retired from the administration of the archdiocese of Quebec in 1894, and passed away in the Ancient Capital in 1898. Since the death of His Eminence no one in Canada has received from the hands of the Holy Father the red chapeau, but at the next consistory in the Eternal City, it will not create surprise if the Pope then raises another ecclesiastical dignitary of the Dominion to the Cardinalate. The names most prominently mentioned for this exalted station are those of Archbishop Begin, of Quebec, and Archbishop Bruchesi, of Montreal. At present there is only one Prince of the Church on the American continent entitled to wear the scarlet head dress, and he is Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore.

There are many excellent grounds for the belief—and the information comes from well authenticated sources—that another Canadian Cardinal will be created at no distant date. His Holiness is particularly friendly to Canada, as is evidenced by the Papal decree which was read recently in the Roman Catholic Churches of Quebec, in which the tercentenary celebration in July next were most eulogistically endorsed. The encyclical, which was addressed to Archbishop Begin, and the other Archbishops and Bishops of the Church in Canada, emphasized the wisdom and propriety of celebrating at proper intervals the immortal events or great deeds of those who had departed. It referred in most generous terms of appreciation to the piety, zeal, and intrepid spirit of Samuel de Champlain, the renowned explorer and navigator, who founded at Quebec the first permanent settlement in Canada, 300 years ago, and also to the devoted prelate, courageous missionary, and splendid hero of Roman Catholicism, Monseignor De Laval. The tercentenary of the founding of Quebec, in addition, marks the two hundredth anniversary of Monseignor de Montgomery-Laval, the first Bishop of Quebec. The Papal Father declares, therefore, that the Canadian nation has every cause to honor, by special demonstrations, the historic events which the coming fete signifies and impresses. The Pope enjoins the duty of thankfulness to God for the prosperity which has been bestowed upon Canada and invokes special blessing upon the coming celebration. A warm tribute is paid by His Holiness to the fidelity, earnestness, and sanctity of the Bishops, priests and Roman Catholics generally, while the decree says that the Church in Canada enjoys a greater liberty than, perhaps, anywhere else in the world for which the just and impartial influence of British rule is paid a most sincere tribute. Not only

HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP BEGIN.

the kindly expressions in the encyclical, but many other causes apparently indicate the conferring of a Cardinalship on another Canadian prelate at an early date. This is further confirmed by a letter in an Ontario weekly newspaper which seems to have a correspondent in Rome who is very close to the powers that be.

The consecration of Archbishop Begin was celebrated in the Basilica at Quebec in 1888, when he was created Bishop of Chicoutimi. In 1891 he was appointed Coadjutor to Cardinal Taschereau, with the title of Archbishop of Cyrene. Three years later he was elected by the Cardinal Administrator of the Archdiocese of Quebec. His Eminence retiring. Archbishop Bruchesi succeeded the late Monseignor Fabre as Archbishop of Montreal eleven years ago. Previous to that he was Vicar of St. Bridget's and St. Joseph's Churches, in that city. For several years he was a professor in Laval University.

HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP BRUCHESI

He has always been deeply interested in educational work.

Both Archbishops are honored and devoted servants of the Church, to which they have dedicated their splendid talents, ripe scholarship and administrative ability. Each possesses marked individuality, differing materially in many characteristics, but steadfastness of purpose, adherence to principle and conscientious conception of duty have stamped both as distinctive and illuminative national figures—forceful, influential, magnetic.

In their respective cities each is beloved by all classes. Their work has bespoken their inestimable worth and the pronounced stand they have always assumed in the interest of the sobriety, morality and spirituality of the great French-Canadian people have made their names household words and strong living forces in the creation and development of Canadian manhood and citizenship.

The Passing of the Macphersons

By the Departure of Lady Kirkpatrick to Reside in England, the Last Surviving Link of an Old Family is Severed—Career of Her Father, the Late Sir David Macpherson Recalled by Her Removal—A Man who Played a Prominent Part in the Earlier History of Canada.

By A. R. Glennis.

WITH the departure last month of Lady Kirkpatrick to make her permanent abode in England was severed almost the last link that bound one of the most distinguished families of the past century to Canada. No family has been more closely associated with the business, social and political history of early Canada than the Macphersons.

It is nearly a century ago that a big Highlander, named Macpherson, arrived in Canada from near Inverness and established himself in Montreal. Being a man of much shrewdness and foresight, his business soon extended. There were no railroads in those days, and as the country was being opened by settlers, there was a great demand for transportation of men and wares. Macpherson & Crane became great common carriers. As has been said, "their wagons were to be found on all the principal highways and their vessels were seen in every lake, harbor and important river from Montreal to the Niagara and up the Ottawa as far as "Bytown." Their commercial reputation was of the highest and their credit for all practical purposes was as good as the Bank of England." About a quarter of a century later, another Macpherson, a young brother named David, arrived at Montreal and began to make his way. He was a very handsome and much of a society man, and it was not long before he secured one of the matrimonial prizes of the period—a daughter of the founder of the Molsons Bank. His own personality, and the great financial influence of his brother and father-in-law, gave him a commanding position few men of his age ever attained in the country. Histories of the period show him, though a young man, to have been seventh on the list of 325 of the prominent Canadians who signed a petition favoring annexation to the United States—an act he afterwards much regretted.

At first in association with Sir A.

MR. WILLIAM MOLSON MACPHERSON

THE LATE SIR D. L. MACPHERSON.

T. Galt, he built the Grand Trunk from Montreal to Kingston, and with Sir Casimir Gzowski, from Toronto westward. It is said the profits alone on the Guelph section were a fortune in themselves. This firm was referred to by Charles Dent in a none too friendly article, written nearly 30 years ago: "Their name was synonymous of wealth, enterprise and success." They each built mansions surrounded by stock farms outside Toronto, believing that some day the land would be valuable. It has so proved, for on both properties now stand hundreds of houses, and they are in the central part of the city.

Mr. Macpherson was induced to become a candidate for the Legislative Council for the great district of which the County of Grey is now the centre. It is said he could have carried it without trouble, but always thorough in everything he did, he spent, it is said, more money than was ever distributed in any constituency during an election, and got the seat by an enormous majority. He became as prominent in the political world as he had always been elsewhere, and was soon knighted for his service.

Lady Kirkpatrick was the youngest of Sir David's family. All are living, excepting a son, Mr. David H. Macpherson, who passed away in England some years ago. All the sisters, Mrs. R. R. Dobell, Mrs. Thomas Beckett, Mrs. M. Bankes, and Mrs. P. F. Ridout, now living abroad, and Lady Kirkpatrick's only son, Eric Reginald Kirkpatrick, a lieutenant in the King's Own, now stationed in England, are, no doubt, the causes which have induced her to change her residence. For some years her nearest ties and those dearest to her have lived on the other side of the sea. The family, who have made their home in Canada since 1835, have now only a temporary representative in the Dominion, Mr. William Molson Macpherson, president of the Molsons Bank, who has a residence in Quebec City, but spends the greater part of his time abroad.

Comparatively few Canadian women are interested in public or national affairs; this is perhaps a weakness on their part. The Macpherson girls were not only deeply concerned in matters of a political, business or military character, but they could discuss these questions freely and appreciatively. All the daughters were handsome, charming and fascinating members of society in Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa and other cities. For forty years their home, Chestnut Park, Toronto, was the scene of much hospitality and many distinguished visitors to Canada, from King Edward down, were entertained there.

LADY KIRKPATRICK

Lady Kirkpatrick was married in 1883 to the late Sir George A. Kirkpatrick, a former Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, and also a former Speaker of the House of Commons. She has long been known as a lady possessing most captivating manners, tact and judgment.

"The Young Napoleon of the West"

Two Characteristics Which Have Given Hon. Clifford Sifton This Title are His Individuality and Adaptability—His Marked Success in Grasping a Question and Accurately Sizing up a Situation Stamp Him as a Prudent, Far-Seeing and Shrewd Statesman.

By Robert Russell.

FEW, if any, of the prominent men of Canada have had a more brilliant career in so short a time as the Hon. Clifford Sifton. It is little more than one short decade since Mr. Sifton came to the forefront in the political arena of his country and attracted the widest public attention. To gain and maintain this prominence there must necessarily have been a reason.

To those who know Mr. Sifton either by close personal friendship or by business contact, the reasons for his success are obvious. As one who can grasp a question in its entirety or size up a situation at a glance, it may safely be said that Clifford Sifton has few peers. In Parliament he is looked upon as a debater rather than an orator and is not given to verbosity or tiresome harangue. Whenever it is announced that he is to speak it is an assurance of filled galleries and of rapt attention from both sides of the House. His recent speech in the Commons is conceded by even the most partisan sections of press and public to have been the feature of the present session. It had the ring of true patriotism and sincerity and bore the hall-mark of the statesman rather than the politician. In his remarks he unhesitatingly declared that civil service reform was one of the greatest needs in Canada today. He also emphasized the necessity for a reorganization of the Trade and Commerce departments the construction of the Hudson Bay railway and other matters of tremendous importance to the Dominion.

Hon. Clifford Sifton is of Irish descent, being a son of John W. Sifton, formerly Speaker of the Legislative Assembly of Manitoba. He was born in the county of Middlesex, March 10th, 1861, educated at London high school and Victoria University, becoming a barrister and later a K.C. In 1884 he was married to Elizabeth Arma daughter of H. T. Burrows, and his wife, Sarah Sparks, of Ottawa.

He first came into prominence in 1888 by reclaiming the seat of North Brandon for the Liberals in the Manitoba Legislature, against almost insuperable odds. In 1891 he was appointed attorney-general of Manitoba, which office he held in connection with portfolio of minister of education until 1896.

While occupying that office he introduced and carried through the act of abolishing divisions between law and equity procedure in the Court of King's Bench and codifying and simplifying civil procedure. He had charge on behalf of the Province of Manitoba of constitutional litigation relating to Manitoba school law and negotiations with the Federal Government arising out of the same. With Hon J. D. Cameron, Provincial Secretary

HON. CLIFFORD SIFTON

of Manitoba he met the Commissioners of the Federal Government in 1896 to debate the settlement of the same question.

Mr. Sifton was called to the Federal Cabinet, November, 1896, being elected by acclamation for Brandon. He occupied the office of Minister of the Interior and Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs, specially charged with matters relating to the Government of the Northwest Territory and Yukon territory and all unorganized and out-lying territories of the Dominion.

As Minister of the Interior there devolved on him the onerous duties of reorganizing the various branches of the two departments to conform with the newly-inaugurated policy of the Liberal Government.

In 1898 he introduced and carried through legislation, giving responsible government to the Northwest Territories. He had expressed the opinion that immediate settlement of the Canadian Northwest is the most important national duty of Canada, and accordingly he devoted special attention to the question of

immigration. In 1896 the number of immigrants was 16,835 and in 1905, the year that he resigned, the figure stood at 146,266. His work in this branch alone stamped him as a far-seeing, optimistic statesman.

He was recommended by the Canadian Government and appointed by the British Government to act as British agent before the Alaska Boundary Tribunal under the treaty of January, 1903. He spent several months in London in 1903 superintending the preparation and presentation of the British case.

He was re-elected to the House of Commons for Brandon at the general elections of 1900 and 1904 and resigned from the Government on February 27th, 1905, on account of the differences of opinion over educational clauses of the Northwest Territories Autonomy Bill His speech explaining his attitude on this occasion was characteristic of his strict adherence to principle and left a most favorable impression on the minds of the Canadian public.

The two characteristics, which have given him the title of "Young Napoleon of the West" are his individuality and adaptability. These qualities have been prominent in his whole career, and, combined with a love of perfect system, have been mainly instrumental in his unparalleled success. Plans that older men have formed, after perhaps weeks of careful consideration, have been abandoned merely at an indication of disapproval from him. No matter what contingency might arise he could adapt himself to the conditions attached thereto, regardless of any criticism or opposition his action might evoke.

Personally, Mr. Sifton is known as a quiet, unassuming and retiring but absolutely frank, out-spoken and once aroused on a matter of principle is quite fearless in his manner of expression. He is a recognized leader in parliamentary debate. He has always eschewed the personal side of politics and has dealt simply with the merits of public questions and public policies and taken the consequences. He has made enviable friends and frenzied enemies.

In the role of Federal Cabinet Minister he has always appeared as the champion of Newer Canada and his constructive policy of administration of Western Canadian lands met with general approval from the Great Lakes to the Coast. The magnitude of the task may be estimated by stating what it included, immigration, lands, mines, timber, administration of the Yukon and the administration of Indian affairs.

His optimistic temperament and his profound belief in the resources and capabilities of Canada, together with his extraordinary capacity for large undertakings, have marked him as one of the leaders of the Liberal party.

His recent speech on the budget clearly demonstrated that his mind is essentially constructive and that he has courage and resource. He goes to the heart of the question reasons out his conclusions and appeals to the intelligence rather than to the prejudices of his hearers. The ease and competency with which he so exhaustively discussed these ponderous questions of international importance indicated his ability and easily declared him one of the first statesmen of the British Empire.

There is Not Money Enough in the World

To Do the World's Work — The Legitimate Demand for Cash is Enormous — As the Human Race Develops it Takes More Money to Finance It—Greater Requirements of the People Owing to Citizenship Rising to Higher Levels

By Frank A Munsey in Munsey's Magazine

As far back as the early part of last summer I scheduled an article on this subject for Munsey's Magazine, and I intended writing it then, while the thought was fresh in my mind. It was suggested by the excessive price of money, the smash that had already taken place in the security market, and the tremendous onrush of our industries and commercial affairs. Indeed, no one could view the situation thoughtfully at that time without feeling assured of the truth of this contention, that there wasn't money enough in the world to do the world's work as we were then doing it—money enough to keep up the pace at which we were then going, a pace that was all the while accelerating itself.

With all the necessary things that fell to me to do, it was difficult to get started on this extra piece of work, and so the weeks went by, midsummer came, and then I went to Europe for a rest, promising myself that I would write the article while away on my vacation. But work and vacations do not mix happily. They are antagonistic to each other. The time to do things, to create things, is when one is busiest, when his brain is at white heat. And so, too, the time to play is when one is playing. It is surprising how indolent, how idle, one can become, how repellent and impossible work is to him, until he really gets back in the harness.

I wish very much that I had discussed this theme at the time I first scheduled it, for I should now be on record as having foreseen the panic that followed in October, and having set forth the causes that were leading up to it. But with the befogged ideas that now prevail so widely concerning the conditions that caused the panic, it is perhaps quite as timely and important to discuss the subject now as it was several months before it actually happened.

A Right Diagnosis.

The first thing a physician does, when he is called in to see a patient, is to find out what is wrong. He studies the symptoms and all conditions underlying these symptoms—the work, the worry, the exposure, the unusual strain to which the patient has been subjected. And with the facts before him, together with what he can learn of the man's temperament, his tendencies, his vital forces, the physician forms his diagnosis. Until he has done this he can make no intelligent move looking toward the relief of the sick man. A diagnosis of the case is the basic move with a physician, and the success of his treatment depends upon the accuracy of the diagnosis. In the very nature of the case, a false conclusion would lead him to administer treatment that would work injury to the patient.

And it is equally important with us, when we have suffered a serious financial and business setback, to get a correct diagnosis of the trouble.

With this knowledge we can make intelligent progress; without it we move forward gropingly.

As Usual, Wall Street is Illogical.

Wall Street and the followers of Wall Street assert with bitterness that President Roosevelt is responsible for the panic. I don't believe there is one little bit of truth in this assertion. I don't believe that an accurate analysis of the facts and the conditions obtaining prior to the crash will sustain any such conclusion. Mr. Roosevelt had just about as much to do with it as any one of you had, or as I had. The crash was inevitable. It was two years overdue when it came, and it would have come the same whether Mr Roosevelt had been in the White House, or any one else had been there. Mr. Roosevelt didn't make our prosperity, neither did he take it away from us. The break came through natural causes. No human power could have averted it.

In the panic of 1902 Mr. Morgan was the scapegoat. Wall Street held him responsible, and damned him as insanely and as viciously as it now damns the President, and the wail of Wall Street has swept well over the whole country.

The break in securities in the spring of last year was a thing apart from the money panic of last fall. I want to emphasize this fact, as it has an important bearing on the present discussion. It was the money panic that closed down our factories and so seriously palsied our business activities—not the March crash in Wall Street. The latter was merely the first shock of the earthquake. The second, which completed the work of disaster, came in October. If we had had a larger volume of money, or could have drawn it from other countries—a sufficient amount of money with which to carry on our work—we should have had no break in securities last spring, and no panic last fall. Both were primarily due to the lack of money.

The legitimate demand for money was enormous—that is, for money to be used in our commercial affairs, in our factories, on our farms, in business, in the building trade and the thousand and one other trades, as well as the vast sums called for by our railroads and steamship lines. And all this was supplemented by a fabulous demand on the part of the speculative world—a demand that was in itself positively astounding.

Wages were going up as the prices of stocks went up. And the prices of the commodities of the farm, and the shop, and the factory, kept pace with this upward swing. Everything was getting on a new basis, and everybody had money. The fever for speculation seized everybody, and everybody bought securities of one kind and another, some good, some bad, some hopelessly worthless, but all alike fortune-winners. And as these purchasers came into the market they helped the gamblers and the financiers to bid up still further the prices of stocks.

Factories all over the land were running on full time, and overtime, and running night and day, and still the orders could not be filled. And factories everywhere were enlarged, the majority doubled, quadrupled. All this rebuilding took money—vast sums of money. The whole country was being reorganized and rebuilt on bigger and broader lines. In every phase of industry, from the farm up, new methods were put in force, and old machinery and old buildings were being swept away, only to be replaced by bigger and bigger creations.

The Whole World Wanted Money.

We could get no help from Europe, for Europe itself wanted money. England wanted money; France wanted money; Russia wanted money; Italy wanted money; Belgium wanted money, and Germany, most of all, wanted money. And so, too, the Far East wanted money, the Philippines, Japan, and China wanted money. And they all needed money, needed it as we needed it, because with them, as with us, the process of reorganization, the work of rebuilding the world, had set in in very fact.

But there wasn't money enough to carry on this reorganizing, rebuilding process. The world hadn't money enough to do its work as we were then doing it. As the human race develops it takes more money to finance it, just as it takes more money to finance a hundred-million-dollar business than it does a ten-million-dollar business. As our citizenship rises to higher levels, our people require better homes, more comforts, better dress, better foods, shorter hours, more play, greater luxuries, and bigger wages. And as they earn more money, and spend more money, and live bigger and fuller lives, the country must have a larger circulating medium. Replace the dimes of former days with dollars, in the pockets of the eighty millions, and we at once call for a fabulous expansion of our circulating medium.

Money at One Hundred and Twenty-five Per Cent.

As far back as two or two and a half years ago, money in Wall Street reached the deadly price of one hundred and twenty-five per cent. on call—that is, money borrowed from day to day. It was even higher at that time, and on many occasions meanwhile, than during the panic of last fall, with the exception of a single day. Time and time again, during the two years before the crash, call money rose to twenty, thirty, and fifty per cent., sometimes going to eighty and one hundred per cent. and upward. And time money—that is, money hired for a specific period, say two months, three months, six months—was likewise at the danger-point. But the higher it went, and the higher call money went, the higher the gamblers and manipulators of the market forced up securities.

And the strange thing about it all was that prices were maintained in the very roar of the oncoming disaster, and run up higher, and higher, as money bounded skyward. The world has never seen such nerve and daring as was exhibited by the men responsible for this condition. It was a kind of optimism that challenged admiration—an exhibition of gambling so audacious as to turn men's heads and verily make them believe that there was no such thing possible as a break in prices. Every one pointed to the magic growth of our industries, and every one said it meant bigger dividends, and higher, and higher, and still higher prices for securities. And every one saw millions in the air, was hypnotized and paralyzed by the display of wealth and the stories of fortune-building in a day.

A Nation of Millionaires.

What mattered it if we were paying an average of fifteen or twenty per cent. for money with which to carry our stocks? It would be only a few days, or a few weeks at most, before we should get an advance of five, ten or perhaps twenty points. The very thought of interest was petty, small, silly. These advances meant thousands, hundreds of thousands—meant millionaires, automobiles, steam yachts, a racing stable, a box at the opera, a palace on the avenue—meant all this and a thousand things more that dazzle the fancy and set the imagination on fire.

And so the plunging went on, and in the mad frenzy of intoxication stocks were again and again marked up—marked up to a price that made their dividends yield only two or three per cent., with money costing ten, fifteen, and twenty per cent. The greed for fortune-building and the general surrender to the gambling instinct swept men clear from the moorings of common sense. The cry of success was contagious. Few escaped its influence. The protests of wise old heads were drowned by the mighty chorus of prosperity that filled the world with song and laughter. These were merry days, with never a thought of the onrushing storm that brought disaster and desolation and despair.

If sanity instead of insanity had obtained, the prices of securities would have fallen in corresponding ratio with the advance in the price of

money. Stocks should pay a larger return in dividends than money brings in the market. That is, if money at any given period is worth five per cent., stocks ought to yield six per cent. The normal ratio may not be exactly this, but the illustration serves to make clear my thought. Of course, the prospective advance or decline of securities has a vital bearing on their value, regardless of the immediate income they bring. But generally speaking, securities running on an even keel—that is, with no special probability of either decline or advance, should yield a bigger income than the interest to be had for money. This is true for the reason that money is money, it is always worth one hundred cents on a dollar, whereas with securities there is at best an element of risk in holding them.

The March Panic.

I particularly want to make this clear to emphasize the madness that possessed Wall Street and all speculative centres two years ago, and all the way up to the time when the break came in the price of securities in March, 1907.

If, with the advance in the interest rates of money, securities had gradually fallen in price, we should have escaped the disaster that culminated at that time. This break was the beginning of the end of high prices. It was a slaughter of both the innocents and the professionals. Hundreds of millions of dollars, almost billions, went crashing down the abyss, dragging with them the mangled bodies of thousands and tens of thousands of security-holders. Among them were an army of men who had been holding on to their stocks, hoping at first for a fortune, then for a good turn, and finally for a chance to get out without loss. But the crash blasted their hopes and left many of them in bankruptcy, or on its very verge.

It was called a rich man's panic, because it felled so many rich men. All grades of men, however, were caught, from clerks to multimillionaires. A desperate effort was made to regain the lost ground, but it was unavailing. There was no concerted action, no heart in the movement. Bankers, capitalists and speculators alike saw the hand-writing on the wall. This March crash was merely a break in the price of securities. It had no immediate effect in the channels of business. In manufactures and in commerce men laughed at Wall Street, secure as they saw themselves in their own strongholds of prosperity. And all the spring and summer through, and, in fact, until within a few days of the panic itself, there wasn't a cloud in the sky of the business and industrial world.

But the very thing happened that has always happened under like conditions. The March shake-up was only the precursor of a like disaster in general business. The gambling in Wall Street and on other exchanges was no more marked, no more irrational, no more desperate than was the gamble in the so-called legitimate lines of business.

The same insane spirit was everywhere and in all phases of activity. It permeated the whole community—the home as well as the factory and the counting-room. The whole world had become one glorified rainbow of radiant tints—a world in which all trails led upward to yet more alluring heights.

And with this surcharged optimism inspiring a people of ninety millions, one vast ocean of people, on and on to greater activities, our circulating medium, our money, was strained to the breaking point.

Passing the Safety Limit.

Wall Street, and I use Wall Street as a synonym for all speculating centres, has claimed that it is not so much a question of the amount of money we have in circulation as it is of confidence.

Assuming that this is true, isn't there a limit to the extent to which the theory can be operative? For example, if one million of dollars will do the work of five millions, amply sustained by confidence, and if five millions represents the limit of safety,

what happens when it is put to the strain of twenty millions—nineteen millions of credit to one of gold?

Well, it was something like this that did happen. There wasn't money enough in the world to finance our railroads and the other great corporations, to finance our factories, and shops, and merchandizing establishments, to rebuild our cities with modern sky-scrapers, and to keep up the high-pressure pace generally of white-heat production and matchless extravagance.

In New York alone, the average annual expenditure for new buildings and alterations and decorations, during the last two years, was approximately two hundred and fifty million dollars—and this is but a single city. The same thing is going on over the entire country.

Another hundred million dollars went into bridges of one kind and another, last year, in the United States. And the railroads of the country, including street railways, put into new construction and rolling-stock, in 1907, an amount well over half a billion of dollars, and perhaps as much as three-quarters of a billion.

These three or four items merely suggest the terrific rate at which we were burning up capital, and all were legitimate expenditures in the natural development of the country.

Too Much Prosperity.

Traffic was so heavy and business so enormous that the railroads were hopelessly inadequate to meet the demands upon them. They were literally groaning under the burdens of prosperity. They couldn't handle the business of the country. It was only a year ago last winter that in the Dakotas the people found themselves in danger of freezing to death for want of coal, which the railroads could not haul, congested as they were with the mountains of freight hurled at them. So great was this congestion that many shopkeepers in the extreme Northwest did not get their Christmas goods until long after the holidays were over—not until late in January or February.

James J. Hill, the Napoleon of railroading, about that time pointed out the critical dangers of the situation, and the hopeless incapacity of our transportation system to keep pace with the growth of our industries and the output of the soil. He urged that money should be found somewhere with which to double both the trackage and the equipment of all our railroads. But where and how to raise this money was a problem that staggered him. It meant billions and billions of dollars.

Hundreds of millions in new stock, and hundreds and hundreds of millions in bonds, had been issued and cashed in. This money had already gone into extensions and new rolling stock, but it hardly made a dent in the situation. The increased demands of shippers all the while exceeded the increased capacity of the railroads.

The Railroads "Up Against It."

With the March break in stocks, the money markets of the world closed their doors to our railroads and other corporations. So long as the prices of their securities were kept up, and were all the while advancing, railroads could sell bonds and place new issues of stock. But with the crash all this changed, and railroads have been "up against it" ever since. They have been unable to float their securities in Europe, and have had to pay excessive rates of interest here at home, and on short-time notes at that, to meet maturing obligations. It was do this, pay whatever price the banks demanded for money, or go into bankruptcy, as some roads have done, and done wisely, I fancy.

This embarrassment of the railroads was at once charged up to President Roosevelt by Wall Street, and by railroad managements, and is still charged to him. Their wail is that he discredited our securities both at home and abroad. But do the facts in the case justify this charge? If I reason correctly, they do not, emphatically do not. I repeat that the wholesale borrowing capacity of railroads came to an end with the March crash. That was what shook confi-

dence, or destroyed confidence—not any act or utterance of Mr Roosevelt.

Prior to the March crash there had been no talk about the President destroying confidence in our securities. This panic came about because there wasn't money enough to keep up the pace—came about because securities had been forced up to a point at which they could not be maintained. When this condition occurs it is inevitable that prices must get back to bed-rock. And they rarely come down gradually. They come down as they did in March, with a crash and a bang—swinging as far below their value as they had swung above it.

I am not discussing this theme for the purpose of defending President Roosevelt. I am discussing it to get at the truth of the situation, as an accurate knowledge of the causes of the panic is both desirable and necessary in the reawakening, the revivifying of our business activities. If the facts acquit the President, he is entitled to the acquittal.

The October Panic.

The second upheaval, the money panic of October, was a result of the first crash and the conditions that followed. I have discussed the subject at length, in order to make clear the conditions leading up to the March slump.

And now something about the money panic itself. The latter first cropped out in the Mercantile National Bank and the National Bank of North America, two institutions that formed part of the so-called Morse chain of banks. This was the beginning of Morse's troubles, and it gave the public a glimpse of the gymnastics in high finance that he, and Heinze, and the Thomases, and Barney of the Knickerbocker Trust Company had been performing. The difficulties that developed in these two banks resulted in Morse and his associates resigning from their management, and also brought about Morse's resignation from the New Amsterdam and several other banks that he had controlled. His action was followed almost immediately by Barney's sudden resignation of the presidency of the Knickerbocker Trust Company, the announcement of which was accompanied by the statement that this great financial institution was in trouble.

The news was a shock to the nerves of every one. The Knickerbocker had been looked upon as one of the great trust companies of the country, and Barney had been regarded by the public as a genius in finance. Few outside of the banking fraternity had ever suspected him capable of getting his institution into financial difficulties. The Knickerbocker had the confidence of the people, and had the largest line of individual depositors of all the trust companies of the city, probably the largest of any banking institution in the country, with the exception of savings banks.

How the Panic Began.

The report in the newspapers that something was wrong with the Knickerbocker, and that Barney had been forced to resign as president, caused an immediate run on the bank. It withstood the pressure for half a day, and then closed its doors. And the closing of the Knickerbocker's doors spread distrust broadcast and threw the community into a panic. Runs began immediately on other trust companies, and began also on all, or nearly all, of the chain of Morse banks and other banks that were either weak in themselves or were without strong connections. Some of these banks withstood the siege, and others were pushed to the wall.

Thus the money panic started here in New York, and thus it spread from one institution to another in New York. And it leaped the boundaries of the city and swept like a cyclone over the whole country. The handling of the Knickerbocker on the part of our bankers was scarcely less than criminal in its shortsightedness. Had they kept Barney at the head of the institution and kept all knowledge of the bank's difficulties from the public, it is possible, perhaps even probable, that the panic of last October would never have materialized.

But overextended as Morse and his associates were, having "pyramided" as they had—that is, using the securities of one institution to control another, and those of another to control another, and those of still another to control another, and so on, and on, and on, until a dozen or more concerns were involved—they were in no condition to withstand the financial strain to which they were put in the awful stringency of the money market last fall. Something had to give way.

Morse the Storm-Centre.

There was more, however, than appeared on the surface in this matter. Morse had never been a welcome factor in the banking community of New York. He was brilliant, dashing, courageous, and the intrenched bankers looked upon him with distrust. He was not one of them. His methods were not their methods. He was clever and daring—a disturbing and disquieting element in the banking circles of the metropolis. Beginning with a single bank, he added to his holdings until he had under his control, directly or indirectly, well-nigh a dozen financial institutions. The bankers had been gunning for him. But he had been alert, elusive, resourceful, and all their efforts to eliminate him from the banking business of New York had failed ignominiously until last October.

When the elimination came, it came with a crash that shook up the whole financial world. Morse and his associates were not the only men who were overextended. There were thousands of them—yes, tens of thousands—all over the country. But Morse in particular was hit hardest. He at once became the storm-centre of the cyclone.

Crashing as he did, he and his associates were primarily responsible for the panic. Through them Barney had tied up himself and his bank, and because of this fact followed the failure of the Knickerbocker Trust Company.

I have recounted this phase of the situation, too, at some length, with the view to making clear the causes of the money panic—the things that set it going. Once started, a panic, and especially a money panic, sweeps from ocean to ocean. There is no stopping it until it has run its course.

We Must Have More Money.

The trend of this discussion has been to show that there wasn't money enough in circulation to prevent the panic, but in strict accordance with my subject I want to say that there isn't money enough in the world today to do the world's work.

For the minute, yes, money enough, money piled up in our banks, hoarded there because bankers are afraid to let it out. Start up our industries and our commerce again as they will start up, and we shall soon find ourselves in the same straits we were in before. In a word, we must have more money with which to carry on our work and to continue our development, or we must keep the wheels of progress slowed down. The money isn't coming out of the ground fast enough to meet the new conditions of life, notwithstanding the fact that our per capita amount is larger than ever before. Our requirements have much more than kept pace with this per capita increase.

My argument in this discussion is not for cheap money. I stand for no such thing. We must have as good money as there is in the world—standard money. And it ought to be in the genius of our people so to enlarge our circulating medium as to meet the rational requirements of the times. It should be large enough to help our development instead of cramping and dwarfing it. The Aldrich Bill, now before Congress, will, if it becomes a law, furnish a measure of relief. But it is at best little more than a start in financial thinking and financial legislation that should evolve something bigger and broader and better suited to the twentieth century than our present monetary system.

And I am not advocating a wider circulating medium as a plea for the

speculators. It matters not whether we have much money or little money, we shall always have speculation, and its activity will, as a rule, be proportionate to the activity of general business. The buying and selling of securities—stocks and bonds—is the same thing as speculating in cotton and corn and wheat and cattle and farms and city real estate. So long as there is buying and selling in the world, just so long there will be speculation. To control speculation by wisely framed laws is the desirable thing—so to control it that it will not work injury to our legitimate interests and general welfare. As a matter of fact, every move in life carries with it an element of risk—is in very truth a speculation.

The Forward Sweep of the Times.

But back of the last three or four years of overstrained business and overstrained speculation, we had such an aggregate amount of high finance—much of it colossal stealing—as would well-nigh bankrupt a nation. All this played its part, and a very big part, in our present depression. A new order of things has come about, however. The grand dukes of finance and the grand dukes of politics are no longer in the saddle. And the credit for routing these forces belongs in large measure to Mr. Roosevelt, who has had the courage to make red-hot war on dishonesty and corrupt methods and corrupt practises wherever he has found them.

There has never before been a time when we were sweeping on as we are now. Everything is changing, our theories, our conceptions and our business methods. To hold to the dead past is to be dead; to keep step with the inevitable changes is to live. Let us make ourselves a part of the new ideals and help to fashion them into practical things—so to fashion them that they will give an uplift to our whole civilization. Roosevelt's radicalism of to-day will have crystallized into conservatism five years from to-day, and the men who are now criticizing him so bitterly will then deny their criticisms.

Mr. Roosevelt's Greatest Work.

Mr. Roosevelt better interprets the thoughts and wishes of all the people than any other man we have had in public life in a hundred years. And in the fight he has made for humanity and for honesty and the square deal for all—for rich and poor alike—he has advanced this country in whatever makes for better government and better ideals and greater safety to capital and to investors—has advanced it half a century.

That he has not punished criminals is because the scope of the law falls short of reaching them. In high finance every move on the chess-board has been made under the guidance of men most skilled in the law. And since all punishment must come through the law—this same law of which the manipulators have made use to protect themselves—what chance is there of apprehending and convicting them?

But after all, a dozen convictions, more or less, are of little importance as compared with the far-reaching effect of focusing public attention at white-heat on honest methods, right methods. In this Mr. Roosevelt has done his greatest work—has done a work that no one of less courage, less impetuosity, and less fighting qualities could have done.

A mild-mannered gentleman would have suited the grand dukes of finance and of politics, but he would not have fitted the times. Mr. Roosevelt has fitted the times. He is the best living example of the new idea in politics—a President of the people and for the people—a man of fibre and grit and gristle and nerve—and, withal, a man of intellect and breadth of vision and rock-ribbed honesty to match well the fight there is in him.

If Mr. Roosevelt is all this and has done all these things, and if my analysis of the financial crash is sound, wouldn't we do well to hold fast to him until he has finished the job he has undertaken—until he has concreted into the laws of the land the principles for which he stands so strenuously? Complete these reforms, and

our railroads and other corporations will be in a stronger and safer position than ever before. Their stocks and bonds will be the soundest and best in the world.

Has any other man the courage and the firmness and the ability to carry out this work? Possibly, but why take chances, why experiment when we have a leader who leads, a man who does things?

And no man has a right to say he won't serve the people as their President when they demand it—no right to refuse so long as he has the health to stand up under the work. The biggest business organization under God's blue sky is the United States government. Beside it, in its enormous scope, in the utter vastness of its responsibilities, every other corporation in America is but a pebble to a mountain—a mere speck on the face of the earth—as it not only covers the affairs of the government itself, but embraces as well the entire activities and interests of the whole country. That we need a big man to head such an organization is too apparent for discussion.

The Need of a Real Leader.

I have no sympathy with the protests we so often hear against the President influencing legislation. With a Senate of ninety men and a House of three hundred and eighty-six members, and all fighting for local interests and local graft, as well as political prestige, there would be mighty little first-rate national legislation forced through Congress if there were no leader outside of Congress. The original scheme of the independence of the executive and legislative branches of the government, if such was really intended by the framers of the Constitution, was all well enough for our little country of three millions of people and thirteen States Then we had twenty-six Senators and sixty-five Representatives—bodies so small that concentration of purpose was not difficult.

Moreover, the country was compact. It had but a fraction of its area of to-day, and but a fraction of its present vast variety of interest. Then we were a domestic organization; to-day we are a world-power. Then we were poor and struggling; to-day our resources well-nigh match half the wealth of all the world. I repeat, therefore, that we need a leader at the head of such an organization, the best man, the biggest man of all the men of the nation. It is not a question of what his politics is, but of what he is—what he can do.

Few Men of the First Grade in the World.

There are never many very big men in the world at any one time. In statesmanship, considered apart from crowned heads, there isn't a man in all Europe to-day who measures up to the stature of the great figures of history. There are many strong men, sound men, able men, but no great leaders, no great rugged types of over-powering and compelling genius.

In literature, we have Kipling, one solitary figure moving along the trail blazed by those of the first rank. In portraiture another solitary figure, John S. Sargent. Like Kipling, he treads the rugged steep alone. It is too far a cry from his altitude to reach the human ear on the lower stretches.

And in other fields of art the topmost slope reveals no evidence of the fresh footprints of man. In banking we have Morgan, the plumed knight of finance. There is but one Morgan in America, and Europe has no one in his class. He stands out alone among all the thousands of bankers of the two continents But Morgan is more than a banker. He is a constructive genius.

In business even, that vast arena in which tens of thousands measure their strength, we have less than half a dozen men of towering ability. Among these are John D. Rockefeller, Andrew Carnegie and J. J. Hill, all men of commanding figure and matchless ability in the upbuilding of properties What a pitiable percentage out of the great army in this field! To get a Kipling and a Sargent out of the relatively small number en-

gaged in literature and art means an overwhelming percentage when compared with the few geniuses of the very first grade we find in the business world.

Among rulers the old world has but one genius, one man who as both ruler and statesman stands conspicuously above all others of the present time—William of Germany. In innate force, in marvelous vision, in courage and constructive leadership, he measures up to the stature of a really great king. The only other ruler in his class to-day in all the world is on this side of the Atlantic—our own President, Theodore Roosevelt.

The Enlistment of the Long Reach Men

A Memorable Incident in a Canadian Settlement Just Prior to the War of 1812-13—Fighting Blood That Flowed in the Veins of Those of Loyalist Stock Ever Ready to Defend the Flag of the Mother Country.

By Maude Benson.

LATE in the winter of 1811, Tom Norton returned to his humble home in the Long Reach Settlement from Adolphustown, at which place he had been employed during the fall and early winter months.

Very pleasant it seemed to the little cobbler to be at home again! He stirred the fire on his lonely hearth until it threw out great rays of light and waves of heat, then with a bit of work on his knees, luxuriated in the glow and warmth. But he was very restless. A look of deep anxiety lurked in his usually laughing eyes, and his sunny face was sad.

Presently he arose and paced the shanty floor back and forth, time and again.

"I'd better do it to-night," he murmured to himself.

"The boys 'll all be down to Nathe's, and I can see 'em there. I hate to tell 'em though, for I know every man jack of 'em, and I feel so sorry for the poor women."

He walked to the door, flung it open, and stood looking out over the snowy landscape. Perturbed as he was in mind, even he could not resist the quiet beauty of the night, and he stood and looked long and thoughtfully.

"It's a fair land," he communed with himself. "Life has been hard here, but God knows we love our country, and we'll never give it up, never! Just a minute ago I was pitying the women, but there's not one among 'em, I know, but will feel just as I do, so here goes for Nathe's!"

It was a clear, cold Canadian night. The moon hung a tiny golden bow in the heavens, and countless stars glittered and sparkled. The great spruce trees skirting the high bank of the Long Reach, bowed their tasseled heads and moaned beneath their burden of snow, the dark green of their foliage standing out in bold relief against the pearly whiteness. Here and there silvery moonbeams turned banks of snow into masses of sparkling diamonds, while across the northern sky flashed, like some giant searchlight thrown over the world, the aurora borealis. Through the night tramped, as Tom Norton had surmised, many of the men and boys of the settlement to Nathan Walters' carpenter shop, for this shop was to them, what the corner store or smithy is to-day to a country village—the clubhouse where many a man gets whatever of social life his small amount of leisure time affords him. But Nathan's shop was a more important place in its day than any store or smithy that followed in its wake, inasmuch as it supplied the place of newspaper, music hall, lecture room and council chamber. Here on stormy days the men and boys assembled to tell stories, sing songs, discuss any event of interest, talk over plans for the future, and to enjoy themselves as best they could. In fact, without the shop, social intercourse, so far as the masculine members of the community were concerned, would have been something of a dead letter.

However, it was nothing of a social nature that brought the men and boys of the settlement together on this particular night. War's dark cloud was hanging threateningly over their young country—a country that had as yet scarcely learned to walk.

Their wilderness home was to be invaded, and with England's powers taxed to the utmost in her war against Napoleon, what were they to expect? They knew full well that Canada had done nothing to bring on a war, and their Loyalist blood boiled as they recalled how they and their fathers had suffered at the hands of this same party, that now proposed to invade their country.

One by one they entered the shop, and leaned their muskets, which they always carried when traveling through the woods, against the wall. Their faces were grim, stern and anxious as on block, stool or workbench they seated themselves, and gazed moodily into the fire. The resinous pine knots blazing on the hearth threw out gleams of light that touched fitfully objects here and there, now bringing into full view a bronzed face, a linsey-woolsey hunting shirt, a moccasined foot, or a dash of color in someone's costume. Again it glinted across a saw, an adze, or flashed back from a polished musket barrel.

Tom Norton coming into the shop paused a moment with latch-string in hand, as he caught a gleam from the muskets.

"Look's like war over there," he said, pointing to the row against the wall.

Instantly he was surrounded. "What's the news?" "When did you get back?" "Come and sit down here," and numerous other exclamations greeted his ears.

Nathan Walters looked up from the ox-yoke he was fashioning, and a subtle gleam of good fellowship and mutual understanding shot from his dark eyes to the blue eyes of the newcomer, and it was Nathan's question that Tom answered first of all.

"It's war, boys, war, and God knows some of us here know all too well what that means!"

All eyes went back to the fire, and in its glowing heart, perhaps, some caught the blurred outlines of the common grave they were to share in the trenches of Lundy's Lane.

But Tom was speaking. "England has her hands full, and it looks as though we'll get little help from her, but, boys, we'll never give up, will we?"

"Never! Never!" came the emphatic reply, "we'll fight to the last man."

Tom smiled grimly. "Yes, and to the last woman," he added. "I got the last copy of the Kingston Gazette over to the fourth town. Thought perhaps you'd all like to hear what's goin' on," and seating himself where the firelight was brightest he pulled the primitive little paper from his pocket while the others drew closer around him.

Tom was the best reader among them, and even though he stopped to spell many of the words on the printed page, his audience always considered it a treat to have him read to them, and on this occasion they listened breathlessly.

No cable, or wireless message had made an appearance in the newspaper world of their day. The news Tom Norton read to them was many months old, but what mattered that? Here in the wilderness all was startlingly new, and they looked upon the

tiny journal, which was no larger than a sheet of foolscap, as the outcome of a marvelous enterprise—and in reality it was.

Down one fourteen-inch column Tom read laboriously, while the men about him hung on every word he uttered. Eagerly they listened to England's gains, and sorrowfully to her reverses, while more than one man present cursed Bonaparte under his breath. When all had been read Tom folded the paper and looked up. "Now, boys," he said, "you see the fix England's in, are we goin' t' let them Yankees come over here and take all our skelps?"

"Not by the great horn spoon!" cried John Black, excitedly, while others added the chorus: "Let 'em come; we'll give 'em another kind of a Boston tea party!" "We'll show 'em what kind o' stuff we're made of!"

"Yes, indeed," said Nathan Walters, "they drove our fathers out, and they'd better beware of the sons!"

"They're all enlisted over to Adolphustown," said Tom Norton, "and Col. McDonnell's drillin' the Fifth Town men. I saw Col. Valleau today and he asked me to find out how many here 'ud be willin' to volunteer."

Every man present sprang to his feet, but Tom shook his head. "We can't all go," he said, "but we can all take the drill, and get to work at once for we'll need something more thorough than we get on trainin' day."

The fourth of June, the anniversary of the birth of King George III., was, for many years, the day set apart for the annual training of the militia. This was known as "general training day," and ten days or so prior to the fourth, the men belonging to the various battalions were "warned" to appear at a certain place in the district to take part in the military drill. Grassy Point, on the Long Reach, was the training ground for all living in that vicinity, but as this place afforded many opportunities for various sports, their training had grown less and less strenuous, so that now the men fully realized the work before them.

Training day had been a red-letter day in their lives, but now war's red harvest was to be garnered, and in blood was the history of the days of 1812, '13 and '14 to be written.

A horrible, fratricidal war, was staring these men, and the men of all Canada, in the face; a cruel, ruthless war between two nations of kindred blood, between relatives and warm friends? Whosoever was in the fault or whosoever in the right, God grant that no such calamity ever occurs in future! May Canada and her sister nation live in peace and harmony!

Far from being harmonious, though, were the thoughts and feelings that swayed the Long Reach men as Tom Norton drew from his pocket a slip of paper on which he was to write the names of the volunteers. To a man they stood before him; not even the youngest boy among them but clamored to have his name entered in the list. Tom Norton shook his head, but his eyes glowed like the coals on the hearth.

"Boys, boys," he said, "some must stay at home. There's the women and children to be thought of, besides the wheat must be sown and harvested in order that we don't starve. Now who'll volunteer to stay home?"

But a mighty shout went up from the men.

"We'll go, the women can 'tend the grain!"

"The women can fight!"

But still Tom shook his head. Slowly he wrote the names of some of the younger men. Sadly, perhaps, for he, as well as the others, knew the meaning of war.

As the quill pen glided over the paper the shop door was opened and John Walters and Jane, his wife, entered. They had heard the shout, had seen Tom Norton pass the house, and knowing he had but recently returned from Adolphustown, had decided that he brought news of an invasion.

"What is it, Nathan?" John demanded of his son, and in a few words the story was told.

"Now, John," said Tom Norton,

when the facts had all been stated, "some must stay at home, don't you think so?"

"Of course they must," said John, then waving his hand to silence the dissenting voices that greeted this, he said: "Don't you know boys, at a time like this, it takes more real courage t' stay behind than t' go?"

"You all want t' go and that's right, but somebody's got t' stay. Let Tom here do the choosin'."

Faster now Tom's pen moved over the paper. Looking over the men he singled them out and wrote them down. Not a sound was audible, save the crackling of the fire and the scratch, scratch of the pen.

When the list was finished Tom Norton drew a long breath, but the tension remained unrelaxed among the men until he commenced reading the names. Down the list he went as slowly as he had written, and each man whose name was called gave a short gasp of relief as he instinctively stepped beside the others so favored.

To the bottom of the list he went, and his "That's all" held them spellbound an instant. The next a fierce clamor arose from those left out, but again John Walters silenced them. He was the oldest man present, and they listened to him, as they would to none other.

"It's right, boys! Abide by it. I know what war means, and God knows you may have your chance yet before it's all over. We're but a handful, you know, but a handful!"

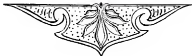
After a moment's pause he said: "Just let me see that list Tom." He looked it over then taking pen, dipped it deep into the ink-horn and wrote another name at the bottom.

Tom Norton looked at the paper quizzically as he received it back, then for the first time that night the old, merry light flashed in his eyes as he said: "But, John, you've written your own name here." John Walters straightened his stooped shoulders, and his heels clicked together as he stood "at attention."

"And why not?" he demanded. "I took my training when you were a child. I fought with the King's Royal Rangers through the Yankee Revolution. I lost home and friends, and all I possessed but life, for my King and old England. My arm is still strong. It belongs to my King. My blood for the glory of the old flag, boys! You can't keep me home! I tell you you shan't keep me home!"

Such another shout as re-echoed over the Long Reach! Even Tom Norton shouted and threw up his cap, then espying Jane weeping silently, he pointed to her and said: "What about Jane?"

But Jane Walters was the daughter of a Loyalist. With tears still wet on her cheeks, she went to the side of her husband and taking his hand and Nathan's in hers, she said: "John is right. He must go, Nathan must go. Boys, you must all go, and——" and here the great soul of her faltered as she reached the limitation of her sex, and her voice trembled as she cried like one in pain, "Would to God that I could go, too, that every woman in the settlement could go and fight for our homes and our country."



West of To-day Building for West of To-morrow

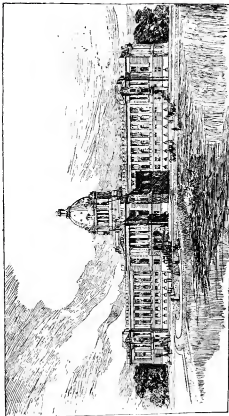
Conditions are Undergoing Rapid Change and the Idea of Permanency is Now More in Evidence—New Parliament Buildings at Regina Will be Splendidly Appointed and Most Attractive in Appearance.

By Walter McInnis.

THE Province of Saskatchewan, which three years ago threw off the swaddling Territorial clothes and assumed status on a level with other Provinces of this fair Dominion, is undergoing a great change this season, and, as might be expected, the change is for the better. The West does things in a hurry, and during late years the idea of permanency has not been very firmly attached to anything that has been accomplished in this country. But the old way is changing, and the West to-day is building for the West of to-morrow. The Government sets the pace in this respect and in the Capital buildings being erected at Regina, the Saskatchewan administration is erecting a pile which, in the language of the Premier, "will be a credit to the Province, not only to-day, but for many years to come." Out in this country the people are naturally optimistic, and ideas are prone to exaggeration. Some say the Parliament Buildings to be erected will be the best in Canada, but, without going to that extent, one is safe in saying that they will rank with the best in the Dominion and will be buildings of which the people of this Province may well be proud.

Plans have already been prepared and the work of erecting the magnificent buildings has commenced. All winter long hundreds of teams have hauled gravel a distance of nine miles to the site of the building, and with this the concrete for the walls will be made. No contract has as yet been let, and as no estimate has gone through to date, it is difficult to state what the buildings will cost. The specifications of the limited competition called for a building to cost a million and a quarter dollars, but the architects here think they will cost two million dollars before being completed. Now, for two million dollars the people of this country should get something worth while, and doubtless they will.

The site for the new Parliament Buildings is quite ideal. Its location is over a mile from the centre of the city, and it is directly across the Wascana Lake. "Pile o' Bones Creek" is what we used to call it in the olden days, for it was then a stream across which a man could jump. Since Regina became a city and Saskatchewan a Province, a more dignified name had to be secured. The old earthen dam which held back the waters of the creek is being done away with and the "reservoir"—another term applied to this body of water—for a season passes out of existence. Now, however, a concrete bridge and dam is being erected and the new name is generally adopted. So the old timers have been forced to forego the name which they bestowed in the days when the buffalo roamed the prairie where now stands the City of Regina, and the up-to-date citizen tries to forget that Wascana Lake was once the insignificant "Pile o' Bones Creek." The resourceful real estate agent has had maps drawn and upon the surface of the lake one may



SASKATCHEWAN'S NEW PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS

see depicted pleasure boats flitting here and there and steam launches in interminable number. Out in the West we laugh at this, but it has caught with the people of the East, for nearly all the property—"city lots" they call it—within a radius of two miles of the new Parliament Buildings and the Wascana Lake, has been bought up.

That is the site of the new home of the Saskatchewan Legislature, and it will be made a beauty spot of the Province. Gravelled driveways are to approach the buildings off the Albert Street Bridge, and between the lake shore and the main entrance of the buildings there will be a network of roads laid between lines of trees and flowered grounds.

The first impression of the building on the approach from the north and west will naturally be the solemnity and impressiveness of the expanse of dignity in the exterior design where English Renaissance work has been freely adopted.

The building will be constructed of a combination of pale buff stone and red brick, which proves particularly happy when used with discretion in the style adopted. The facades of the building are the result of a careful study of massing, fenestration, outline and detail, and throughout the building it is noted that there has been an adherence to dignity, simplicity and purity of style, combined with a treatment of English architecture, with a view to providing the best building for the purpose intended.

The interior of the building will be on a grand scale and can only be adequately described by the word "magnificent." Triple doorways form the main entrance and upon passing these a spacious vestibule is reached. Directly in front there is a "staircase of honor" up which will ascend the future Premiers and Cabinet Ministers of Saskatchewan, while on either side will be staircases for the use of the public. Three elevators are also provided that those having business with the public offices in the building may be hoisted quickly to the desired floors.

The legislative room itself is directly at the head of the "staircase of honor." Beneath the lofty, spacious and unique dome of the building stands the ante-room of the Legislative Chamber, a room where importance second only to that of the Legislative Chamber itself has been assigned. The height of the dome, from which the ante-room is lighted, permits of monumental treatment and the presence of large, vertical and horizontal vistas.

Within the Legislative Chamber the feature most impressive is the fact that from every seat in the building the Speaker's rostrum is visible. A main entrance and two side entrances provide ample exit in the case of a crowded session, and the planning of this room throughout has been done after making a careful study of rooms of a similar character throughout the country. Three galleries are provided for the public spectators, and additional galleries are there for the private use of the Speaker and for the press. In designing these galleries the architects seem to have struck a happy solution of the acoustic and other difficulties which present themselves in such buildings. The galleries are not designed to overhang the chamber and obstruct view or deaden sound, but are placed each one in a recess specially provided for in the outline of the building.

Accommodation in the way of rooms for the members, the Speaker and the Ministers, is most complete, and all seem to be closely connected with the Legislative Chamber, the room for which the building is primarily erected. Committee rooms are ample and in the whole layout of the building there is always in view the possibility of future extensions and the admissibility of this without injuring the general design of the structure.

The Righteousness of Doctors' Bills

Professional Services Cannot be Measured by Ordinary Every-day Standards — Men May Yet Possess the Power to Cause Every Infectious Disease to Disappear Entirely From the Face of the Earth.

By George C. Lawrence, in Appleton's Magazine.

IF one were talking in fables this might be called the fable of the Physician, the Lawyer, and the Business Man. But as fables are more or less out of date and generally interpreted according to individual taste, it will serve better to recite the True Story of a Certain Mrs. Suburbs.

This particular Mrs. Suburbs wasn't of the class to be commiserated, who want to live in the city but can't afford it. She lived in the country from choice, in a big red brick house, surrounded by a wide green lawn, and her share of the world's goods was very much more than most of us ever get. Among her other possessions were a husband and several children.

Now it so happened, which is not surprising, that one of the daughters fell ill and that it became necessary in order to save her life, to perform a very delicate and dangerous operation—the kind which a physician masters only after many years. So, because Mr. and Mrs. Suburbs didn't want to take any unnecessary risks, a big man was brought from the city, a man by the way, more than fifty years old. He came. He operated and was successful. He returned many times to see his patient. The girl was made whole and Mrs. Suburbs was filled with undying gratitude—up to a certain point.

The certain point had come that morning in the shape of a bill for $800. Mrs. Suburbs opened it with trepidation, viewed it with alarm which turned to resentment, and with the piece of news waited to hand it on to Mr. Suburbs.

Presently, subsequent to his naturally expected delays as a commuter, entered Mr. Suburbs. "JOHN," exclaimed his wife, before he had even removed his coat, "what do you think!"

Experience had taught Mr. Suburbs that he was not at such a juncture expected to utilize his mental faculties. He merely waited.

"JOHN, Dr. Cutler's bill came today and how much do you think it is?" Then rushing to a breathless climax: "E-I-G-H-T hundred dollars, what do you think of that?"

"Um," was the noncommittal reply of John as he removed his coat. Being a professional man himself, though in a far less exacting calling, he perhaps remembered the early and empty years through which Dr. Cutler had struggled while acquiring the skill by which the daughter's life had been saved. He even sighed a little as he thought of the difficulty of professional fees.

"I got a check from Rankin today," John remarked.

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Suburbs, immediately interested. "The man you wouldn't let the horrid judge send to jail for a year?" (Jail to her was a generic term including all places of involuntary incarceration.)

"He's very well off, isn't he? How much was it?"

"About as well as we are. Fifteen hundred dollars," replied John, answering the questions in order. "He was very glad to pay it. Thought it ought to have been more. Said he would have paid ten times as much rather than go to jail. Said it would be worth that to him. . . . I wonder what a child's life is worth?"

Here the subject dropped, for Mrs. Suburbs had a premonition that John was preaching at her. Dinner was hardly over before neighbor Business Man dropped in.

"Did a bully stroke of work today, Johnny, my boy," he exclaimed, slapping him on the back. "Sold that property to the traction company for $96,000. Pretty good, wasn't it?"

"Pretty good," echoed John, and then: "Let's see, what did it cost you? Sixteen thousand three years ago, wasn't it?"

"Correct," replied neighbor Business Man.

And then John, without any intention of being rude, fell into a brown study. He knew what the education of his brother, a struggling physician in a western town, had cost. He knew what his own had cost, too. It was more than $16,000 in each case. But even on that basis, what legitimate expectation had either of them of retiring at an age worth considering, with a net profit at the end, of $80,000? He put the thought from him with a sigh. And the years—here was Business Man at thirty-one cleaning up enough to last him the rest of his life if wisely invested. And here was he—Suburbs—at, well at quite a few years more than thirty-one—at which age he had been barely self-supporting on the meagerest basis, and not yet able to charge off on his mental books the cost of his education. He had much, to be sure, but he lived up to his income. To stop his work meant to stop that income. He had no investment in land or bonds. His investment was in his education. And then again he thought of Cutler's bill and grinned. "Well," he remarked to himself, "we're a whole lot better off than the medicos."

Now, this in all its essential points is a true story, and, as they say in story books, it teaches us—well, among other things, it teaches that the value of professional service can't be measured by the same standard as the value of a house, or a pair of shoes, or a loaf of bread. And most of all this applies to the medical profession—the question of physicians' fees—the returns of that service of which 2,500 years ago Hippocrates said, "Medicine of all arts is the most noble."

To get as nearly as possible at the heart of this question of the righteousness of doctors' fees, more than six thousand printed forms, containing questions pertinent or impertinent, as one may view them, have been sent to doctors of all classes in all parts of the country. They were questions frankly asked, questions as to figures and time and income and ethics of the profession. And they were as frankly answered. Much in the answers can be tabulated in an effort to analyze the doctor's fee on a commercial basis. But much also, for the most part the human, cannot be tabulated. One must read between the lines.

It is a curious fact, almost startling in its significance, that while the value of all those physical things which enter into our lives may be and is determined on a purely commercial basis of cost of production, the value of that life itself cannot, except in comparative terms, ever be expressed. How much, for instance, is the value to you of the life of, say, a son? More than all you possess. Judged on this basis, then, is the physician's fee exorbitant, or is it, as a commercial service, immeasurably small?

Eternally, by the very nature of his calling, the physician is working for his own elimination. The

accomplishment of the prediction of Pasteur, that it is within the power of man to cause to disappear from the face of the earth every infectious disease, is not an idle dream. Already under the advance of medical, surgical, and sanitary science, the physician sees, rejoicing as he sees it, a diminution of that demand upon which he and his wife and children are dependent for their daily bread like any other mortals. On the authority of a physician in that city, the improvements in scientific sanitation in Chicago in the last twelve years coupled with the advances in medical science, have decreased the field of medical practice twenty per cent. Even as he works, whether in the laboratory, the field of experiment, the slums, the city, or the village, the physician is of necessity undermining his own livelihood, measuring his success by the increasing lack of need for his services.

"Into whatever house I enter, I will go for the benefit of the sick. With purity and with holiness I will pass my life and practice my art." So ran the oath administered by Hippocrates to his students almost five centuries before Christ, and so still stands to-day the physician's ideal. Medicine then partook of a character of holiness, for the student, too, swore "to reckon him who taught me this art equally dear to me as my parents, to look upon his offspring on the same footing as my own brothers, and to teach them this art if they shall wish it without fee or stipulation."

Can anyone to-day with an inkling of the life of the disciple of medicine doubt that the spirit of this ancient oath is rigidly observed in its practice? Or that as Hippocrates dictated twenty-five hundred years ago, "Whatever in connection with my professional practice or not in connection with it I see or hear in the life of men which ought not to be spoken abroad, I will not divulge as reckoning all that should be kept secret."

Investigation and knowledge, experience and association, can only make more apparent that commercialism and medical practice are as far apart as the poles. For the manufacturer, the shopkeeper, whom else you will, success may be measured—though happily it need not be—in dollars and cents. For the physician it is measured in the alleviation of pain and suffering, in appreciation and gratitude and friendships, but last of all in the number or size of his fees on which he depends for his ability to carry on his work.

Says a physician writing from a small city in the West, into which he, after his years of study and training, has disappeared to carry on his work, "not all of medicine is bad. There are many pleasant things, gratitude, friendships, and the opportunity to be a force for good, for right living and right thinking."

"My boys," said an old doctor to his graduating class in a famous medical school (and his students were always in a sense to him boys, as were his patients' children), "I want you always to believe in the human race and have hope. You will see the darkest side of life; you will learn what I have learned, and you will have pain and suffering for your bedside companions, and you will be poorly paid for what you are giving. But always remember the frailty of flesh, the holiness of your calling, and always have hope."

While there are those who know the work of the physician in whatever field, there are those innumerably greater who do not, and who wonder with a commercial cynicism at the charge of the family physician, or specialist, or surgeon. To such, the experience, commercial if you will, collected from hundreds of doctors in all parts of the country may furnish a basis for belief in the primary importance of the Hippocratian oath, "Into whatever house I enter, I will go for the benefit of the sick."

What seems to me the most significant statement echoed by many others was given me in the course of a casual conversation with one of New York's greatest specialists.

"I doubt if there are to-day in this whole city 100 doctors who could retire and not starve to death within a year. Our expenses increase with our own income, and while the average business man can hope to retire some day, the average medical man retires when he dies."

Now, as to the matter in more detail. The average physician graduates from his medical school four years after the college man who elects a commercial career has begun to earn a living wage or even to lay by money, and from ten to twelve years after the class from which our wealthiest and most prominent men come, begins to be productive, and in the sense of not being a financial burden on some one else, independent. His preliminary college education up to that time, including the acquirement of a degree of A.B. now demanded by the best medical school, has cost the physician on an average $4,-429.63. (These and subsequent figures are averaged from all replies received.) This figure is not the cost of the best medical education calculated to best fit the physician at some remote day to be self-supporting or even—vague hope—to marry. Nor does it take into account the loss through unproductive years when the man who elects to "go into business" is earning.

A conservative estimate, taking these factors into consideration, places the amount which the graduating physician, the proud possessor of an M.D. has been called upon to spend, at $11,000. And then he has only begun. He cannot immediately begin to practice, for the moral obligation, so binding yet so little understood by the laity, demands that he shall spend from one to two years in a hospital. Indeed, figures from the largest and most prominent medical school in the country show that more than four-fifths of the graduating class enter hospitals, where more often than not in deep debt, they receive board and lodging, but, of course, no fees. It is a conservative estimate which places the age of the young physician, ready and equipped to take the plunge for himself (and incidentally encumbered with an appalling debt, as more than forty per cent. are) at twenty-nine or thirty—an age in the present commercial race already comparatively old.

Standing on the threshold of financial and far greater moral responsibility, what does the young doctor see before him? He is the belated producer, looking to benefit society and yet with no means of livelihood. Shall he go to the country town with its lessened chances for progress and achievement? Even there the time before he begins to pay current expenses is, if he is fairly fortunate, something like two years, and the expense during that lean period something like $1,000 annually. Shall he stay in the large city where his chances of service and prominence—in bald terms his prospects for a last quiet few years, if he ever attain to them—are bigger, and so a more hazardous problem? For in the big city his expenses are proportionately greater, and his term of unremunerative service proportionately longer, so that from five to eight years and from $7,500 to $15,000 more may be required before he sees where his bread and butter are coming from.

And here I should like to quote, though in abbreviated form, the figures compiled by an able and rising young physician (not yet thirty-six) in New York, partly because of long acquaintance, but chiefly because of a personal knowledge of the conscientiousness with which they were prepared and the struggle which, to those who know him, their size only emphasizes.

The value in time and money spent in acquiring a medical education during ten years he places at

$29,400, the time value being figured on a statistical earning table of men in commercial pursuits. "The average doctor may expect to be self-supporting," says he, "after the end of the third year. (That is, self-supporting at thirty-two or thirty-three, but with his investment still unpaid.) The figure at which he places the cost of the first year of independent practice is $3,500; for the succeeding two years a little less because of the large initial investment necessary.

These figures may seem large, yet when I have referred to other physicians concerning them they do not find them so. Of course had this man gone to a country village his expenses would have been much less, just as would his hopes for ultimate income. But the average young doctor still retaining his ideals wants to locate where opportunities for study, for advancement, and for hospital work are greatest—that is, in a big city.

And here, perhaps, may best be answered a rather vulgar criticism made of doctors, "Oh, yes, he's rich; he comes around in an automobile," for to certain persons an automobile stands as the chief indication of wealth. Well, this particular doctor from whom I obtained the foregoing figures keeps an automobile. He is nearly thirty-six and can't afford to marry, though he wants to.

"I can't afford an auto either," he said, "but I have to have it. With it I can make twice as many calls, and although it postpones my time of independence I hope it may pay financially in the long run. Medically, it is my duty to have it, as it is my duty to get to places where I am needed and get there quickly."

There, briefly, is the dollars and cents side, in itself terrifying. But far above that there is the sense of service, the moral obligation which binds even the novitiate during his period of service. From the beginning of his medical course the student comes in contact with conditions calculated to make men weep. To him is to be opened the problem of life and death, of physical frailty and moral degeneracy. And if he shirks he is lost.

And after this: the debts, the work, the suffering and the struggle to maintain ideals; the youth, no longer a youth, stands on the threshold of financial responsibility at an age at which other men are already successful and fathers.

It is not to be wondered therefore that the writer himself, acquainted with men in whose future he was interested, should query, "How do you expect to make money' from a company of men about to receive their medical degrees. Nor to those who judge by any but a commercial standard is the reply any more wonderful, "We have not studied medicine to make money, it is something more than that." Of the twenty-four men present at the time, twenty-one were already in debt and would be still more so before they could begin to pay current expenses. And yet money was farthest from their thought.

Specialists, to the lay mind, are notoriously high-priced. Yet here is the record of one of New York's best known men of this class. When he started in to practice after several years of vicissitude which hardly left soul and body together, he was, for his education, still $5,000 in debt. And he was then thirty years old. The marriage for which he had hoped for years, was still as vaguely distant as ever. He had for less than a living wage been working seventeen hours a day for five years, and then, taking the bull by the horns, he started for himself. During three of those five years he had slept on an operating table with no mattress, and because of his indebtedness had eaten only two meals in his long day.

He started in a poor locality where a large majority of his patients were charity patients. Now it is a peculiarity that while charity

patients will go any distance to be treated by a good man, "pay" patients will go none at all. Year after year he found himself treating more people for nothing, and running farther and farther behind financially.

So at last he decided to take the plunge. He moved to a good locality, still many thousands in debt, though getting on toward thirty-five, and took an office, the cheapest he could find, which cost him $1,500 a year. Immediately, because of his location, he began to make money, until to-day he has what is for a doctor a large income, though for a man of his ability extremely small.

He showed me his book running through months, and more than two-thirds of his patients were those to whom he charged nothing. To talk with him, a man who had struggled always and married late in life, was a revelation. One day typical of all will do. He showed me his ledger, calling off the names and explaining, almost apologizing, for his charity.

There was a school teacher: "Well, you know how school teachers are paid in New York—she would have died without an operation. So I operated. But" (apologetically), "I couldn't send her a bill." There was a seamstress—and so on and so on, and out of the nineteen patients he had spent his day on, he had charged but six, and of them to two a reduced bill. And yet he called it a "good day," at nearly fifty years of age.

I cannot resist one more story of this man, both because of his prominence as a so-called "high-charging physician," and the inner side I have come to see.

"A few years ago," said he, "when I was still in debt for my education" (he was then almost forty and charged what he does to-day) "a man came to me to arrange for an operation to be performed on his wife. It was a long and difficult operation, necessitating many weeks of frequent calls and when she was well I sent a bill for $500. Shortly after I received a note from her husband asking if he could see me, and when I talked to him I discovered that he was a poor man. He would not accept charity, so I sent him a bill for $100 which he is paying off at the rate of $25 a year. Yet the time and services expended were worth to me more than $2,000."

And here in itself is a curious and interesting point. Suppose you were going to buy a house, or a ring, or a set of books. Would you not naturally inquire the price? Yet the average person calling upon a physician for his services, in the great majority of cases, never makes any inquiry at all. And then when the bill comes in, ignorant of the struggle and the sacrifices which made the service possible, it is regarded, let us say mildly, as exorbitant. Yet no doctor, worthy of the name, ever refused his services because of the inability on the part of the patient to pay the full fee.

"How does the doctor reconcile his fees?" Flatly, he does not. There is no need of reconciliation. The doctor of whatever class first goes "for the benefit of the sick." Subsequently he has a living to make in order that he may still continue to benefit the sick, and so, naturally enough, rises the question of charges. For the same operation which for a poor person costs nothing the wealthy person may be charged $1,000.

To those who would put the matter of a physician's fee on a commercial basis, it can only be said, "What is health worth?" Were any physician to charge in keeping with your own valuation of this "commodity," would your valuation of his services be greater or less?

In the end, having had even a small insight into the physician's life, one naturally returns to this question, "Well, how about big fees charged to wealthy patients?" It is an involved question this, difficult of answer after much investigation.

There is no commercial basis for the answer, for the service is something apart. If you are paying for any of the commodities which come within commercial limits there is a practical basis for figuring, whether that commodity be beef, or clothes, or stocks.

But let us suppose that your child lies dying. Let us suppose that all that is dearest in the world is menaced with the final obligation of life—what would you be willing to pay to escape that obligation—to have saved the life of the child, the wife, or the mother? And is it wide of the mark to say that the life in jeopardy is dearer to you than all else that you possess? Yet what physician ever made such a charge—even though it might be worth on a commercial basis of value received, all that be asked? But if one still persist in the idea that the doctor's bill should be measured in dollars and cents of worth received, and forgets, with the price of that same doctor's livelihood staring him in the face, the time and the labor and the sacrifices and the pain (for no man can rub shoulders with Old Mortality as does the physician and not suffer pain) which he gives freely and gladly, why then let us see, so far as the uncommercial standpoint applies, how this all works out.

Some years ago a famous doctor from abroad came to this country, and for a famous fee treated successfully the child of very wealthy parents. That fee in its size became a subject of much discussion—abstractly. But practically no one seemed to remember that the famous surgeon had passed far beyond the age where many men can retire before he became successful, and even fewer remember now that for that one fee he left his practice—that is, his means of living—and while in this country gave without price and freely to the poor and afflicted the same service for which in the case in question he had received a large fee.

A famous operator recently recited to me the history of a certain case. Said he, "I was called upon by a physician in a certain city to operate on a case where success meant escape from blindness. The patient came to New York and all arrangements were made. On the day appointed she came to the hospital. She came in her own automobile, and the furs which she wore could not have been worth less than $10,000. She had with her two maids and two private nurses. I operated. It was a delicate and a dangerous operation. It was successful, although for weeks afterwards she demanded and received one quarter of my time. At the end she was cured, her eyesight was saved.

"When I sent in my bill (and it was for $2,700) I received a curt note saying that she would pay $700 and no more. During the time in which I attended her I had given, based on a minimum fee, more than $6,000 of service to persons from whom I shall never ask a cent. You can think what you please. I have to live. I wrote to her that if she considered my services worth only $700 I should be glad to consider the matter closed. I almost wonder how doctors live and hope and believe. I am almost sixty. My best days are gone. It is my duty to give way to younger men. Yet I charge no more to-day than twenty years ago, and if I should stop I would starve. I must die in harness. We all must. All that I have to give—when giving is called for—and yet at sixty-two I cannot see a few quiet years free from financial worry. I have never known a physician yet worthy of the name who considered money. You laymen don't know."

The big fee charged to the rich person—there is the crux of the question. But the matter appears in a very different light when one stops to consider that it is big not in proportion to the service rendered, but only in comparison to the fee of nothing at all for which the phy-

sician renders the same service to those unable to pay, but usually infinitely more thankful.

A certain famous surgeon, whom I know, wore for three winters, to the wonderment of his friends and until they were nothing but tatters, a pair of knitted mittens. They were the Christmas gift of a poor woman whose son's life he had saved through a long siege of gladly rendered attendance free of cost. They came to him with a note on Christmas Day when I happened to be with him, and I doubt if in his long life of service he was ever more deeply touched.

"Dear Doctor—" ran the penciled note, "I know you have to go out much in winter in the cold. I hope that these mittens may keep your hands warm. It is all I have to give."

Well as I knew him, I think he was never more moved. He tossed me the note while he held the mittens and said, "There are compensations. These mittens mean more to that mother than an automobile to you or me." And almost in the same hour he showed me with an entirely different sort of a smile a letter from a multi-millionaire protesting against the charge for saving his son's leg.

"Let him keep the fee," he cried, almost savagely, as he looked at the mittens. "If he thinks I reckon life on the same basis that he reckons beef, let him keep it."

Incidentally it is interesting to note, in this effort to commercialize a non-commercial spirit, that the multi-millionaire, graced perhaps by the light of understanding, sent to the physician a check for ten times the amount of the original bill, and that the physician as promptly turned it over to the hospital.

The fee of the rich man is undoubtedly larger than that of the poor man—and why? Barring the ministry, medicine is the only trade which takes into consideration the purchaser's need. Let the poor man—even though he be starving—try to purchase a loaf of bread and he finds that the price to him poor is just what it would be to him wealthy. And the same is true of everything that goes to make up his physical life, with one exception, the service which keeps that life going. If the patient has means to let him pay, or if he has not, the same service is given without price. Were we all wealthy there would be an easily determinable value for the doctor's service, based on his cost of education, the worth of the service which he performs, the lateness at which he begins to earn and the quickness with which he is forced to retire.

The greatest railroad in the country sets seventy years as the age at which a man must quit. Its employes, on that basis, have fifty earning years ahead of them when they start at the average age of twenty. But the doctor starts at thirty, and if he be fortunate has twenty-five years of productive practice ahead of him. Many with whom I have talked or corresponded place the limit of the physician's, and, particularly, the surgeon's remunerative life, at twenty years.

The average medical practitioner must be entirely absolved of the charge of commercialism. Stop and think when next you receive your doctor's bill, at which you may feel some surprise, that the doctor, when he is ready to practice, has spent some twenty-five thousand dollars at a conservative estimate in time and money in acquiring the education which may mean the saving of your life; that at thirty years of age, when the majority of his friends have married and are laying by a competence, he stands on the threshold of a financial struggle which he knows will probably never be largely remunerative; that when he starts he is more often than not heavily in debt; that during his early years he has had long hours and has been inevitably brought in his daily life into close touch with suffering, and pain, and debt, and want, and vice, and sorrow, and need, to an extent which would lead you or me to doubt the very purpose of life; that for far more than half of his services he can never expect more than thanks, and that at the age when the average business man is at his zenith he loses those delicate senses and powers on

which his practice rests, and, finally, that his work is first and always a service of humanity and secondarily a service for return.

After all, the physician is not a commercial proposition. He gives what is asked, receives what he may, and, in the end, having seen many births, much suffering, and many deaths, he joins the innumerable caravan—leaving what? Under ordinary conditions a dependent family and a few friends who truly understood him; under abnormal conditions a name, a long-delayed appreciation of services rendered, and a dependent family. Come, let us reason together. Can anyone of you point to a physician wealthy, that is, wealthy in proportion to his services, or wealthy in proportion to his ability had it been applied in any other field? Judged on an honest basis—not one in ten thousand.

Says one man (and it should be understood that all these comments were obtained under the assurance of confidence, since, like all lovers of good, the physician is little inclined to talk of his work), "no physician is ever paid proportionately to the work he is called upon to perform. Practically no physician (except the most fortunate, an extremely small proportion of the whole body) leaves anything but life insurance and uncollectable bills to his family."

And another physician, writing from a western city in answer to the query as to the advisability of post-graduate work, "the work is necessary, but ninety-nine per cent. are financially unable to afford it."

Fifty per cent of a doctor's working life, at least, he gives to charity, and here is a note of sadness for those who wonder at their charges. In the words of a Western physician who writes in answer as to what he gives in time and money annually, "half of my time," and then as to money, "I have never had any to give." Half his time, the earnings time of his life, and this physician, noted for his sincerity, has "never had money to give." Commercialism or non-commercialism?

And the doctor, aside from an earning standpoint, is short-lived. One, indeed, when asked how long they lived, replied with a note of cynicism, remarkable for its uncommonness, "about twice as long as they ought to."

But seriously considered in the light of their irregular hours, their exposure to contagion and the mental strain which the constant grappling and compromise with inevitable if ultimate death produces on the physician, he is as a class short-lived. The men who do the work are, as a rule, not more than middle-aged.

Always the physician feels in his heart the absolute uncommerciality of his profession which can be summed up in no better manner than in the answer of a well-known physician of Boston in answer to the question, "How much does a doctor contribute in charitable works in time?" The answer was: "He never refuses." It is an answer that smacks of nobility even though it be nameless. And when that bill, by which, after all, we are prone to judge the physician, greets you at the breakfast table or the office, it is worth while, as it is honorable, to consider it, remembering that the service for which he charges you or me "he never refuses" to those who need and lack, even while the bill is not so large as it would be on a commercial basis.

There is, after all, for those who question the righteousness of the physician's fee, a final test. The cost of living of late years has advanced at an almost prohibitive rate. Naturally this might be expected to increase the cost of any commercial service. Yet more than six thousand inquiries sent to physicians throughout the country asking what effect this same increased cost of living had on doctor's fees brought the practically unanimous answer—almost pathetic in its non-commerciality, "none." Just three physicians made any other answer, and their replies were that fees had advanced during their practice only in small proportion to the cost of life's necessities.

Long years of study, short years of usefulness, long hours of association with pain and suffering and death, poor pay, one-half his working life given and given gladly to charity, old age or rather comparatively old age without a competence ("we must all die in harness or starve"), facing him, always a depressing knowledge of human frailty, and with death always for an opponent—that is the part of the average physician.

Let us pay the tribute long overdue, not in money, but in appreciation. We who ring the telephone at two o'clock on a snowy morning to summon the doctor, who, for aught we know, has been working since daylight, let us remember the words of that old doctor who gave to his departing disciples the message, "Always remember the frailty of flesh, the holiness of your calling, and always have hope." And if we stop to think, there is a holiness and an absolute freedom from commerciality in the calling of him who has for his opponent not a rival manufacturer, not a rival financier, but the inevitably victorious Death. Consider the sacrifices, the needs, and the gifts of the physician, measure to yourself the value of even a day more of life, and then judge, so far as it is given to us to judge, the righteousness of the physician's fee.

The Head of the House Economizes

By Leighton Osmun in Bohemian Magazine

THE Head of the House perched herself on my knee.

"Jim, dear, may I have a new coat? I saw the dearest one downtown to-day."

I considered that this would be a good time to put into effect a little financial scheme which I had hatched some time before.

"I have something to tell you, sweetheart," I said in a sepulchral tone. "I have lost a large sum of money in Wall Street. We are very poor now. I hardly know how to make both ends meet."

The Head of the House squirmed around, and looked into my face with a wealth of sympathy in her brown eyes.

"Oh, you poor dear!" she cried. "How I wish I could help you."

"You can," I replied, "by economizing."

"Oh, dear," she sighed, "that is such a horrid way. If I could only earn some money someway, it would be so much nicer."

"The expense account is a great item," I commented.

"I know what I'll do!" she exclaimed suddenly. "I know just the loveliest way to help you, and it will be such fun, too."

"How?" I asked.

"I will discharge Mary and Agnes, and do all the housework myself, and that will save you all that money every month. Won't it be splendid?"

"But I do not want you to do that," I objected. "You can help enough by not buying so many hats and dresses and things."

"Now, Jim," she protested in a hurt tone, "it is real mean of you to talk like that—just as if I were extravagant. Why, that old rag of a dress I have now, I have worn for perfect ages, and that hat—I have had only two since Christmas."

"Three," I corrected.

"Oh, yes, counting that little rainy-day hat, but that did not cost anything at all."

"Renwick & Co. seemed to think so," I replied dryly. "At least, they sent me a fair-sized bill for it. If they made a mistake——"

"Don't be horrid, Jim," she interrupted severely. "Anyway, I am going to do what I said. We can have awfully nice things to eat, too. I know lots of perfectly delicious things to have—things that an ordinary cook would never think of."

My scheme was getting me in pretty deep water, but I decided not to retract, for, after all, it might do The Head of the House good to have some domestic duties for a while; and, while I had misrepresented the financial situation to her, I was not saving the amount of money I should, considering my income.

I went home that night to find The Head of the House in full control of the kitchen. She had paid the servants their full month's wages, although it was only the fifth of the month, and had started in to run the house herself. She looked very bewitching in her white, frilled apron, with her dimpled arms bare to the elbows, and her face rosy with excitement, and the happiness inspired by honest labor shining in her eyes.

"Oh, Jim," she greeted me, throwing her arms around my neck, "I am having the loveliest time! And just see all the pretty things I have bought."

She proudly pointed out a choice line of fancy cooking utensils. Remembering some bills I had been called upon to pay in the past for even the ordinary kind of that line of goods, I groaned inwardly, but I was not brute enough to dampen her enthusiasm. I admired them to the best of my ability.

"And just see here," she went on, "I bought this lovely matting at Van Tyng's. It was made in Japan. They sent a man right up to lay it. Doesn't it look sweet? And I have the loveliest dinner for you. We are going to have some of the dearest little birds. The butcher told me about them because I said I wanted something especially nice. He had to send downtown to a big market for them because they are out of season or something, and I bought some nice hot-house vegetables because you always say you get so tired of eating canned ones, and—and—now don't you think I am a helpful wife?"

I put my arms around her, and evaded. "You are a dear little girl," I said truthfully.

"I hope you don't think I was extravagant to buy all those things for the kitchen," she said with a trace of uneasiness in her voice. "You see, I wouldn't have done it, only I like to cook so much that I am never going to let any one else do it again. And then, you see, I will be in the kitchen so much that I think it ought to be nice, don't you?"

I was game. "Yes," I answered.

The dinner was certainly good. Whatever The Head of the House does, she does well, and with a lavish hand; but it would have been cheaper dining at a hotel.

For a week The Head of the House acted as chef of our establishment, and when the bills came in I realized that a month of her catering would bankrupt me in earnest. Therefore, I cast about for a way out of the difficulty. I had fibbed myself into an untenable position, now it devolved upon me to fib myself out of it.

So the next night I came home with an expression of happiness on my face, which even the sight of the day's additional purchases for the kitchen could not remove.

"I guess the financial crisis has passed," I said cheerfully. "With your help I have pulled through, and we are on our feet again. So you will not have to do the housework any more."

The Head of the House was delighted. "Oh, isn't that splendid!"

I agreed that it was.

"I really am getting a little tired of cooking," she confessed. "Besides, now I can get that new coat."

On the Tyranny of Clothes

How the Clothes Mania Affects the Actor and Influences the Modern Drama — The American Stage Suffers More Than Any Other From the Sartorial Obsession.

By Alan Dale in The Cosmopolitan Magazine

THOSE who saw Mme. Alla Nazimova in "The Comet" at the Bijou Theatre noticed that she wore around her neck, as a collar, what looked like a pair of "straight-front" corsets. I am assured, on unimpeachable feminine authority, that this circlet resembled corsets much more than it suggested a collar—and I trust you will excuse this masculine audacity of trespass. With her neck—the delicate column through which inspiration and expiration are effected—thus rigidly held, Madame Nazimova went through the emotional episodes of the play. One incident, I recall, showed her as ineffably tired, utterly weary, craving sleep, and actually taking forty winks on the stage before our very eyes, with that girdle of horror round her neck!

Now if a great artist like Madame Nazimova suffers—as she must have suffered—from the slavery of clothes and the ugly dominion of raiment, what havoc must this tyranny play with the average first-rate, second-rate, and third-rate actresses! I assert that it is responsible for more than half of the stupid, unnatural behavior—we call it "staginess"—that mars so many plays, and makes of human beings a series of hopeless automata, swaddled to death in the exaggerated "rags" of a gaudy, semi-barbaric civilization.

Nor is this sartorial obsession restricted to the feminine gender. It is alarmingly masculine. Men are by no means superior to its dominant importance. The handsome "star," a victim to the creases in his trousers, a martyr to the foot-destroying agony of "patent leathers," apprehensive of the crackle of his shirt-front, conscious of the intrusion of his cuffs, and dramatically unable to dispose of the listless lengths that are believed to be arms, is a very usual figure in our drama. He has rehearsed everything but his clothes. These, left for the "dress" rehearsal, are not considered of moral importance. You note the grotesqueness of his manner. He is playing the part of a "dook," and "dooks," as you know, are popularly presumed to "dress for dinner" every night. The actor, of course, in private life eats his quantum of Irish stew in any old garb. Therefore, when he goes to the theatre, and is asked to feel at his ease in the latest evening-dress monstrosity, he is totally lost. He reminds you of a tailor's advertisement. He is little more than a walking illustration of the most recent effects in clothes.

Watch his embarrassed demeanor as he clasps the fair young ingenue to his hundred-dollar coat. He cannot see what the audience sees—because he is afraid of rumpling his unemotional shirt-front. Therefore he cannot see that the fair young ingenue leaves dabs of powder on the beautiful coat, and that wherever she leans her mark remains. She releases herself from his embrace, and he turns to her with impassioned words. But the pallor of her face and neck is daubed all over his coat, and the result is fatal.

The tyranny of clothes has become one of the gravest of dramatic questions. The handsome woman who has spent all day in a wrapper, enjoying the perfect freedom of her arms and—may I be allowed to add?—legs (I am not one of those who believe that legs are immoral), finds herself at night tightly encased in a shimmering creation that cramps her every movement. Wherever she turns she is confronted with the barbarism of her clothes. She is conscious—how could she be otherwise?—of the obstacle. Perhaps the very dressmaker who made those things is sitting down in front, carefully noting the way in which her "creation" is adapting itself to the emotional efforts of the playwright.

The poor puppet on the stage may have to portray the very poignancy of acute emotion, with her breathing-apparatus asphyxiated by the stringency of her costume, and the simple forces of her nature rendered comatose by the suffocating tightness of her corset. The scene rehearsed so well! At rehearsal, she felt at home in her unconsidered every-day, and she was able to inject real life into her work.

She suffers, as most actresses suffer, from the fact that there is no dressmaker clever enough to invent picturesque clothes, fitted to the enactment of emotional roles. Each heroine must be a fashion-plate. She is asked to love, and hate, and kiss and be kissed in the very style of clothes that Mrs. Snooks of Fifth Avenue affects, when all that lady has to do in 'em is to sit at a bridge table and play cards. Mrs. Snooks is the model. Or quite frequently the stage dressmaker—avid harpy—invents novelties that she tries on her poor actress for the sake of Mrs. Snooks of Fifth Avenue, whose patronage she hopes to secure.

Sarah Bernhardt is perhaps the only actress on record who invented a style for herself that permitted the full sway of her emotionalism. You may have observed that she, even in her heyday, never owned a "figure." Her curves were those of a billiard-table. Bernhardt did not repine. Great people are not seriously annoyed by their own peculiarities. Rather are they disposed to regard them as the marks of genius. Bernhardt asked no dressmaker to build her a figure. She was never guilty of one of those perfect figures into which you can stick pins without drawing blood. She reveled in her figurelessness. She devised a series of gowns that were worn loosely, and girdled below the waist line.

It was perhaps the most daring thing that an actress has ever done. In the costumes of "La Tosca" and "Fedora" and "Gismonda" and "Theodora" and "Cleopatre" these gowns might have escaped comment; but in "Camille" and "Frou Frou" and plays of modern fabricants she never budged. There was no tyranny of clothes to hamper Sarah Bernhardt. She made such a barbaric question as mere physical adornment subservient to her. Sarah dominated clothes. Clothes never dominated Sarah.

Yet how exquisitely gowned Sarah Bernhardt has always been, in her clinging draperies and her misty, mysterious, sartorial effects. I've seen her play "Camille" in clothes that must have cost a fortune, clothes the like of which have never been seen in this clothes-ridden country; but they were made to coincide with her physical peculiarities. To have imitated Mrs. Snooks of Fifth Avenue, or to have worn gowns that Mrs. Snooks of Fifth Avenue could run away and copy, would have been very far from the Bernhardt idea.

In New York, where a play contains more clothes than art, and where the actress's object is to make herself an object of envy to the poor, illiterate, little shop-girl,

simplicity is eschewed. The dramatic farmer's daughter may be compelled, much against her will, to avoid silks and satins.' She gets even in the "make" of her cashmere gown. It fits like a glove. It is delightfully fashioned. It is worn over a thirty-dollar pair of corsets. If she lifts the hem of her gown, you note that the simple farmer's daughter wears silk petticoats and lingerie of the most costly fabric. You get a fleeting glimpse of silk stockings that would have to be explained to the real farmer's daughter. And when she tells you that she is going to milk the cows, she trots off the stage in a pair of French high-heeled shoes that would supply the average cow with a very strong incentive to toss her. She is making the best of a bad joke. If she had her own way she would be milking the cows in an Empire dress of white satin, cut low, with a jeweled tiara in her hair, and white satin dancing-slippers. This is not an exaggeration. Ask any stage-manager. He will tell you racy stories of the clothes-mania that mars the logical perception of the average actress.

Instead of clothes being of secondary importance to art, art is usually of secondary importance to clothes. The illiteracy of the audience is taken for granted. The general excuse is that women like to see fine gowns. It is asserted that many of them go to the theatre with no other object in view. That this is untrue is evidenced by the vogue of the Ibsen plays, in which the heroines are mostly gowned like paupers. That a certain class of women may clamor to see fashion-plates posing as actresses is probably true. It is not this class that should be permitted to dictate to the drama.

There is little ingenuity and there are no artistic effects in the garbing of the New York drama to-day. In fact, if you put all the clothes on the stage without the actors and actresses supposed to wear them, I could build you up your play. Long experience in theatregoing has shown me the exact thing that is worn in every dramatic situation.

See that low-necked, black-velvet gown with the train. That is the dress of the dowager in the third act, when she has to sit on a gold chair at a gold table, and snub the dear little thing who has been asked to be the wife of her son. There is nothing so snubby on the stage as black velvet. It is always used to suggest the supercilious and the imperious.

Do you note that simple gown of white mousseline-de-soie (at four dollars a yard) trimmed with silver (at fifteen dollars a yard) with a baby-blue silk sash (imported from Paris and exceedingly precious)? That is the wrapping of the heroine, who comes amazed and reluctant into the baronial drawing-room of Foppington Towers. She hasn't a penny to bless herself with—little love!—and in fact has been a governess in a purse-proud family. But she is the "fion-sy" of the heir of Foppington Towers, and she has splendid scenes with all the parvenus in that drawing-room. She comes there in her poor poverty-stricken finery that cost five hundred dollars, net.

Observe that gown of blood-red tulle. That is for a naughty girl. You will see the wearer of that gown sit on the edge of a table and smoke a cigarette! She will say most cynical things, and relegate all the virtues to the back shelf. She is the mistress of the villain, and she has no qualms. Now, if you were to put that gown on the heroine. I honestly believe that the actress playing that part would forget her lines. She couldn't be a simple, nice little thing, if she wore red!

Look at that evening-dress outfit. Isn't it the hero? Couldn't it get up, without any man inside it, and play the part quite satisfactorily? I am sure it could. It is so completely the hero. Notice the

shoes, with the blackened soles. Who but a stage-hero ever owns shoes that are blackened in the sole? And the white pique waistcoat with the uncomfortable flyaway effect; and the unbreakable shirt-front, and the unspeakable cuffs, and the "set of pearls" for the aforesaid front! Yes, that suit of clothes loves the dear little girl. That suit of clothes will marry her in spite of all. That suit of clothes will live happily ever afterward.

Sometimes one could almost write the dialogue from a mere inspection of the clothes. I don't say you could do this in the case of a clever playwright, but how many clever playwrights are there? The average play impresses you with the idea that it has been written for and around the clothes.

You cannot get away from that notion. In the play that is above the average, you merely see the unfortunate actress tussling with all the emotions in gowns that throttle her before they are born, and luckless actors trying to pose as good fellows in suits that squelch their very souls.

A sensible woman would go to an artist—and by an artist I mean a person who has a proper conception of the morality of form and color—and consult with that artist as to the particular effect that would coincide with her physical make-up. She would avoid the usual fashion-plate dressmaker, who has no ideas in her noddle except those that she has gleaned from the books imported from Paris. A sensible man would do the same thing with his tailor. The clothes-monger would then cease to use the actor and actress as advertisements. The cruel obsession of clothes would be relieved.

Our stage suffers, more than any other, from this obsession. This is a young country. The object of most people here seems to be to hang as many clothes as possible on the poor human figure, to convey the idea of inordinate wealth and—let me add—excessive bad taste, by a circus of expensive gowns and jewels. It is the cost that counts. There is no limit to sartorial extravagance. Art is asphyxiated. Stunned by clothes is the impression received by most audiences, and until we decide that to be "knocked silly" by display is not the aim of real art, the drama will not emerge from its stifling mass of fine feathers.

Men

1.

A gentleman is always born one, they say;
Indeed it is true, and a part no one can play.

2.

A snob may affect it in manner and dress,
But, oh! what a lacking, if put to the test.

3.

There is such a dfference in men that you meet;
There are some, that would willingly kneel at your feet.

4.

But the man that's most worthy is the one that will say;
I'm your friend now, and will be forever and aye.

6.

A fellow sometimes is quite on his "uppers",
But he does not crave for "pink teas" and late suppers.

5.

A dude thinks of nothing, but how he can look,
But he never would bother reading any good book.

7.

No doubt he's a man through and through just the same,
Whether he's in it, or out of the game.

8.

But if it came to battle, I wonder which would go;
Why! the man upon his "uppers" as the dude would be too slow.

9.

He could better "jolly" women, and they might let him too;
But the brother on his "uppers" has him beaten through and through.

10.

Not in looks, and not in money, but in honor which is best;
If you want to solve the problem put the brothers to the test.

AUGUSTA H. GILLIES.

"Carey Castle," the official residence of Hon. James Dunsmuir.

The Richest Coal Baron in the Dominion

Hon. James Dunsmuir is the Best and at the Same Time the Least Known Public Man on the Pacific Coast—Not a Conspicuous Success as a Premier or Politician, He is now the Much Criticized Occupant of the Gubernatorial Chair.

By A. E. Greenwood.

THE best-known, and paradoxical as it may seem, the least-known man in British Columbia is Honorable James Dunsmuir, Lieutenant-Governor of the Pacific Coast Province.

Everyone in the West knows that he has been a resident of the Province for fifty-six years, was Premier for two years, while for nearly two years he has been the much criticized occupant of the highest office in the Province. But few know that he is Canada's richest coal baron, and that he was born in the United States.

His long residence, the pioneer family name he bears, his office and his wealth, make him the best-known man in the Province, while his retiring disposition, his habitual absence from the public platform and his now self-imposed imprisonment in the library of his gubernatorial castle make him the least-known of public men on this summerland, evergreen Slope.

You may live for weeks in Victoria and never see Dunsmuir once in the street. It follows that the Hon. James does not make a vulgar display of his great wealth. And that is the best thing you can say of the last of the pioneer Dunsmuir family.

The chief romance of his early adventurous and later prosaic career, lies in the fact that forty-six years ago, at the age of ten, he was attending a log house school in the Vancouver Island coal town of Nanaimo, the eldest of two sons of a humble miner and employe of the Hudson's Bay Co., while to-day he occupies, in characteristic gubernatorial silence, the office of the Chief Magistrate of

the Province. And the last is as much the work of his father as the first. Moreover, it was all due to an accident, his father's discovery of the great Wellington Coal Mines, while strolling through a ravine, bringing immediate fortune and later fame to the Dunsmuir family.

To put two generations in an hour glass, it was in the days of the California gold rush that the good sailing ship Mary Dare, of the Hudson's Bay Co.'s fleet, after a four months' voyage from the Clyde around the Horn, twenty years before Confederation, stranded at the outlet of the Columbia River just below what is now Portland, Oregon.

Lured by the golden underworld of California, the sailors deserted the ship leaving the passengers to the hospitality of what was then the Fort, now the town, of Vancouver, Oregon, which Vancouver, B.C., says never should have been so named. Among the passengers was the family of Robert Dunsmuir, en route from Scotland to Vancouver Island, to work for his uncle, Boyd Gilmour, in assisting to develop coal measures which the Hudson's Bay Co. had discovered.

In a little log house at Fort Vancouver James was born. He was six weeks old when the voyage to Vancouver Island was continued. When greater coal measures were discovered at what is now Nanaimo, by Indians from Camoson, now Victoria, thither Gilmour and Dunsmuir, uncle and nephew, followed, Gilmour later returning to Scotland and Dunsmuir succeeding to the management of these then comparatively small mines which the Hudson's Bay Co. later sold to an English syndicate.

Residence of Mrs. Robert Dunsmuir, mother of the Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia.

HON JAMES DUNSMUIR

Robert Dunsmuir then opened the Harewood Mines, near Nanaimo, and later, strolling through the ravine near what is now the coal mining Town of Wellington, discovered the great Wellington veins, becoming the first Western Canadian and Pacific coal baron, and later railway and trade promoter, laying the foundation of the Dunsmuir millions and making possible the political and social distinction of which the elder and only surviving son, James, is the sole successor.

In his great discovery Robert had interested officers of the Royal Navy, later buying them out, Lieut. Diggle in 1884 being the last for whose interest Robert paid three-quarters of a million cash.

Then he built the Esquimault & Nanaimo Railway, while in the construction of which he established with San Francisco he became associated with the then Big Four of the California capital, Crocker, Huntington, Stanford and Hopkins. The railway obtained a two-million acre land grant with the coal rights. Three years ago the Hon. James sold the railway and the land rights to the C.P.R.

After building the railway, Robert laid the political foundations for his elder son entering the British Columbia Legislature and rising to the then and still honorary office of President of the Council.

Leaving the log house school of Nanaimo, James and Alexander, the younger son, entered the university of the world, James becoming not only a practical machinist, but a practical miner. The father, moving to Victoria on the completion of the E. & N., James took charge of the shipping from Departure Bay to San Francisco, while Alexander went to California to manage that end of the growing trade.

On the death of his father, James removed to Victoria, and on the death of his brother, Alexander, who married the mother of the actress, Edna Wallace Hopper, James, five years ago, became the sole owner of the mines, the railway, the shipping, trade and other interests.

James' political career began ten years ago when he was returned to the Legislature by the miners of his own Comox, Vancouver Island, mines as a supporter of the Government then led by Premier Turner, now British Columbia's Agent-General in London.

In the election of 1900, which followed the two months' reign of Joseph Martin as Premier, James was returned by the miners and citizens of his boyhood town of Nanaimo. Being then regarded as the most acceptable of those opposed to the Martin Administration, he was called upon to form a Government, becoming and remaining Premier for two years. This was in the latter part of 1902, just before the days of party lines successfully drawn and still tightly held by Hon. Richard McBride, popularly known as "The People's Dick," and "The Boy Statesman."

A group on board Mr. Dunsmuir's yacht, "The Thistle," on her way from Ladysmith down the Strait of Georgia. Reading from left to right the members are Mr. Wm. Whyte, Mr. John Mara, Mr. Dunsmuir and Mr. J. S. Dennis.

The Hon. James would, perhaps, be the first to admit that he was not a conspicuous success as a ruling politician, particularly at that period for those were indeed strenuous days in the political history of the Province.

One phrase of his during the Western & Columbian Railway Provincial land grant is still recalled as illustrating his character. The Opposition whispered: "There is something wrong," whereupon Dunsmuir immediately checked the conveyance of the grants and ordered an investigation, declaring: "I will have no monkey business so long as I am Premier."

But the Opposition of to-day does not hesitate to say that in his higher office of Lieutenant-Governor the Hon. James permitted something that transcended "monkey business" in the famous Natal Bill of last year, when, with a private contract in his inside pocket, for the importation, direct from the Flowery Kingdom, of 500 Japanese miners for his Wellington colliery, he withheld his assent to that unanimously passed bill, although assenting to a similar bill a few weeks ago with the prevailing conditions of the time unaltered.

This was the subject and the cause of several remarkable scenes in the session recently closed, which, however, failed to reveal the secret, why he withheld that assent. His friends will have it that that contract was not the reason for the non-assent, for the Canadian Nippon Co., of Vancouver, the Immigration and Employment Agents, had at that time, April, of last year, three months after the contract had been signed, failed to deliver more than one-fifth of the

Brownies, and the contract had been virtually cancelled.

They declare that the real reason for the non-assent was that given in Dunsmuir's despatch to the Secretary of State, the danger of international complications in view of the treaty ratified three weeks before the contract had been signed and three months before the Natal Bill had been passed. The Povincial Liberals answer to this is the assent of His Honor to the Natal Bill of this session in the face of the treaty. But the local Liberals confound confusion by having unanimously voted for that same bill.

So while it is still a secret, the reason why the Hon. James did not assent to last year's bill, for which action the Liberals in vain recently sought his official head, and also in vain sought to oust the Government on a motion of censure, their own reason for "swallowing themselves" on the same measure of which they openly disapproved is plain. It was twofold, political self preservation—for it would be political suicide for a member of the Legislature of British Columbia to vote against a Natal Bill—and, secondly, to catch Federal votes in the next campaign.

When James was attending the Wesleyan College at Dundas, Ontario, the future Mrs. Dunsmuir, then Laura Smiles, daughter of a North Carolina planter, was attending the Ladies' College in Hamilton. To-day there are eight daughters and two sons. The latter are Robin and James, jr., the daughters are Mrs. Bromley, who resides in England, and Mrs. Andain, whose husband, Major Andain, who served many years in India, is now His Honor's private secretary. The other daughters are Eleanor, Kathleen, Muriel, Marion, Bessie and Dora.

It may be added that recently Mr. Dunsmuir added to his already large estate near Calgary a tract of 235 acres, which adjoins and will be incorporated with Hatley Park, the whole forming a huge natural park and game preserve. Negotiations have been in progress for some time, and a few weeks ago the whole of Belmont Park, with the exception of fifteen acres on the south side of the Metchesen Road, passed into the possession of Hon. Mr. Dunsmuir. The tract acquired consists of 235 acres, and in conjunction with Hatley Park gives the Lieutenant-Governor an estate of over 500 acres.

LEGISLATIVE BUILDINGS, VICTORIA, B.C.

MR. FRANK SANDERSON, M.A., F.F.A.

President of the Actuaries Club, Toronto, and the Only Canadian Who is a Member of the Faculty of Actuaries of Scotland.

A person skilled in mathematical calculations, more especially calculations which deal with the expectancy of life, is known by the rather dignified title of an actuary. Canada to-day has some clever men in this profession, but it was not so many years ago that the number was limited. This was when the life insurance business was young, the period before it had attained its present high status and wide-spread recognition. There is, however, no Actuarial Society in Canada, but the day may soon come when such an organization will be an important adjunct of the life insurance business in the Dominion. For several years now there has been established at the Provincial University, a special department for the training of men in actuarial science.

Among the leading actuaries of America is Mr. Frank Sanderson, who has made a life study of the work and is recognized as an authority on this important subject, not only at home, but abroad. Mr. Sanderson's career has been a singularly successful one; he is a Canadian who has forged to the forefront in his chosen profession. An honor graduate in mathematics of Toronto University, he is not only past president of the Insurance Institute of Toronto, but also President of the Actuaries Club, Toronto. He is an examiner of the Actuarial Society of America, and a member of the governing council of that body, of which he is a Fellow. He is likewise a Fellow of the Faculty of Actuaries of Scotland, being the only Canadian member of that society. He holds the degree of associate member of the British Institute of Actuaries and in addition is a Fellow of the Royal Statistical Society of England.

It may be mentioned that Mr. Sanderson who has for nearly a score of years been prominently identified with the Canada Life Assurance Company, being chief actuary since 1899, was, at a recent meeting of the board, made joint general manager, an advancement which he has well and worthily won.

"Peace River," the Hudson Bay Company's steamer, on the Peace River.

The Fertility of the Great Hinterland

Wheat and Other Grains Successfully Grown in Canada 750 Miles North of the United States Boundary — The Hinterland a Heritage that Surpasses the Dreams of the Older and More Thickly Settled Portions of the Dominion.

By A. S. Wilson

TO make the boundless wealth and splendid resources of Canada more extensively known, to lead Canadians to a fuller and larger appreciation of the fertility and productiveness of their vast territorial possession, covering, roughly speaking, 3,500 miles from east to west, and 1,400 miles from south to north, is assuredly a laudable, public-spirited and patriotic undertaking.

Canada to-day is no longer recognized as a fringe or frill bordering on the 49th parallel of latitude, the boundary line between the Dominion and the republic to the south of us. It has depth as well as breadth, and that depth is increasing year by year as exploration, survey and settlement go steadily on.

Wheat is grown 750 miles north of the United States boundary, while potatoes and other vegetables are successfully cultivated within fourteen miles of the Arctic Circle. For over a score of years in 58.3 degrees and even in 62.3 degrees, north latitude, wheat, barley, oats and peas have been raised with excellent results. At Fort Vermilion, Fort Providence, Fort Simpson and other places in the great Peace River district cereals have flourished, and although the cultivation of them has not been extensive, their growth is no longer a mere experiment. That stage has long ago been passed.

Further evidence of the depth of Canada and what is possible in the territory hitherto regarded as the hinterland, or hyperborean district, is that the Hudson Bay Company operate a roller process flour mill at Vermilion, 700 miles by trail north of Edmonton, or 400 miles in a direct line, and the mill is kept busy at all seasons of the year. These concrete facts along with the knowledge that potatoes, onions and other hardy varieties of roots and vegetables have for years been successfully cultivated at Fort Good Hope on the Mackenzie River, furnish abundant evidence and afford ample conception, of not only the illimitable vastness of our arable land, but also of its great potentialities.

A few months ago there was issued from the Government Printing Bureau at Ottawa, under the direction of Mr. R. E. Young, Superintendent of Railway Lands in Canada, a most instructive and interesting publication entitled "Canada's Fertile Northland." The work, which is an excellent and comprehensive compilation of evidence heard before a committee of the Senate of Canada, during the last Parliamentary session, and the report passed thereon, has been ably edited by Captain E. J. Chambers, Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod. A volume of about 150 pages, with bright illustrations, a most readable contribution on the immensity, resources and wealth of the Dominion, and will well repay perusal on the part of any Canadian who feels that he is a citizen of no mean country and that he cannot possess too much knowledge or intimate acquaintance with this fair land with its unrivalled agricultural, forestry, fishery and mineral heritage. A copy of the publication may be secured by communicating with Mr. Young, Department of the Interior, Ottawa. Facts are set forth which should be in the hands of thousands of Canadians. After a study of its pages, one may exclaim in the words of the Queen of Sheba, after her visit to King Solomon, and witnessing the pomp and magnificence of his court, "the half has never been told."

Potato Digging on Great Slave Lake

At Fort Providence on the Mackenzie River, North of Great Slave Lake; potatoes in fore-ground wheat in rear.

As much land to-day remains for settlement up North as has been taken up from Manitoba west. This statement may appear, at first, rather startling, but its accuracy is attested by the evidence of those who have traveled over the great unsettled districts of which the older and more populous portions of the Dominion know, as yet, too little. One can scarcely conceive, after reading all the evidence, of the latent possibilities of this immeasurable territory as an agricultural and industrial country. A study of the geographical and physical features of these expansive regions cannot prove other than helpful and timely, since Canada is now bulking so large in the eyes of the world, and attracting immigrants to her shores at the rate of nearly a thousand a day.

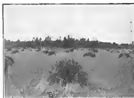
The stream of settlement is flowing stronger than ever this year. We have room for all who will settle on the soil and build up homes for themselves in this great commonwealth. The vast hinterland of Canada is as yet practically unexplored.

Ere long it is hoped that a line of railway will be built connecting existing roads with Fort Churchill on Hudson Bay, which will open up not only a great tract of land for settlement, but will provide an additional outlet for several months of the year for the enormous product of the West by way of Hudson Bay and Hudson Strait. Although much evidence was given before the Special Committee

of the Senate as to the extent of the wheat-bearing belt, in the Peace and Mackenzie River basins, much more remains to be secured by exploration, discovery and survey.

Some facts taken from the evidence may serve to tell a story that will not soon be forgotten. Mr. Hardisty, late Chief Factor, in charge of Fort Simpson, north latitude 61.8, informed Professor Macoun, that barley has ripened at this point and that wheat was a sure crop four seasons out of five. Samples of Ladoga wheat, 62 pounds to the bushel, and pronounced by experts as very good, can to-day be seen at the Experimental Farm, Ottawa. At Fort Providence, latitude 61.4, 550 miles north of Edmonton, Mr. Elihu Stewart reported that he saw a garden which contained peas fit for use, potatoes in flower, besides tomatoes, rhubarb, beets, turnips, cabbages, onions and strawberries. But most surprising of all was a small field of wheat in the milk, the grain being fully formed. This was said to have been sown on May 20th and harvested before July 28th. In 1902, Mr. H. A. Conroy also saw at Fort Providence beautiful crops of wheat, oats, barley and peas. He left there on July 28th, when barley was being cut, while wheat and oats were harvested a couple of days later, and were not frost bitten. Very fine strawberries were seen, also raspberries, blueberries and cranberries.

At Fort Liard, latitude 60.25, Chief Trader McDougall reported that all kinds of grain and garden stuff always came to maturity, and that wheat was a reliable crop in nearly every instance. Mr. Stewart, speaking of Fort Vermilion, declared that in 1906, 25,000 bushels of wheat were raised in that vicinity, while the flour mill located at this point was in daily operation, its capacity being 35 barrels per day.


F. S Lawrence's farm near Fort Vermilion, Peace River, Alberta, 700 miles by trail from Edmonton.

From Fort Chipewyan, latitude 58.7; Fort Murray, latitude 56.7; Lesser Slave Lake, latitude 55.6; Dunvegan, latitude 55.9, and Fort St. John, latitude 56.25, glowing reports were presented that wheat thrives as well as barley, oats and other grains, and that bountiful crops in several cases had been gathered.

From Hudson's Hope, Stanley Mission, Cumberland House, Norway House, Cross Lake, Nelson House and other places in latitudes 54, 55 and 56, evidence was also given that wheat had been successfully raised at all these points. Some fine specimens were produced. Oats, peas and barley also do well.

It has thus been demonstrated to a degree that the great Northland is one possessing value and possibilities beyond the most sanguine dream of the average Canadian, and that a large and as yet comparatively unknown area, is available for settlement and profitable farming. Who can predict with a reasonable measure of accuracy what the population, wealth and productive power of the Dominion will be a generation hence?

Flour Mill at Vermilion, Peace River, 700 miles from Edmonton by trail, some 400 miles due North.

The Man Behind Agriculture in the Schools

The Father of the Teaching of this Important Science in the High Schools is Mr. C. C. James, Whose Public Spirited Interest has Resulted in the Work Being so Systematized That the Agriculture of Ontario is Being Extended and Intensified Throughout the Whole Province.

THERE is no more public-spirited champion of the great agricultural interests of Ontario, or of Canada than Mr. C. C. James, Deputy Minister of Agriculture—the man, on whose recommendation, presented to the head of his department some two years ago, resulted in the establishment of this important branch of study in several leading centres of Ontario.

No less than six High Schools now have agricultural classes, and it is expected that within a few weeks three more branch schools will be established. The appropriation for this work for the coming twelve months is $17,300, whereas the original sum set aside was only $5,800. This demonstrates in a convincing manner the increasing importance of this most interesting subject.

Mr. James is accomplishing a great work. By means of branch schools, agriculture is being extended and intensified in every county and district. Through his efforts, personally, and the work of the schools, there has been a concentration of purpose and a steadfast working out along practical, definite lines. The schools already established are at Perth, Morrisburg and Lindsay, in Eastern Ontario, and Galt, Collingwood and Essex, in Western Ontario. So satisfactory has been the undertaking, so enthusiastically has the scheme been received, and so widespread the interest created, that the day is not many years distant before agriculture will be taught in every High School in the Province and form as important a branch of study as bookkeeping, history or arithmetic. In the great work of pushing all this forward, the Departments of Education and Agriculture have co-operated. In Ontario there are 350,000 young men and women dependent upon agriculture for a living, and only about 1,200 annually are reached directly by the Ontario Agricultural College.

The instruction in these schools is given by a departmental officer, and in connection with each building is a plot of ground for experimental work. The teacher inspects the special needs of each district, and through him all departmental requirements are directed. Thus has the operation of the Department of Agriculture been greatly extended and materially improved. A splendid beginning has been made, and with a man of the energetic stamp of Mr. James directing the movement there is no telling how widespread will be the ultimate influence upon the agricultural life and condition of the Province. By this means has the confidence of the farmers been secured, and their interest quickened. They are heartily endorsing the work done in these High Schools where agricultural knowledge is imparted.

No proposition of recent years has done so much to prevent the stampede of farmers' sons to the overcrowded professions, to instil in them a love for the soil and its products—in short, to keep the boys on the farm as has this one so successfully fostered and launched by Mr. James. The reason of young men from the country drift-

ing into law, medicine, dentistry, and pharmacy, has been largely because there has been no one at hand to direct and instruct them along much-needed and practical everyday work. After several spasmodic attempts, agriculture is now being regularly taught in the schools by men qualified in every way to teach the great science of successful farming. The instructors are graduates of the Ontario Agricultural College, and thus establish a direct link in the chain of interest between the schools and the parent institution. The High Schools are becoming training centres for agricultural life, and farmers' sons attending them are being turned toward the Provincial institution at Guelph, who would otherwise go into professional or business life, simply because there is someone at hand to give them the bent in the right direction.

It is interesting to note that recently Mr. James' name was strongly favored as a thoroughly competent man to fill the responsible position of

MR. C. C. JAMES

Parks Commissioner in Toronto, but the Ontario Government, on learning of his likely selection, promptly increased his salary in order to retain his services. A man of the vim of Mr. James, who has such pronounced initiative and executive ability, and has rendered such public-spirited service in the great affairs of agricultural life, is worth to this Province at least $10,000 a year, which is over three times the amount he has been receiving; and the Government would be justified in paying him the figure mentioned, as his work and worth stand out pre-eminently.

The Deputy Minister of Agriculture is of United Empire Loyalist stock. He is a son of the Province, for whose material and educational interests he has done so much. A brilliant graduate of Victoria University, he devoted some time to teaching in the Cobourg Collegiate, before he was appointed a Professor of Chemistry at the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph He was promoted to his present office in 1891, and in passing, it is of interest to recall that Hon. Nelson Monteith, the present widely-known Minister of Agriculture, was a pupil of Mr. James at the O.A.C. a few years ago.

Mr. James is a man of big ideas, animated by a high purpose. His disposition is cheerful, his energy unflagging, and his services public-spirited in the fullest and best meaning that this term implies.

MR. REX E. BEACH

Author of "The Spoilers" and "The Barrier."

A glimpse in Assiniboine Park, Winnipeg

Building a Busy Business City

How the Pressing Demands Upon the Commercial Machinery of Winnipeg Have Been Met at a Critical Period is a Revelation in Civic Government—The Fairy Wand of Energy and Ambition Still Beckons.

By Charles F. Roland.

THE story of the Canadian West was the fairy tale of the nineteenth century. Till within the last decade of that period of time, the name simply brought to the mind uncertain suggestions of semi-wildness and incompleteness, of Indians, rebellions, and real estate booms—of blizzards in winter and scorching heat in summer, through which a few struggling settlers lived in some mysterious and lonely manner.

Then it was touched by the fairy wand of energy and ambition, and lo! all is changed. To-day, it is the loadstone of humanity. Its prairies have awakened from their slumber and form the granary of the world, new life throngs the trails, and resounds through the air, trains radiate everywhere, towns and cities have sprung to life and all is the scene of activity, progress and development.

In five years the population has more than doubled, agricultural production has doubled, and commerce in all its branches has seen a similar increase. Its villages have grown into towns, the towns into cities, and its cities to greater magnitude. On all sides can be heard, and seen, and felt, the evidences of a prosperity based upon lands rich in productive qualities and a people possessed of high ideals of nationhood.

The City of Winnipeg stands as the commercial centre of all this whirl of rapid development. It is literally the gateway! Through it, all immigrants must pass, as well as all freight for similar destinations, and back again in time comes the produce of the lands they have tilled, bringing with it increased demands upon the commercial machinery of the city. It is the point where the largest wholesale firms in the Old and New World have their branch houses, taking advantage of its natural location to make it the distributing centre for the West. It is only when considered from these points of view that the rapid growth of the city in all directions can be correctly estimated. It has simply shared in the country's development, and this fact is the greatest guarantee of its permanence. Its population has increased from 48,000 in 1902, to 112,000 in 1907, and during that time the value of assessable property has grown from $28,615,810 to $106,188,833. It is difficult to appreciate what this tremendous growth has meant in the management of the city's business. To say the least it has meant a strain upon the municipal credit to finance the absolutely necessary improvements to meet the constantly increasing demands of its development, and a tax upon the commercial ingenuity of those in charge of its affairs. It is also a matter of which the city may be well proud, as they look back over the past era of growth, that the civic records have never yet been marred by scandal in the transacting of their business or the handling of their finances. There are few cities on the continent of America, to whom have come the experience of such rapid expansion, that have such reason to feel a pride in the record of the most critical period of their history.

The municipal government of Winnipeg, like the rest of its commercial life, has a distinctly Western flavor, and there is no city where a more genuine interest is taken by the citizens in their municipal politics. Like all business, it reflects its appearance largely from the personalities which control it. One of the most interesting figures in the West, is the one at present occupying the Mayor's chair, Mr. J. H. Ashdown. Mr. Ashdown has lived in the Red River settlement since 1868, coming here in comparatively poor circumstances. He has by his conscientious attention to business built up one of the largest commercial houses in Canada.

The government of the city is carried on under the power of a charter from the Provincial Legislature. The Council is composed of a Mayor; four Controllers, forming the Board of Control; and fourteen aldermen. The Mayor and Controllers are elected from each of the seven wards, and hold office for a term of two years. The election is held on the second Tuesday in December.

The Board of Control is the Executive body, and as such deals with all financial matters, regulates and supervises expenditures, revenues and investments, directs and controls all departments, and reports to the Council upon all municipal works being carried on or in progress in the city—and generally administers the affairs of the city.

At the last elections, in December, 1907, the chief question was one of finances, coupled with the develop-

At the Beach, Lake Winnipeg

CITY HALL, WINNIPEG.

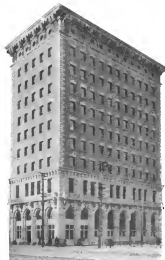
ment of municipal power. It had the effect of bringing into the arena of municipal politics some new faces. Among these were such men as Mr. R. T. Riley, elected as alderman, and Mr. W. Sanford Evans as Controller. Mr. Riley has been in the city parliament before, but it was years ago, before his other interests in the city had reached the extent they are at present. The name of W. Sanford Evans is also familiar in public circles, both in Eastern and Western Canada, and to find such men willing to devote their time and abilities to the affairs of their home city is not only a credit to Winnipeg, but also the greatest possible guarantee that its business will be conducted wisely.

In addition to cheap power, the city offers all manufacturers a fixed valuation assessment for twelve years. Up to the present 146 factories of various kind have located in the city, and the opportunities for others are numerous. There are not many manufacturing points outside of Winnipeg in all the boundless West, and every year millions of dollars of raw material of one kind and another is destroyed. The farmers destroy all their wheat and flax straw, and import all strawboard, cordage and linens. The wonder is that this opportunity has not been already grasped, but like dozens of others, it is waiting for the enterprise and capital to develop it. Many districts are growing, and many more are capable of growing, high-grade sugar beets, and the West imports more than a million dollars' worth of sugar annually. Tanneries, furniture factories, glove and footwear factories, and many more are required to meet the needs of a rapidly developing country.

The possibilities, the absolute certainties of manufacture and trade which must follow in the track of development of the resources of the last and the greatest West, are too manifold and too marvelous to be even approximated by calculations made now.

Certain it is, though, that many towns and cities must be made, hundreds of factories and shops spring up and flourish, miles upon miles of railroads built, and the whole land made populous with millions of busy and prosperous people when less than a third of the wheat-growing resources of Western Canada shall have been turned to account, and of this wonderful country, Winnipeg is the gateway through which practically all of the great traffic will pass and from which, as is now the case, the greater part of the trade of the country radiates, and will, in the very nature of things, continue to centre and reach forth over all the wide expanse of fertile and as yet comparatively fresh and undeveloped Western Canada.

The city is a firm believer in municipal ownership of all public utilities.



UNION BANK, WINNIPEG

It owns and operates its own waterworks plant, street lighting system, stone quarry, fire alarm system and asphalt plant, and a by-law has also been passed by the electors authorizing the expenditure of $600,000 in the construction or acquirement of a municipal gas plant. The rate of taxation is 16 mills plus business tax, and the cost of lighting and heating does not exceed that prevailing in other cities.

As altitude enlarges the horizon, so the advancement of Winnipeg not only marks its rapid progress, but reveals ever farther reaching possibilities for the future. Winnipeg is inseperable, commercially, politically and geographically, from the country to the west of it, and, therefore, its progress must be in direct ratio to the country in which it is the principal metropolis.

In the three Provinces, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, there are 357,016,778 acres of land, and of this land at least one-half or 178,508,389 acres is good for farming. Of all this vast quantity of productive soil the comparatively insignificant area of 8,327,970 acres, or less than one-twentieth, has been brought under cultivation, an amount so small, beside that which remains for the work of the farmer to convert into broad fields of growing grain, and pastures where herds of cattle and sheep shall outline and make rich the country in which they live, that a diagram showing the cultivated land of these three Provinces of Western Canada, in comparison with that which is spread invitingly before the newly arrived settler, makes the area already under cultivation look absurdly small; and so will the Canada of to-day look absurdly small beside the vast empire of rich farms, thriving towns and big cities, which will in a few years possess these sparsely settled districts. This means more to Winnipeg than any other one city in the country.

The story of the past will be repeated with ever increasing magnitude, while the last and final conquest of greater Canada progresses, and never was a city in a better position to meet it. The past year, with its world wide financial stringency, may have served to solidify its expansion, but has in no way shaken it. To-day the ablest minds are guiding its affairs, and with the eye of experience, ability and enterprise, molding the future of the Chicago of the Canadian West, the gateway to the land of "sunshine and of wheat."

The Milliner: A Monologue

It is Not the Actual Material one Pays for in the Hat, but the Inspiration, the Soul, the Temperament

By Marie Manning, in Good Housekeeping Magazine

SHE wears a black silk princesse gown, which fits her as a pin-cushion fits its cover. Her hair, crimped by the Marcel Hair Waving Trust, is arranged over front and side "rats" and held in place by a number of ornamental pins. She has a great deal of manner and her accent is modified East Side, giving place at more impassioned moments to something she fondly imagines to be French.

To a Lady bearing traces of recent ecanamies, but grimly determined to get a smart hat at any price.

"Something in hats? Reasonable in price? All our hats are reasonable, madam. It is the exclusive model that you pay for. Here's a little everyday hat—$37.50. You don't care for it? Well, of course, it is simple—you couldn't expect much at that price—now could you? You've had very good hats at less? (Patronizingly.) Yes, there may be places where you can get cheaper hats, but we don't cater to that class of trade. You expect more than a bow of ribbon and a quill for $37.50? It is not the actual materials one pays for in a hat, but the inspiration—what our forelady in the workroom calls 'the soul of the hat.' You ought to hear her talk to our artists! It is as cultivating as a lecture with slides. 'Put meaning in your hats,' she says—'soul—esprit! Make them stand for something.' She is French, you know, and the French have so much temperament.

"Here's a little model—just the natural straw tint, and those two cut-jet pins. Let me try it on for you—it's an awful stylish little hat there! (With the air of an emperor conferring a decoration.) Looks so well on the head—perfect, isn't it? The price? Only $58.50.

"You never heard of such a thing? But that's just it, madam. It's the style you're paying for—not what's on the hat, but what's off it—the restraint. We have hats with three times as much on them for less, and they don't compare to this in style. It just talks French—now don't it? There ain't anyone on this side that could do a hat like that. Like it on you?—Oh, perfect! I may send it? Yes, you will get it this afternoon in plenty of time for the matinee. Yes, thank you—glad to wait on you at any time."

Enter Middle-Aged Lady wearing mourning veil and bonnet with widow's ruche. Looks about vaguely.

Voice, hollow and respectful: "A black bonnet like the one you have on? You must have it just as deep mourning? (Soothingly.) Isn't that a little heavy for this season of the year? (Sympathetically.) You've got to consider your own health, you know, and crepe is so dangerous—so much sugar of lead in the making of it. A great many of our patrons have had to give it up, on the doctor's strict command. The second year? No, madam, crepe is very seldom worn the second year by a lady of your age. It's entirely too old for you. It isn't as if it could do any good to them that's gone. They

wouldn't want you to injure your health—now would they? We have an elegant assortment in the dull, lustreless silk. They're just as deep mourning, I assure you, madam, but nothing like so dangerous to the health. Here's a little hat in liberty. Yes, there are a few flowers, but in the dull black. The centres yellow? Yes, but that doesn't interfere with the deep mourning effect. It's just a little touch to make them true to nature—the imported flowers are always so true to nature! Well, no madam—I can't say I ever heard of black poppies growing in France—but the shape of the poppy is very natural; now isn't it?

"That hat was made for you, madam—it's perfect! The lines just melt into your profile! No one that hadn't a perfect profile could wear that hat You won't consider it—it's entirely too gay? Oh, no, madam—never in this world. It would be on my conscience if I sold a lady at your time of life one of those middle-aged bonnets. Yes, of course, you have to wear it for the first year—everyone does—but after that——

"Yes, of course, madam, we have black crepe bonnets in stock, but they're entirely too old for you. (Tries one on.) You don't like it—it's not becoming? No, it's not suitable. I'd hate to see you wear it—indeed, I'd rather lose the sale. If you are going to get one of those old lady's bonnets, loaded down with crepe, I'd sooner you got it somewhere else. They say milliners have no consciences, but (with great archness) mine wouldn't let me do that.

"Just let me try this one on you, with a touch of violet—for the shape only. No, I know you won't have a speck of color (soothingly)—it's just for the shape There, now, did you ever see anything so perfect? That violet brings out the pink in your cheeks so wonderfully! Yes, solid black is so trying to even very young girls. Well, you know, violet is mourning—indeed, I think it is a real sad looking little hat. Oh, no, there's nothing gay looking about that at all. No, really, there isn't. You ought to see some of the hats we sell for deep mourning! Well, you've got to leave off your deep black sometime, haven't you? How much is it? I'm just ashamed to tell you the price—you'll lose all respect for the hat. It's only $45! Just a trifle! I can send it—yes. Put it in your automobile? Thank you so much. Glad to have you remember me when you want to be waited on again."

Enter Lady nervous in manner. Looks about vaguely.

"You think you'd like something in a green and blue hat? Here's a little green and blue hat for $56. You couldn't think of it at that price? Yes, there may be places on Fourteenth Street and the East Side where one can get cheap hats, but we haven't that class of trade. Our customers are almost exclusively represented by the Four Hundred, and, of course, we have to be very careful in dealing with such patrons. It would be almost a liberty to offer a lady of that set a hat for less than $50. She would very naturally resent the affront.

"Yes, I recognized you as a society leader immediately. I've seen your picture in the papers, I'm sure." (Almost perceptible drawing up of the eyelid to fellow-milliner displaying hats at adjoining mirror.) "It isn't the price you care about; it's the principle." (Soothingly.) "Yes, I understand. One of the Astorbilt ladies feels precisely the same way. You society ladies are so kind-hearted and give so much to charity.

"I may show you some of our imported hats? Yes, I knew you'd come to them. I said to myself the moment you came in, 'Nothing but the best would suit you.' It's always that way with the born aristocrats. They glance at the simple little hats, but they soon recognize that cheap models are out of the question for them. Pardon me for being so personal, but the inexpensive hat doesn't go with your type—it's like having a beautiful hand with an imitation ring on it.

"Here, Mamie (to a little errand-girl, sotto voce), go to the workroom

and get Miss Bresnahan to give you five or six hats for a 'dead-easy.'

"Here's a little Paris model—very chic, don't you think? Yes, it's very stylish and I knew you'd come to it. At first glance it does seem a little plain, but, as I said, it's just that perfect simplicity that makes the hat. No, it's not an expensive model—$58.50—let me try it on you—do! It's perfectly sweet on you—looks so well on the head. Has anyone remarked your very strong likeness to the Duchess of Quarrelborough? It's remarkable! When she was here two years ago, visiting her family, I sold her a hat almost exactly like that. It's wonderful how this hat brings out the likeness. I may send it? Thank you. The address, please. No. 998? East Three Hundred and Seventeenth Street? Thank you. No, I don't wonder at your living so far out—so many of our society ladies go in for fresh-air cures. I suppose you'll be going to Newport soon. Could I show you a little automobile hat with one of the new veils? You're not using your automobile now—nervous on account of all the accidents? You'll get over that. You wouldn't care to see the automobile hat? Thank you—thank you very much."

To a Lady representing the Modern School of Grandmotherhood. Dressed as a debutante.

"I was thinking of you a little while ago. We got in a case of Paris hats this morning — such little loves of hats! There are two or three of them just made for you." (Becoming very Frenchy in her manner and accent.) "One little chapeau—just a nest of pale pink rosebuds, with an enormous chou of tulle! Here it is—let me try it! Oh, ravissant! Tres joli! It's a poem! Here's a hand glass—just look for yourself at the way those roses rest on the crest of your marcel. It takes that pure, baby-gold hair like yours to wear roses of that shade. One of my customers—she was in here just before you—begged for that hat. She wanted it at any price—but I told her she couldn't have it. Her hair was a dull, puttyish brown, and it would have been a crime to sell that hat to anyone but a pure blonde.

(Elderly lady regarding with great complacency the rather Princetonian effect of her hair, which is yellow to within an inch of the roots, when it suddenly becomes black.) "Do I think a band of black velvet under the brim too old? Nothing, my dear lady, is too old for a youthful face. With your color you could wear solid black and look perfectly grand in it—twenty-five years from now you might ask me if you can wear black velvet next to your face, and perhaps I might give you a different answer, but this morning (with a shrug)—jamais!

"Here is a little motif in forget-me-nots and canaries! Oh, yes, indeed, all our most fashionable customers are wearing birds on their hats now. There was some talk of two or three society leaders giving them up, but the anti-bird ladies wore such frightful hats that it practically killed the movement. Why, I sold a hat the other day to a lady—a great swell—that had eight humming birds on it! Said she was thinking of belonging to the Audubon society, but she'd give up being kind-hearted until next spring—the hat took her so. It was a little dream of a hat! You will try this with the canaries? It's just lovely on you—only $56. You'll take 'em both—yes? Well, I'm sure you'll like them. Thank you very much. Shall I have 'em put in the carriage? Yes, ma'am—good morning—yes"

The British Trader in Canada

An Interesting Presentation of an English-Canadian View—Expansion of British Trade in the Dominion Will in the Long Run be Commensurate With the Growth of Canada's Volume of Business—Development of Canadian Manufactures Not to be Retarded Out of Deference to British Interests.

By Arthur Hawkes in the Nineteenth Century and After Magazine

IF the Commercial Intelligence Committee of the Board of Trade follows up the report of its Special Commissioner on the conditions and prospects of British trade in Canada, it may accomplish more than the cloud of publicists who discourse about Imperial relations upon an abundant lack of first-hand knowledge of the business relations out of which political changes are evolved. For Mr. Grigg's report to the Board of Trade tells of the things he has seen and handled, and blazes the way to action that may amount to something. He is a good Britisher, and almost as good a Canadian. The men who really understand both British and Canadian points of view are so scarce that the most should be made of them. If this work is allowed to be interned in a Blue-book the Board of Trade will belie that newness of life which has begun to distinguish its latter-day career.

In fine, there is not much to say about the report, which speaks for itself. It is what those who met the Commissioner in Canada expected it would be, and even more. It has plenty of body, blood and brains. It is what it professes to be. A reporter to a Government department cannot declare the whole gospel that is in him. He can only be half an evangelist. Mr. Grigg could not say whether his investigations illuminated for him the issue between Tariff Reform and Free Trade. Nothing could have saved him from deadly criticism, if he had approached two steps nearer to an exposition of whatever views he may have gathered on the relation of British and Canadian ledgers to British and Canadian statute books. You could not have a case presented by an investigator, with the politician intervening. Grigg, politician, may not exist; and, anyway, the whole truth lies with politicians as seldom as politicians lie with the whole truth.

The extent of knowledge of the subject and soundness of judgment exhibited in this report should lead to the writer being given opportunities of opening his mouth in the United Kingdom, where other than official ears can hear him. Some years ago the Foreign Office appointed trade representatives in Europe and the United States. After two years they were brought to Britain to give business men the benefit of their experience. The officer who had the United States and Canada for his parish had not journeyed outside Chicago. When he came to Manchester he had so little to say, of his own volition, that two old-established morning papers and the evening journals each devoted only about a sixth of a column to a repetition of what he had to say.

Happily, we have traveled considerably since then. When the Board of Trade's standing Commissioner in Canada is at work, he must have a habit of turning up in unlikely places, at unlikely times—in Britain, as well as in Canada. For there is much to learn and much to teach. What is said here is by one who was neither a Free Trader nor a Tariff Reformer in England, and is neither a Liberal nor a Conservative in Canada. Which is another way of saying that, with regard to Canada and her place in the Imperial housekeeping, it is not safe to dogmatise, and it is very necessary to inquire, to observe, to sift, and to make sure of one thing at a time.

Mr. Grigg is a safe guide for the student of the British-Canadian trade situation. His implied criticisms of British methods are not novel. But they are terribly pertinent. They apply to British trade everywhere. They could be amplified without limit. Canadian methods are not perfect. We export chiefly food that Britain must have. We buy many things which Britain may supply; but which are also made by a seller next door to us, whose effort to cut out the original firm is tremendously advantaged by geography, and by similarity of social and commercial tendencies. Criticisms due to us are rather associated with our painful approximation to the nobler aspects of public life in Britain. But, even in this, the chances of our improvement depend rather on our ability to admonish ourselves than on the vigor of the criticisms of our relatives from overseas—an exercise in which they are often uncommonly efficient, and are occasionally useful.

Perfect Agents Are Scarce.

In one particular only does it seem necessary to try to readjust the point of view of the report. In advising British manufacturers to acquire first-hand knowledge of Canada—this cannot be urged too often—it says they have relied too much on merchants and agents on the spot. That is only partially true. To judge by one's own experience, some British firms employ agents chiefly for the purpose of telling them that they know nothing about the conditions in which they operate. The perfect agent is as scarce as the perfect principal. But the best agent is made to be less than the least of a principal's servants if he is treated like a disagreeable encumbrance. Some firms must depend on agents, if they are to do any business. If they cannot trust their agents they should not employ them. The difficulty applies, of course, to firms' own representatives. It seems a part of the English make-up to act towards our countrymen who have widened their English experience by experience overseas, as though they had contracted their wisdom when they expanded their knowledge. There are whole Downing Streets of head offices of business houses in London and Liverpool and Manchester. In truth, the burden of Mr. Grigg's appeal to the British trader is only a variant of the official intimations, of a political sort, which in a thousand different forms have been sent to Downing Street from all the corners of the Empire. * * * In the long run, the expansion of British trade in Canada will be commensurate with the expansion of Canada's trade. Even if it were not so, the development of Canadian manufactures would not be retarded out of deference to British interests. The most affectionate preference could never suppress an ambition to become a manufacturing nation. "Canada first" is the immutable foundation on which every Canadian, by birth and adoption, stands. So that, with the increasing competition of the United States and of Canada, the British manufacturer must always have in view the possibility of becoming, to some extent, a Canadian manufacturer also. He would prefer, of course, to remain as he is. But he may not do that and prosper. Increase of British trade with the Dominion follows increase in emigration. There must inevitably be emigration of commercial mechanisms, as well as of human material. The firms that succeed do not wait till they are compelled to decentralize. Half the instinct of the great business man is in recognizing the inevitable before its puts its nose round the corner. * * * Keeping pace with Canadian evolutions means keeping pace with United States evolutions. Though Canada is not, and is not likely to be, as Americanized as some

sections of the peerage, the impingement of United States practices upon ours must, from every cause, be considerable; even if there were not the remarkably heavy investments in branch factories to which attention is called. The proposed correspondents of the Board of Trade are very necessary. No pigeonholing genius in Whitehall must be permitted to nullify their work, as passed upon by a competent live man on the spot, for whom it will be vitally necessary to keep in close touch with American plans for retaining pre-eminence in this market.

Courage and Initiative Required.

But that is not all. Nothing can replace the initiative, courage, and innovation that should belong to every British firm that means to become notable in Imperial trade. And, when intelligence and action have been secured, only a beginning will have been made in the re-creation of mutual appreciation that will make this country a primary factor in a readjustment of inter-Imperial relations, and in the destiny of the English-speaking race. Mr. Grigg, in his spirited letter transmitting his report to Mr. Lloyd George, laughs at and reprobates the notion that mercantile houses can serve their interests when they send a son or nephew, not long from school, on a trip to Canada which is designed to combine pleasure, education and business, which is admirable as far as the first two objects are concerned, and useless, or worse than that, as regards business. As in politics, as in business—the flying trip; the conversation in a Toronto club, the application of Canadian statements to the pre-conceived ideas which the visitor brought across the Atlantic; the happy certitude with which one diagnosis after another, reached by the most delightfully empirical methods, is set forth in imperturbable type—these things are part of our summer hospitality, our autumn ponderings, and our winter expectations for next holiday time.

Blessed is the man who seems to see, to hear, to understand. Most blessed is he who, knowing much, knows there is still much to learn. It is delightful to be in Canada in summer, to meet the eminent men in the large cities, to cross the continent in a private car, and more delightful still to feel that now you have found the abiding ground for your Imperial faith. There cannot be too much interchange of ideas, too much coming and going. But the intersection of King and Yonge Streets, Toronto, is no more Canada than Piccadilly Circus is England. Of course, the eminent man in the metropolitan city is of capital importance in sizing up natural conditions, especially if, like most of our eminent men, he was a practical agriculturalist in his boyhood. But the real extent of this country's interest in the Empire is the extent to which it is realized by the man in the sweaty shirt who saws lumber, and stocks wheat, and drills the everlasting rock. Or, if you want to see the average man (the supreme elector), you will do well to haunt the smoke-room of the Pullman; and becoming, for the moment, as un-English as a glorious heredity will permit, listen to the talk of drummers who travel twenty thousand miles a year in a country which the newly arrived immigrant, who, until now, has never been outside his native country, describes as "belonging to us."

In time, you will be struck by what will seem like an ungodly indifference to things at "home." If you have been in Australia and South Africa, the sound of that incomparable word will have been a continual refreshment to you. I remember, on the parched karroo, spending a day with Olive Schreiner, on whose political temperament the war had laid a grievous hand; but who still, native of that land as she was, and of German parentage, spoke of England as "home." In Canada it is not so. Sometimes you will hear an intelligent-looking man, who should know better, declare that the Englishman is no good. Now, all this is distressing, until it becomes amusing, and you call to mind the amazement excited in a Wiltshire village by the incursion of a youth from Tyneside. And then you conceive that these light afflictions of apparent indifference are but for a moment, and you think of loyalty, and the South African contingent, and the splendid optimism of the Governor-General, and the brilliant speeches of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. But the feeling of puzzlement comes back. It will recur for years; because geography is geography, and Canadians do not breathe an English air.

No Second-Fiddle England Here.

The Englishman nowhere feels himself a stranger on unfamiliar ground. They are all "oot o' step but oor Jock." He looks for a second-fiddle England in Canada, and does not find it. A member of the Saskatchewan Legislature—perhaps the most original thinker in the House—who is a thorough Westerner, albeit his utterance is always reminiscent of a London postal district, confesses that he was eight years learning that the mental meridian of the Saskatchewan Valley is essentially different from that of Hampstead. After sixteen years he loves the old land as much as ever; but he loves Saskatchewan more. Sometimes he speaks of "home," but it is only because his dead are there. For all living things he is Canadian—Western Canadian; for the East, except as it is reflected in the qualities of the Easterners in the West, is unknown to him. If he had returned to England ten years ago, his discourse of Canada would have been pitched in a totally different key from that in which he talks this day. He is one of many. He has proved that in citizenship a man may love his mother, and his spouse also.

If that is what befalls a typical Britisher of the brainier sort, what about the scores of thousands of immigrants for whom the Upper Canada Bible Society has printed the Scriptures in fifty different languages? To them the Government is an ever-present entity that has given them fertile land, without obligation to call any man lord. But the House of Commons at Ottawa is merely an abstraction to them, the House of Commons in London scarcely a curiosity. On the Pacific Coast there is the perilous yellow conundrum which the East, served by a few scattered Chinese washermen, only dimly appreciates. You leave the busy street in Vancouver, where knickerbockers and gaiters are as congenial as they are singular in Montreal, and in five minutes can be inside a Chinese theatre watching the most pathetic movements and hearing the most distressing elocution that Anglican man can endure. In Eastern Ontario the Lord's Day Alliance make of Sunday a Sabbath indeed. In a Toronto hotel a guest cannot buy fermented liquors with his Sunday dinner. In the Cariboo every day is regarded alike. Sunday is on the almanack, and that is all. The French are two millions in Quebec; the last literal observers, in this hemisphere, of the injunction to increase and multiply. To the miraculous shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre thousands of the halt and blind repair, and leave crutches, sticks, and other paraphernalia of infirmity piled before the sanctuary door. In a thousand villages the cure is the managing director of half the business of the parish. The oldest French settlements of the New World are in Nova Scotia. There are fishermen along the South Shore of that province whose names are inherited from grandees of whom Richelieu would have been proud to be an ally. Further east, on the same coast, are Canadians of the sixth generation whose mother speech is Gaelic, and who have never seen a locomotive. Lunenburg is a German town, and the oxen used everywhere in the peninsula are yoked as their forefathers were by the Germans who came to Nova Scotia as the result of immigration literature distributed in Hanover before Wolfe stormed Quebec. Everywhere the American tourist spreads himself and his money, during the summer, rejoicing in the last right of every man—to obtain what he is willing to pay for.

There must be nothing casual in the

study of a market compounded of such a variety of elements. We have passed the season of muddling through crises in trade and Imperial politics. Lord Rosebery once said the Continental peoples disliked England because the Englishman treads Europe as if it were his quarter-deck. Obviously, there is something else for the Englishman to do than to perambulate Canada as if it were his backyard. That is true of trade. It is true of politics. As soon as due heed is given to the kindly, searching admonitions of Mr. Grigg about trade, fruit will begin to ripen in the more sensitive field.

Evolving a Political Individuality.

The ripening will be as distinctive as the climate in which it takes place. The multitude of racial and social elements that are unconsciously working out their own salvation are evolving a political individuality as easily recognizable from that of the United States as it is from that of the British Isles, even if there were not the same basic predisposition towards the British idea in government that impels Australasia and South Africa. The extent of what the eloquent French Postmaster-General has called the intellectual preference is differently estimated by different people. The editor of the only Canadian journal which calls itself a national weekly has been much impressed by the demand for information about British men and affairs. The dozen of native journalists told the British pressmen who toured the country last summer that their newspapers were greatly superior to ours. The interest in British things is growing, without any tinge of subservience. But let an interesting fact be noted. Although hundreds of thousands of Britishers have come to Canada within the last seven years, and are entitled to vote much sooner than a man who has changed his abode from Kent to Lancashire can recover his franchise, you never hear a word about the British vote. It does not exist. There is no sign that it ever will exist. The Barr colonists, who made the spring of 1903 memorable by their tragically comic trailing from Saskatoon to Lloydminster, started out with the invincible determination to be British in thought and word and deed. Their adventures made them weep then. They make them laugh now. Lloydminster, which, from being 160 miles from a railway, has been over two years an important station on the Canadian Northern system, is still predominantly British with a New Brunswick mayor. The first observation made to a Sheffield journalist who passed that way last year, by a veteran who had not seen England since 1865, was, "I want you to tell Yorkshire to brace up, or they won't get back the championship." The colonists who have survived their picturesque ignorance of, and superiority to, prairie conditions, are living examples of what can be achieved by enforced resourcefulness, independence of overlordship in which they were bred, and the satisfaction of the land hunger that never really leaves the race. Here on the border line of Saskatchewan and Alberta there is space, outlook, encouragement to become somebody. The man who knew nothing but bricks and mortar becomes transformed. The farm laborer who knew nothing but land and little wages, and who saw nothing before him but dependent toil, may speak with the old accent; but he thinks with a new mind. When he looks behind he wonders why he didn't move sooner. He does not philosophize on the Imperial aspect of his change. But he knows that, somehow, he has become a renovated creature. Those who have succeeded press on to a higher mark of prosperity. Those who have failed did not count in public affairs in the old country; and they have, therefore, no civic root to transplant to the new.

There is a trade aspect of the metamorphosis of the progressive immigrant, which does not seem to have been noticed. He has changed his clothes as well as ideas. If the vital spirit of colonization were as well understood as it might be by British

firms who look for business in Canada, they could make money by outfitting settlers as they will be outfitted when they have been three years in Canada. It is bad enough for the discerning immigrant to find that his disdain for the letter "h" gives him a curious distinction in any Canadian company he joins. It is worse, sometimes, to feel that his appearance from head to foot is singular and unseasonable. Thousands of families come to Canada plentifully supplied with clothes, boots, and other things, which, in England, they were sure would be splendid assets in the new life. But they learn that Canadian experience has evolved little tricks in clothes that make all the difference between discomfort and efficiency. Apparently, nobody in England has thought it worth while to make things for the settler as they are made in Canada. The point may seem small to those who have not been through the mill. But it perfectly illustrates and enforces the main instruction which this report proffers British manufacturers. It may annoy British men of culture, who are accustomed to dealing with large affairs, to be told that if they desire Canadian business they will be compelled to adapt themselves to Canadian ideas, and that they may only hope for a remote approximation of Canadian ideas to British standards with regard to Imperial questions upon which the colonies affect a rather high and mighty independence. But the choice is inescapable in trade, and the future is a little ominous in politics. The seller must study the buyer, where there is competition. The elder must warily regard the younger where interdependent States are in concert. There are no styles and designs in No. 1 hard wheat; and in apple packing and bacon curing there is no traditional supremacy to maintain; and no hoary precedent in staves and hams to guard as though it were the ark of the covenant.

Has Abounding Potentialities.

It may be, as Mr. Grigg suggests, that relatively the Canadian market is too small for the manufacturer accustomed to supplying forty millions of people living nearer to his factory than Quebec is to Hamilton. For such, the friendly offices of the Tariff Reform League might be invoked. For the rest, it is axiomatic that if a market is worth cultivating at all, it is worth cultivating for all it is worth; not so much because of its immediate value, as for its abounding potentialities. So copious have been the outpourings about the development of Canada that one refrains from pursuing a tempting theme in the manner of the roseate boomster. And one refrains from quotation from the report because one would fain leave no excuse for failure to read, mark, and digest the whole document. But glance at two or three considerations, placed in a little different setting from that which is most appropriate to a Government report. I have already shown that the newest railway map the Board of Trade could think of is two years out of date. When I first lived in what is now the Province of Saskatchewan there was only one line of railway between parallel forty-nine and the North Pole. Now there are nine. As to what railway facilities mean in that Province take the case of Vonda. Vonda is about twenty miles east of the Clark's crossing of the south branch of the Saskatchewan River, where General Middleton's headquarters were during the Riel Rebellion of 1885. The rails were laid there in the spring of 1905, and the town site was surveyed in the following June. That autumn 100,000 bushels of wheat were shipped from Vonda station. Next season the shipment was 500,000 bushels; and last August the local member of the Legislature told me he expected the crop tributary to Vonda would produce 750,000 bushels more than was locally required; or enough to supply every man, woman and child in the United Kingdom with a one-pound loaf. Again, forests which a few years ago were thought to be almost valueless by men who remembered the flourishing and decay of the square timber trade of the port of Quebec, will be

sources of wealth so long as human beings learn to read. Reasonable care in the cutting of pulpwood will, in the great hinterland of the St. Lawrence, give an illimitable supply of paper; and will ensure the exploitation of water powers that are unrivalled, in number and strength, on five continents. Further, the Pacific slope has only begun to disclose its capacity for producing wealth for the trader and racial trouble for the statesman. Once more the building of railroads into agricultural areas has disclosed, on the way, portentous deposits of silver, copper, nickel and iron. * * * What Mr. Grigg calls "the American Invasion" is also concerned with the subject. New York has secured control of the asphalt. Chicago has got a certain mastery of the fishing riches of the northern lakes. They believe in "getting in early." Their advantage does not consist wholly on geography. When geography, shrewdness and capital combine, they have a fine start towards calling political tunes. Much is discreetly said about the loyalty of Canada to British institutions. Britain will retain all the loyalty she deserves—which is much. But study of the science of loyalty is obligatory on both parties to the quality, which may be strained. As our progress towards the nobler aspects of British public life—and Heaven knows we are badly enough in need of that kind of improvement—depends on our criticism of ourselves, so the strengthening of our tie with the old land depends on the old land's understanding of the slow, inevitable revision of our relations

THE CONNECTION WITH CANADA.

For the rest, the importance to Britain of the connection with Canada grows faster than the importance of Britain to Canada. In the Imperial balance the addition of a thousand to the population of Canada counts for more than the addition of 3,000 to the population of the United Kingdom. The predominance of British capital in Canada is a tremendous factor in the political future—it is in itself a problem of the first magnitude. But capital does not always control public opinion when treaties are made, when prejudices are inflamed and when elections are due.

There is nothing in sight likely to produce misunderstanding. There was no resentful disappointment with Sir Wilfrid Laurier's attitude at the Imperial Conference. Mr. Bryce is at Ottawa just now obtaining the Government's endorsement of the latest accommodations with the United States. Mr. Bryce was in Canada last year. At a public luncheon the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, a cautious Scotsman, spoke with almost embarrassing frankness of the tendency of London nominees to settle international questions too much from a London and too little from a Canadian point of view. Mr. Bryce is understood to have returned to Washington somewhat perturbed over what he had learned. He was the first British ambassador at Washington to take the trouble to gather on the spot his own impressions of Canadian sentiment. His attitude to us, of which his return to Ottawa is another proof, will always be counted to him for righteousness. With the advent of an ambassador who travels, and of a trade commissioner who searches things out, and who will come again, probably more has been accomplished during the last eighteen months for securing permanent cordiality between Britain and Canada than during any preceding three years. There will always be enough difference in our points of view to save us from becoming complacent and sloppy. Vigilance, sympathy, quest of more excellent ways—these are the approaches to mutual appreciation and profit. In trade, they are embodied in Mr. Grigg's report. In politics, they must be the subject of further elucidation.

Gathered Around the Camp Fire.

The Proper Way to Spend a Holiday

Relaxation is a Necessity and Should Result in the Sojourner Returning to the Daily Routine of Toil Refreshed and Invigorated. —What Canada Offers in the Line of Rest and Recreation.

By G. W. Brock—Illustrated by W. F. Ralph and G. Ronan.

"GOOD-BYE, I wish you a very pleasant hodiday."

Soon such parting words will be heard on every hand. In a few weeks Canadian summer resorts, watering places, picnic grounds and holiday haunts will be teeming with people all on pleasure bent.

How we woo the fickle goddess! We never cease the chase! Summer after summer we continue to seek solid, wholesome enjoyment in an annual outing. Very few of us are successful, and why? Simply because we do not go the right way about it.

Some practical hints and observations, therefore, at this rapidly approaching vacation season, may not be amiss. Helpful suggestions should prove acceptable. Many persons in this world are generous with advice, but recipients do not always accept it unless accompanied by the demand of a heavy fee. It is only then that an impression seems to be created. At the risk of being told to keep admonition to myself, I intend to lay down a few general facts for the direction and guidance of those who, in a few weeks, will be given a fortnight or month's respite from the daily routine of labor, and yet are perplexed by the problem "of how and where can I most profitably and pleasantly spend my vacation?"

Much depends, of course, on the depth of your purse, the time at your disposal, your predilections, tastes, capacity for enjoyment, environment, the nature of your occupation, whether your hours are many or few, your duties onerous or light—in short,

A Jolly Yachting Cruise

the vigor and enthusiasm with which you customarily tackle things.

Employers, in this age, generally recognize that a vacation is a necessity, that the employe, if he or she spends a holiday in a proper manner, or takes full advantage of an outing, will, during the coming year, be in a position to render better service, and do more efficient work. It is a relief to get away if only for a few days from the daily grind. It is only the diligent toiler who finds the fullest measure of enjoyment in the temporary relief from work; only he or she who has labored for many hours, constantly and faithfully, can adequately appreciate the complete meaning of that sweet word leisure—a term always best applied on the farther side of toil.

To realize to the full the value of a holiday we must be conversant with hard, unceasing, unrelenting duty, then, when the holiday comes, we should get away from the diurnal task as far as we possibly can. All this, however, is not to be interpreted to mean that we are not to take pleasure out of our every day occupation. One should not continue in a business, profession or calling in which he or she has no higher motive than simply to put in so many days with the sole object of drawing so much money at the end of that period. We should have a higher conception of responsibility, more generous ideals, larger thoughts, nobler desires, and loftier objects than being mere time servers and wage earners.

But there! I am sermonizing, whereas I started out with every good intention to give a little holiday advice. My words are not intended so much for those who are financially able to take an outing at any time, that they may feel the need of one, as to those who get only one vacation a year, and that generally in the month of June, July, August or September. I mean busy people, the clerk, the bookkeeper, the stenographer, the accountant, the teacher, the artizan, the factory employe—those who consistently and conscientiously fill a place in the workshop, the counting house, the office, the warehouse or the store, from eight to twelve hours a day, month in and month out.

Ideas as to what constitute a holiday materially differ, and it is well to remember that what is one man's occupation is another man's relaxation. Evidences of the truth of this old saying may be found on all sides. What may constitute a beneficial and thoroughly enjoyable pastime on your part may be nothing but a dull, dreary, unhealthy proceeding to your neighbor or your associate. The most concise and readily understood definition of a holiday is a change. An old saw has remarked that a "change is as good as a rest," a meaning that is not far astray. A holiday, furlough, trip, vacation, outing, hegira, excursion—call it by whatever name you please, may be translated into action in various ways—a visit to friends, a few days spent at home or in camp along the banks of a limpid stream or the shores of some picturesque lake, a trip to the country, a few days' stay in another city, a flight to a new district, a long cruise upon the water, a motoring tour, a bicycle peregrination, etc. It does not matter whether it is paddling a canoe, rowing a boat, hunting in the wild wood, working on the farm, cultivating a flower garden, digging in the soil, prospecting, building a hen house, sawing wood, or breaking stone. In some of these, certain individuals have found enjoyment and diversion—a true holiday, and always will. There are many excellent ways of profitably passing a few days release from ordinary everyday vocation. Individual ideas of a beneficial and joyous outing differ—always will differ as widely as the poles. Just as our respective tastes vary, just as our means of making a living are diverse, so are our habits, dress, conversation and pastimes. What may bring infinite pleasure to one is irksome to another. What will afford unbounded happiness to many may prove a listless and monotonous undertaking to others. No specific regulations can, therefore, be laid down, but a few general rules may be advantageously followed.

In the first place, now that warm weather has come, take your holiday just whenever you can get it. Do not settle upon a fixed date. It may not be convenient for your firm or employers to permit you to depart just when you feel or think you would like to go. As long as you are in the service of another, that other should first of all be allowed to suit his or her convenience and not yours. Such a course on the part of those over you, or those in authority, should not be regarded as arbitrary, since you are paid for the time that you are away and others are possibly doubling up, doing your work in your absence in addition to their own.

Again, it may be urged, take your holiday whenever you can get it, for, if you postpone matters or dilly-dally too long, you may in the end discover that you have delayed to such an extent that procrastination has once more proved to be the thief of time, and that you find yourself utterly unable to get away through some unforeseen circumstances or emergency. If such a situation should arise—and it not infrequently does—you have only yourself to blame. The fault is clearly one that can be laid at your door, for you probably would not go on your holidays or take your vacation when you could, or when the first opportunity came. Delays are always dangerous, and, with respect to a furlough, there is often no better time than the present.

Then, do not carry the worries of business with you. Get away from your everyday occupation, its exacting cares and constant routine of duties as far as possible—not necessarily in the matter of distance, but in thought, feeling and action. The store, the workshop, the counting house, will get along without you. Do not imagine that you are such an indispensable adjunct to any establishment that no one else is able to fill your niche. This is altogether an erroneous conception. The place, in which you have the honor and privilege to serve, was possibly created many years before you darkened the door; it will, doubtless, continue long after your presence has ceased to come within the precincts of the shop or office.

Your identification with any firm, or business does not mean that you have a life lease of the job. No matter in what sphere you labor you will always find others equally as clever,

Trying to Endure the Heat

industrious and capable as yourself. This may be a mere homily, but plain, unvarnished truths need to be driven home and applied once in a while. In taking a holiday, therefore, burn all bridges behind you. Do not have any business letters, business telegrams, balance sheets, time schedules, monthly statements, or anything else forwarded to you that may tend to recall you, disturb your equanimity of mind or ruffle the serenity of your disposition. Business and pleasure were never yet successfully combined when taking an outing. They will no more mix on such an occasion than oil and water.

During your absence of a week, a fortnight or a month, do not endeavor to follow the same course that you have on the other forty-eight or fifty weeks of the year. Secure a complete change, a radical alteration, a thorough metamorphosis. Do something, read something, conjure up new thoughts, go to some place, visit somebody, or look upon some scene that you have never witnessed. If your life is mostly spent in the country, go to the city, and vice versa. A change of scene and association, of occupation and environment, is exactly what you require; but this does not mean that you are to plunge into excesses, to indulge in dissipation, or follow certain practices that you would not do at home or when engaged in your every day toil. Be moderate, be sane, be prudent. Allow fresh and elevating thoughts to surge through your tired, overworked brain; permit your hands to do something in the line that they have never wrought before. It may be rowing, swimming, playing baseball, building a yacht, erecting a cottage or even hoeing in the garden. As to where you should go, how you should travel, what you should read, and the pastimes you should follow, depends largely on yourself. Remember, though, that a vacation does not imply freedom from moral restraint, and the correct standard of living. A holiday should never mean deserting the straight and narrow path, and taking to the broad, wide open one. Do not, in the words of a leading Canadian divine, "Lose your religion, your sense of honor, your refinement, your convictions, and your manhood when changing your garments or going

The Family off on a Holiday Jaunt.

Just for a Stroll in the Shady Wood.

through the various pursuits incidental to an outing." A holiday is not a jollification in the sense that the latter term is frequently used.

How long a holiday should I take? is another question often propounded. To this no hard and fast answer can be given, no rigid rule laid down. It all depends on your habits, the general state of your health, the nature of your employment, the responsibility of your position, the size of your pocketbook, and the way you spend periods of relaxation from toil. Some extract as much exhilaration, bodily and mental, in one week as others would in a month or six weeks. Even a day off affords certain persons more real, solid enjoyment than others secure in a week or two weeks absence. Get as long a period as you can in justice to yourself and your employer, but do not in your demands transcend the bounds of reason, common sense or business exigencies.

Where should I spend my holiday? is still another interrogation flung at friend and foe alike. Distant fields, whether for pleasure or business, often look more tempting and inviting than those near at hand. The enchantment, the glamor, the allurement disappear as we approach them, and we realize, often when too late,

A Summer Girl with a Merry Widow Hat

that we have equally as attractive and favorable objective points at home. Remember this, however, that Canada offers as many attractions in every county and Province as any other country under the canopy of heaven. There is no grander scenery, no more picturesque landscape, no more magnificent rivers, alluring lakes, stately forests, charming valleys, bewitching islands, gurgling streams, majestic waterfalls, and sylvan surroundings than are to be found in this fair Dominion. Entrancing routes by river, by rail, by highway, present themselves on every hand. Days of brilliant sunshine; nights of profound slumber, journeys of tireless novelty await you. Everywhere there is plenty of change, of vigor and all the makings of innocent amusement and agreeable reminiscence.

It is not necessary to go to Maine, to Massachusetts, to California, to Nevada, to Florida, or to Cuba to see the great handiwork of nature. Until you have gazed upon all that is worth seeing at home, all the beautiful sights that present themselves by countless tours of water and of land; until you know something more of the Dominion's charms, her many retreats by sea and mountain, plain and valley; until you have witnessed the splendid heritage bestowed by a beneficent Creator upon every Province, be content. Learn to appreciate more and more a country where traveling facilities are unexcelled, where the conveniences of modern life are unsurpassed, where every thought is taken of your comfort and welfare at innumerable resorts, where there is no artificiality, sham, despotic decree of fashion, or vulgar display of finery and wealth, which too frequently characterize the popular watering places and expensive hotels of other lands.

Then let us in the words of James Thomson, conclude:

Who can paint
Like nature? Can imagination boast,
Amid its gay creation hues like hers?
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
And lose them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows?

Who Should Furnish the Guarantee?

Let Every Worker Guarantee Himself a Day at a Time, Whether he Works for Himself or Somebody Else, and it Will not be Long Before His Services are Eagerly Sought.

By Harlam Eugene Read in Business Monthly Magazine

WAY back at the beginning of things, when it became necessary for the first man to make a living, the proposition that he faced was a very simple one. The earth was before him and the fulness thereof from which, if he would, he might gather and hunt and dig and build. That was all. There was no one to whom he might go for assistance, and no one save his wife and children came to him. He was at once his own master and servant.

The times and methods of work have changed greatly, but the general rule upon which the attainment of success is based, has remained, and probably will ever remain, the same. There are some men and women whose parents have given them the means to live without effort; but the great mass of the world's people have no such guarantee against poverty—and probably never will have.

Often and anon, however, there arises from this great mass of men and women who are girding themselves for the struggle, some weak, white-livered zero-mark who complains loudly against the necessity of working like the rest, and demands, before he puts his hands to the plow, that the man in whose field he works will guarantee the result.

I know, for instance, a young fellow, idle to-day, who turned down the offer of a position six weeks ago because the employer would not agree to hire him for more than thirty days at a time. There is hardly to be found a college professor or teacher who cannot recall hundreds of instances of young men who would have taken up college work if there had been some one at hand to sign a contract giving them fat jobs for the rest of their lives after they finished; and the same is true, to a greater or less degree, in every profession or trade.

People are becoming so accustomed to the idea of "no cure, no pay," "results guaranteed," and "dividends in advance," that there is scarcely a technical school or business house in the United States, or any other organization for preparing men and women for life, that is not besieged and nearly choked to death by the swarm of weak-kneed, shad-bellied folk who demand, before entering upon an intended course of study or work, that a contract be signed, sealed and delivered, in which their permanent employment and success will be guaranteed in advance. Business men are worried into nervous wreck by the thousands every year, through the incompetency of assistants, clerks, and employes whose chief concern is to learn how little responsibility they can assume, yet hold a guarantee upon the future. Your average two-by-four would rather get a fixed and guaranteed "so much per" than take a chance on earning twice as much under commission.

If you don't believe it, Mr. Groceryman or Mr. Laundryman, try it on your business-solicitor. Offer him his choice between ten dollars a week and eight dollars cash with a fair

possibility of earning fifteen. You will be shocked when you find out the truth.

People are "guarantee-mad." They want a guarantee of so much now, and a raise of so much then, absolutely ignoring the fact that the guarantee business to be of any value, must work the other way.

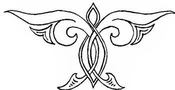
The person who should do the guaranteeing is the employe. He should guarantee a clear brain, a sharp eye, a ready hand. He should pledge himself to a constant and enthusiastic interest in his work, to a perpetual lookout for avenues of improvement, and a steady growth in the knowledge of the business. He should guarantee that the working hours should be industriously occupied and uncounted, and that his leisure should be so spent as to give strength to his mind, vigor to his body, and increase to his capacity.

Then, and not till then, would the guarantee of a job be absolutely and entirely unnecessary.

A guarantee of a job, after all, is a most absurd thing. It is just exactly like credit at a store. The man who doesn't need it can get all he wants! and the man who does need it so badly that the overseer of the poor already has his name in his memorandum book, can't get it under any circumstances.

Almost every great money-maker who ever rose from the ranks can point to at least one time in his life when some man said to him, "You go to work for to-day, and if you do well you can continue to-morrow." That is all the "guarantee" an industrious man needs for he knows that the whole world is looking for men who can do well.

I don't mean to say, by any means, that a man should not get a guarantee of permanent employment, written in a contract, signed, witnessed, dare-and-double-dare, so-help - us - both, whenever he can get it, nor that it is not a good thing, sometimes, to have such a document. I do mean to say, however, that no man can get such a contract until he has practically demonstrated his right to it; that no beginner belongs to that class; and that when a man can get it, there is very little necessity of his having it. Let every worker guarantee himself, a day at a time, whether he works for himself or somebody else, and it won't be long before men and corporations will be bidding eagerly for his services and asking him to guarantee to stay at his job a given length of time before he accepts any better one.



Some Methods of Distributing Profits

Different Plans on Which Division is Made in Profit Sharing—Objections Raised by Some to the Adoption of the System—Many Business Enterprises Strongly Endorse the Principle—Some of its Practical Results.

By Fred C. Lariviere.

IN the matter of Profit Sharing in business, I wish to point out that there are two methods of dividing profits, first, by a fixed percentage of the general profits, forming part of a yearly contract between employers and employes; secondly, by an optional or indefinite amount of profits, to be divided amongst workmen; at the end of the year.

These different methods are not the results of the personal views of employers, but depend on the local conditions, the nature of the industry and the intellectual development of laborers and employes.

In the application of social reforms one must not forget, that nothing is absolutely sure in the world; the nature and degree of such reforms, should meet the social and local conditions of laborers and of the labor market.

MR. FRED C. LARIVIERE.

The fixed percentage division varies considerably in its details, and these variations are due to the following factors: The relative amount of capital and labor required in one establishment; the importance of the work done by the management; the technical knowledge required, and commercial speculation and extent of the risks involved.

You will readily understand that the rate should be higher in a paint shop, where the value of tools is comparatively small, than in a printing office, a foundry or a cotton mill, where the machinery is complicated and costly, or in a store where the proprietor is closely and actively followed by his help or in a financial enterprise where the profits mostly depend on speculation, and, of course, in the management, and also where large risks are assumed.

As a rule, the fixed percentage division of profits is based on the following general principles: A percentage of the net profits, which is the method mostly used; a percentage of the total sales, of the gross receipts or of the full amount of business done during the year; the profits or a part of the profits are divided between capital and labor, in proportion to the total amount, capital invested and the total

sum of salaries; the profits are divided between capital and labor in proportion to the amount of capital invested and the total sum of salaries; profit sharing takes the form of a savings institution and the amount given is equal to the sum deposited by laborers in a bank, etc.

The following factors are also considered in the division of profits between employes: Pro rata of salaries; pro rata of salaries and of years of service; pro rata of salaries and importance of functions; pro rata of salaries of years of service and of importance of functions; pro rata of salaries, time of service and importance of function; proportionally to salaries, years of service, personal merit, zeal, steadiness; according to individual production; according to sum of money deposited in a savings department; without any fixed rules according to the will of the employer.

Division Pro Rata Salaries—This is most frequently used. Many employers take the sum of salaries paid during the year as an indication of the energy spent in favor of the establishment. But a considerable number of others do not allow anything for extra work, premiums or gratifications. In some houses a maximum and a minimum figure is a basis to work on for the division of profits.

Division According to Salaries and Years of Service—This style of division varies considerably. The length of service is an important factor with some employers. In some establishments the employe can not benefit by Profit Sharing, except after so many years of service.

Salaries and Important Functions—In some cases it has been found judicious to consider the amount of salaries and the importance of functions and to increase these factors in the case of head employes where ability and nature of services, play an important part, in the success and prosperity of the enterprise.

Years of service and importance of functions.

Employes are divided into classes. The first comprising chiefs of departments and managers, the second assistant chiefs and head employes.

In some houses classification is as follows: Managers are allotted 6 shares; assistant managers allotted 4 shares; the accountant 2½ shares; traveler, 2½ shares; office help, 2 shares; foremen, 2 shares; help having served 20 years, 2 shares; help having served 15 years, 1½ shares; help having served 10 years, 1¼ shares; help having served 3 years, 1 share.

These shares multiplied by the number of each class of employes and the result added, give an average figure which forms the basis of the division.

Some firms consider the moral qualities, such as regularity, zeal, faithfulness and sobriety. This is shown in the following example. The moral value of employes is established by notes given by the employer, the managers and also from chiefs of departments. The total of these notes gives an estimate of the moral merit. Multiplied by the years of service the sum of these serves as above for Profit Sharing.

According to Individual Production—Wherever it can be properly established individual production is a most equitable way of dividing profits.

It is successfully applied at the Nayrolles Lace Manufacturing Co., in Paris. On Saturday, when securing her salary, every woman gives notes representing "according to the prearranged methods," the amount of work done during the week. Permission is given to explain involuntary losses of time and delay. If the explanations are satisfactory her notes are increased, and profit sharing takes place pro rata on the total of these notes of production.

In each department a forewoman is authorized to keep an account of the work done by her mates, and receives as a special salary an increase of 10 per cent. on her own notes of production.

The heads of departments, those receiving orders and distributing the work to other employes, receive the

maximum amount allowed to foremen.

Division is often according to amount deposited into a savings department. Its object is to promote economy and saving amongst employes, and so induce them to become financially interested in the enterprise.

The firm receives the deposits of employes up to the maximum sum of say $1,000, and allows on these deposits an interest of from 3 to 10 per cent., according to agreement. Dividends are paid on these deposits and do not bind the depositors to share in the losses.

But it is forbidden to borrow funds from any one, for such deposit, except on the authority of the employer.

When the sum so deposited reaches a given figure, the employe may become a regular shareholder in the company and take the responsibility of profits and losses in the enterprise.

Division Without Any Fixed Rule at the Option of the Employer—This style of division is made according to the employers' own appreciation of the value of employes' services, the importance of functions, and the nature of the work. For example, the house of Gillet & Sons, Lyons, France, and C. Sachs, Aubervilliers, Seine, set aside an important sum of money for profit sharing. It is distributed among one-tenth of the help. The rate of this division is kept secret. The employer fixes the amount allowed to each according to his own appreciation of services.

In some cases, at least, six months' work is required before an employe can share in the profits.

Contradictory Arguments.

"The Profit Sharing system," says Mr. Paul Leroy Beaulieu, "imagined as a general means of labor's organization, is not only a deceiving Utopia, but also a dangerous Utopia. It contains the seed of discord and a dissolving principle. Profit Sharing creates many more causes of disagreement than it rules off. The best way to conciliate men, daily experience has shown us, is not by mixing up their interests, to oblige them to mutual confidences or to make their business relations more intricate still by obliging the workman to contribute from his part of profits to the creation of a reserve fund for the purpose of covering losses of supposed bad years."

According to Mr. Beaulieu, if the Profit Sharing system was to enlarge the field of its action we would see the laborer's claims growing; they would ask for more rights and would try to interfere in the direction of the business. Besides, with Profit Sharing the remuneration of the workmen does not only depend upon themselves, but is chiefly regulated by the director of the industry. Nevertheless, Mr. Beaulieu admits that in enterprises, where workmanship is preponderant, Profit Sharing can be applied with success, because in such establishments, prosperity depends less upon the directors' commercial ability than upon the interior management and the cleverness and zeal of the workmen. Later on, Mr. Beaulieu said that he was not opposed to Profit Sharing, properly speaking, and that he looked favorably upon all new methods of remuneration known as premiums, bonuses, progressive salaries, but, according to him, it is giving a wrong sense to these encouragements by applying to them the formula of "Profit Sharing."

Mr. Maurice Black is of the same opinion as Mr. Leroy Beaulieu with respect to objections to Profit Sharing.

Mr. Marshall, President of the "Societe d'Utilite Publique," of French Switzerland, is also against Profit Sharing.

"It is evident," says he, "that Profit Sharing even in industries where it can be applied, will forcibly let work at the same time, the simple method of salary for all the movable staff, temporary or accidentally occupied by means of an excess of labor or of work of special design."

"It is perfectly apparent that Profit Sharing cannot suppress the antagonism that reigns between capital and labor, because it would subsist either from the rate allowed the capital or

from the distribution among the superior employes and the workmen."

"The overgain that Profit Sharing allows to workmen besides their actual salaries could not in general be but very small, because if the share of the proprietor is, often considerable, this would not occur in the case of a few hundreds and even thousands of co-partners. Most of small sums thus given would be spent and not spared."

"It is evident that if Profit Sharing was general and used in all establishments of a same industry, the result would be a lower cost price, the interested workmen producing a greater quantity than the non-interested ones, and owing to the competition each of these establishments would finish by reducing its profits, so that the advantages of Profit Sharing would totally vanish."

Dr. Brocher, Economist of Geneva, is also against Profit Sharing. Here is what he says: "The Profit Sharing system is contrary to the law of justice. Three agents surely contribute to manufacturing. The commercial director, the workman and the capitalist. But these three agents have missions totally different. One only is the cause of the gain, the two others are but its condition. If the work of the direction is good or bad, there follows profit or loss. Consequently, an injustice would be committed by depriving that direction of its profits. It would be stopping production, because it would be paralyzing the impulsive force. Profit is for the direction of the works. To the workmen belongs usually the salary by the piece."

The owner of a large manufactory in Switzerland gives the following reasons for not adopting Profit Sharing: "It is possible that Profit Sharing may be an effective means of reestablishing social peace between contractors and workmen in certain industrial enterprises. However, it will be difficult in more than one plant to state the base or proportion of Profit Sharing, among the workmen. A joiner, a saddler, a locksmith, etc., and in general any direct manufacturer of a sole line of merchandise can tell after his product is sold and delivered, if this transaction is liable to bring forth profit or loss and can also tell in what way his help may share the results. The same thing occurs in an iron foundry. But it is altogether different when we consider an establishment taking up several manufacturing branches. My plant, for an instance, is composed of a spinning mill, a dye house, a mechanical weaving, a hand weaving, a dressing shop and an agricultural plant. I send my products away beyond the seas on markets where they can remain for some times six months; by that time many changes in the staff may occur."

Other quotations of a similar character might be furnished, but the foregoing will suffice so far as the objections raised are concerned.

Practical Results.

Let us now consider the results obtained by several firms who have put in operation a Profit Sharing system for many years. This will surely be the best proof of its good working.

The first two related are from Canadian firms. The Wm. Davies Co., Limited, of Toronto, in a letter under date of October 16th, 1907, expressed themselves as follows: "For the past twenty years we have had Profit Sharing in our business, based on the following general method: On profits of the year being ascertained, we have laid aside a percentage of them for distribution among our employes of two years' standing and upwards. The amount given to each has been determined by the wages paid to them during the year. Over a period of years we have found that the more thrifty and careful of our men have used their bonuses to help them to buy a home. We have always encouraged this action and we believe that 50 or 60 per cent. of the married men in our employ possess their own homes. The method related was instituted originally by a member of this company, now deceased, and has been continued since, because the judgment and desires of the general manager and directors of the company were so indicated."

The W. F. Hatheway Co., Limited, of St. John, N.B., wholesale dealers in teas, flour, etc., write under date of December 30th, 1907: "We started Profit Sharing 15 years ago, and it is based upon the following rules: Every clerk, factory hand, cartman, warehouseman, has a small share according to his wages in the net profits of the business. These profits are placed to the credit of each employe on the 1st of February of each year, on which 6 per cent. is paid unless the employe specially needs the money for extraordinary needs outside of regular living. We have found Profit Sharing very satisfactory, causing much greater interest among the employes, keeping them all on the qui vive to see that the warehouses are looked after and the business generally well conducted."

The following testimonies are from firms located in the United States: The N. O. Nelson Manufacturing Company have adopted Profit Sharing since 1886 by distributing each year a certain amount amongst all the employes based on the salary earned. The distribution of the first year amounted to $4,828 in cash. In 1885, Mr. Nelson called his men together and told them his intention as to Profit Sharing. They heard very little more until the year was over, when the above referred distribution was made. The distribution of the second year amounted to $9,700. In 1904, with a view of transferring his business to his employes and customers, Mr. Nelson made the following rules and regulations: One-half of the net profits was divided amongst all the employes, the other half to the customers having bought $100 or over during the year, in proportion to the gross profits realized on their respective purchases. The results of this system are as follows: In 1905, $156,854 was divided, giving 15 per cent. on wages and 25 per cent. on gross profits to customers. In 1906, $230,506 was divided, giving 25 per cent. on wages and 45 per cent. to customers on gross profits. In 1907, $357,519 was divided, giving 30 per cent. on wages and 45 per cent. on gross profits. These figures prove the good results obtainable by Profit Sharing.

Ballard & Ballard Co., Louisville, Ky., dealers in flour, say in a letter dated November 19th, 1907: "In 1886, we employed our head miller with a fixed salary and 5 per cent. on the net profits. Some years later we divided 10 per cent. of our net profits among our salaried employes in proportion to their salaries. A few years later, we added our laboring men, who had been two years with us as profit sharers. Lately we have changed our plan by giving to seven of our employes each 5 per cent. and distributing the balance between the other members of the staff. With regard to the results of our Profit Sharing plan, we can only say that, while in the case of heads of departments and more important positions, we are satisfied that there is an appreciation of the plan, still we have not been so sure in the departments requiring unskilled employment, although some evidence of appreciation has been manifested. We have also found that our plan tends to keep our employes together and make them less inclined to leave us on short notice."

Numerous other instances might be cited, but the foregoing will serve for the present. In the next issue of The Busy Man's Magazine more arguments for and against the plan of Profit Sharing in business will be presented by Mr. Lariviere and certain conclusions reached.

Automobiling in Canada Decidedly Popular

How the Sport has Developed Since the First Motor Car Appeared on Montreal Streets Nine Years Ago—The Exhilarating Experience and Inspiration of Tearing Along Through Space at Express Train Speed—One Thousand Cars a Week now Made in America.

By G. C. Keith

ONCE more the motor season is in full swing. May has sung the death knell of winter, the country has awakened, warm, sunshiny days are here. Everything proclaims liberty, freedom, jubilation after the Frost King's icy embrace. To newness of life has all nature been aroused. Even the big, powerful automobile appears to share in the widely prevalent feeling of new energy and the spirit of gladness at its release after being for many months a prisoner within the confines of the unattractive garage.

Again are the tires pumped up, the tanks filled, the batteries placed in position, and with all parts in perfect working order, picnic parties set forth to enjoy a trip in the country and to breathe the fresh air of the woodland.

The build, variety, and types of cars exhibited at the sportsmen's shows in Toronto and Montreal demonstrated that the field of taste and selection is a remarkably wide one. Ponderous touring cars, small runabouts, cars red, green, blue, black, scarlet and pink of many varying shades were there to greet the eye and please the fancy of all enthusiasts.

It may be pointed out that the development in the sporting and pleasure cars has been almost phenomenal, and millions of dollars are now spent in the equipping of the luxurious cars. Very humble was their beginning. The completeness and beauty of the car to-day is a delight to the eye, and as a comfort, they have almost reached perfection. In the cool days of early spring and late autumn, foot warmers add to the comfort, while a cyclometer tells the distance traveled, a speed meter indicates the rate of travel and clocks show the time of the day. The last three years have shown a wonderful transformation in style, and the automobile builder has shown as much art and taste in the fine lines as the tailor or dressmaker.

The costumes of motor car enthusiasts has had its influence on the automobile trade, and cars are upholstered to match the fashionable color of dress. The outfits of some of the millionaires are very costly. When dressed for travel with goggles and suits, and the ladies with veils, the occupants look positively hideous. Could they by some magic, be wafted back to the early centuries, even the Knights of King Arthur's Round Table would show their heels in flight. The ferocious appearance would give one not used to the sight, a feeling of awe that the central States of darkest Africa could not give. It adds a fascination to this healthful sport and even if the costumes are enough to scare children, yet motoring will always be popular.

The growth of popularity of the pleasure automobile has had its effect not only on the styles of dress, but also on the business life of the country. Factories, of course, is the primary effect. Then the owners of cars desire to go on pleasure tours and this has resulted in the growth of small repair and supply shops along the popular routes of travel. Men have found this so profitable that they are giving up large hardware businesses to cater to the growing popular automobile sport. The electric trades have shared in this industry, and the large auto has its electric motor, the electric light is available to warn pedestrians of the approach of the scarlet car and the electric warmers add to the comfort on cool days. Automatic tools have been devised for the finer intricate parts, and many lines of trade are receiving a stimulus. It is, therefore, unfortunate that one of our Provinces has prohibited the use of the automobile within its borders, for it cannot share in the spirit of progressiveness as shown in the growth of the automobile trade and popular automobile sport.

Nine years ago Mr. Dandurand appeared in Montreal in the first automobile, blocking trade on St. Catharine Street for nearly half an hour, greatly to the astonishment of the bewildered populace. At that time, when Montreal had but one automobile to its credit, New York had only about seventy, which shows that Montreal was not so very far behind the American metropolis. It was only about ten years ago that the first automobile on the lines with which we are now familiar made its appearance. The intervening years have witnessed wonderful progress towards the perfection. By the close of 1898, the first year in which the manufacture of the automobile was seriously undertaken, the demand was four a week and these chiefly for sport. At present the production in Canada and the United States is over one thousand per week. The capital invested in the Canadian automobile business is approximately $5,000,000. The output is more than one and one-half millions of dollars in value, and the number of persons employed is over five thousand. This does not include those employed in the manufacture of accessories. The great demand shows the popularity and success of the invention.

With the growing popularity of the car came speed and power, but these alone did not satisfy. Owners were not content to have a powerful machine. They must have one to meet the approval of the eye and so the designers again set to work. The ten years have worked wonders, and now builders can point towards the automobile, "Behold a thing of beauty." The lines show the touch of an artist. From the clumsy car has been evolved the elegant automobile, strong where strength is required, but a delight to the eye, giving an added pleasure to the man at the wheel.

Canada is becoming the tourists' paradise and 285 touring cars from the United States called at Chateau Frontenac, Quebec, during ten weeks last year. The Dominion is being found out and every year sees a greater army of motor tourists visiting us and becoming interested in this country. Canada is the biggest sporting country in the world, but as yet the Americans are the only ones to recognize this. The Glidden tour is an example of Canada's popularity for every year a party with about fifty automobiles start out from New York on the Glidden tour under the direction of Mr. Hower, of New York, visiting each year some place of interest in this country. The Americans come over here with their autos, their yachts, their fishing tackle and their rifles, and enjoy the happy hunting grounds of Canada. The automobiles are assisting in developing the resources of the Dominion, and while there are those, who, for some reason, retard the wheels of progress, yet every indication points to the wider use of the automobile for both sporting and industrial purposes.

The use of these machines has given a wonderful impetus to the good roads movement. France, with her good roads, took the lead in automobiling, and Germany attributes the betterment of her highway system to the widening use and great popularity of the automobile in that country. With its increasing use in Canada we

look forward to still greater work being done along this line until we can vie with England and the countries of the Continent with our reputation for good roads.

Sport? Automobiling is sport! Inspiring? What can be more exhilarating than tearing through space with greater speed than the fastest express train. Expensive? Bang! Only a tyre gone, another thirty-five or forty dollars. Repairs? Only a hundred dollars a month for expenses and repairs, but think of the sport. Think of gliding along the pleasant roads with the treetops meeting over head, shooting along the level stretches, breathing in the pure ozone, farmhouses melting into nothingness, and telegraph poles looking like a solid wall along the path of travel as with a chug, chug, chug the mighty "whizz cart" flies along in a streak of red like a meteor, leaving behind a comet-tail of blue smoke flashing in the sunlight. What can be more beguiling? Automobiling is a popular pastime, whether it is racing through the country, or jaunting along easily, taking in the scenery or enjoying the new visions that continually present themselves to the eye in this fair land of ours.

Cars have been perfected so that a $650 service car can run 6,000 miles on less than $150 for gasolene, oil, repairs and renewals. For a car costing $1,500, the expenses for repairs, gasolene, oil, interest on investment, etc., is about $350 a year. This, of course, does not include a chauffeur, whose salary in the cities sometimes amounts to thousands of dollars a year. The chauffeurs are often confidential men and well educated. The cost of a garage will also increase this amount. The running expenses are gradually being lowered on the small cars so that the automobile is within the reach of a great many. But whether it is a small runabout costing six hundred dollars or a gorgeously upholstered twenty-five thousand car, the honk! honk! of the wild goose and the motor car give one feelings of pleasure, of energy and of life only received by the constant associations with fresh air.

Jim Cradlebaugh, Head-Liner

The Quaint History of a Villager Who, to the Very Last, Believed in Not Allowing His Left Hand to Know What His Right Hand Did.

By William Hamilton Osborne in the Circle Magazine

OLD bleary McGaffney, the town inebriate, shivered and shook himself spasmodically down Main Street in the town of Donaldson. At the corner of Market Street he wavered for an instant. Some instinct warned him to stop and look and listen. He did it—but he looked in one direction only.

"'S all righ'," he told himself, and started on.

In another instant the tragedy had happened. There was a mighty yell from the throats of the onlookers, a terrific scream from an auxiliary horn, and then . . . the big, strange, out-of-town car had closed in on McGaffney, and for the last time in his life McGaffney bit the dust. The car went on, but McGaffney lay where he had lain many a time before—in the gutter of the street.

The loungers stood helplessly about. But not for long. Down the street, in a big, comfortable wagon, came a big, comfortable, prosperous-looking man. He had seen it all.

"Hold on, boys," he yelled in a strident voice, "I'm coming. Cradlebaugh's coming. I'll help. Wait for me."

Even in the presence of tragedy, the loungers sneered and snickered. "Gee," they said, "you'd think Jim Cradlebaugh was the whole show. You'd think, by George! that he'd killed him."

And so it seemed. Cradlebaugh, the big man, forced his big body through the crowd, gave an order here, a direction there, and became for the instant the big toad in the puddle.

An hour later he was standing alone with the widow McGaffney and the thing that once had been her husband—that once, long ago, had been a man—in the little hut that the McGaffney's called home. The rest of the sympathizers had left.

"Johnny, Johnny," wailed the widow, "what am I a-goin' to do?"

"Now, don't you worry, Missus McGaffney," said big Jim Cradlebaugh, ostentatiously, "the town'll see that you don't suffer. I'll see to it. I'll make the boys shell out." He laid a coin down on the window-sill. "There's half a dollar for your immediate needs, Missus McGaffney," he told her, "and don't you worry. I'll make the boys do their part, too."

He started in to do it. Down in the office of the Donaldson Daily they were waiting for him—the boys.

"Now boys," he said, as he bustled into the office of the Daily, "gimme a sheet of paper. This here is for contributors for Sarah McGaffney, the bereaved. There you are. There's my name at the head, where it always is in this here town. I subscribe half a dollar, do you see? Come, now, put your names in. Don't be afraid. The list 'll be printed in the Daily just as usual. I give half a dollar. Who'll give more?"

Young Bill Matheson, the hardwareman, stepped forth. "Mr. Cradlebaugh," he said, and his lip curled as he said it, "I'm worth about one-tenth the sum that you are. Put me down

for five dollars—I'll give ten times as much as you."

Jim Cradlebaugh was never freezed. "Hurrah," he said, "example is contagious. I give fifty cents, and the next man gives five dollars. Who'll give more? Come, now, your names'll all be printed, don't you know. Won't they, Bartlett?"

Bartlett, editor and proprietor of the Donaldson Daily, nodded. "As usual," he responded. But his lip curled just a little, too. For the only thing that the town could give Jim Cradlebaugh credit for was that he could make other people give. He was the originator of the published lists in the Daily. He had started them during the smallpox scare some three years before, and the editor acknowledged to himself that the idea was a good one. Charity is a pleasant weakness, but it becomes much more attractive when it is set before the eyes of men, with names and amounts in full.

But Cradlebaugh—the town was disgusted with Cradlebaugh; the Donaldson Daily was disgusted with him, though it did not dare to say so. Jim Cradlebaugh could have bought and sold many men in the Town of Donaldson; he was fat with prosperity. But never yet had he given a five-dollar bill on any one occasion, though when he gave the whole town knew it. Cradlebaugh took care to let them know it. He was more than a laughing-stock in the town; he was the subject of bitter jeers. But he never realized it, so it seemed.

"Well," finally said Bartlett, the editor, when the McGaffney contribution-sheet was filled up, "you've subscribed fifty cents, Mr. Cradlebaugh. Hand it over, then."

"Oho," answered Jim Cradlebaugh, "but I've already given it. I gave it personally to the widow—myself. Personally. Yes, sir."

"I'll bet he didn't," whispered young Bill Mathewson. "I'll stop in at McGaffney's and inquire." He did stop in and inquire. Next day he strode into the Daily office, laughing.

"What do you think, Bartlett," he said, "old Jim Cradlebaugh gave the widow a twenty-dollar gold piece."

"What?" gasped the editor man.

"By mistake," roared Mathewson—"by mistake. When I told him that she had it, he looked in his pocket, and went near crazy. He was goin' up to the widow to tell her about it, and exchange it for the half he meant to give, but I headed him off. I had already told her that he hadn't made a mistake—that he had meant to do it—that—by George! here he comes now."

Jim Cradlebaugh swung into the office. His face was red. "Say, Bartlett," he said, "if you haven't printed that list, you'd better put me down for twenty dollars. That's what I gave, and I'm entitled to credit for it, don't you see?"

The editor smiled a wicked smile. "Too bad, Mr. Cradlebaugh," he said; "it's all set up. I couldn't change it now if I wanted to. And," he added to himself, "I wouldn't if I could."

Jim Cradlebaugh groaned. "It's a pity," he said, "that when the man who heads the list gives twenty he don't get credit for it. Say, let me look at that list, will you, Mr. Bartlett."

The editor handed over a damp proof-sheet.

"Say, Bartlett," went on Jim Cradlebaugh, "there's a man in this town that never gives a cent. That's old Terwilliger, that lives down at the end of this street. He's a miser, that man. He's got money to burn. And he never gives a cent."

"How do you know he doesn't?" asked Bartlett quietly.

"He ain't on this list," answered Jim Cradlebaugh.

"How do you know he isn't?" asked Bartlett.

"I don't see his name," persisted Cradlebaugh; "funny that old skinflint has got so much and he never ——"

His eye traveled slowly down the column.

"'A friend,'" he read. "'A friend $500!' Who's that, anyhow?"

Bartlett shook his head. "I'll tell you who it is, Mr. Cradlebaugh," he said, with some severity; "that five hundred was given by a man in this town who won't let his left hand know what his right hand is doing. That's who it is."

"I wonder," mused Cradlebaugh, "if he's the same as 'Anonymous,' who gave a thousand in the smallpox-time."

The editor shrugged his shoulders. He was not there to give information to Jim Cradlebaugh.

"Well," went on Cradlebaugh, "I can't see why that old skinflint Terwilliger, at the end of this street, don't give nothin'. That's what I can't see. A man with his money, too. It's a scandal. Here's me givin' twenty dollars——"

"Fifty cents," broke in Mathewson; "that's all you meant to give, you know."

Cradlebaugh snorted and left. Mathewson turned to the editor.

"Who did give the $500?" he queried confidentially.

"No, no," answered the editor, "the man who gave it don't want it known. And I won't make it known; that's all. Twenty-three for yours. Skiddoo."

The old skinflint of the name of Terwilliger, who lived at the end of the street, was a comparative stranger in the Town of Donaldson. He had lived there for fifteen years. No one knew whence he had come. All that was known about him the banks knew. Every six months he made substantial deposits in the First National and in the Dime Savings Bank. At the end of each six months the deposits dwindled to a cipher. The banks did not know where the money went—certainly old lean Terwilliger did not spend it on himself. And he had no vices, no luxuries. He was a plain, simple, unsophisticated old man. But the eyes of Editor Bartlett always twinkled when the name of Terwilliger was spoken, and sometimes moistened. Then they would harden when he thought of Cradlebaugh.

"What a difference between the two men," he thought to himself, "Cradlebaugh, a blatant, ostentatious egotist. Terwilliger, a gentle, shrinking—man."

But if Terwilliger had a secret, and if Bartlett knew it, he never divulged it to his best friend.

And as time went on, and the charity lists in the Donaldson Daily multiplied, it was invariably Cradlebaugh who headed the list—with a dollar; and it was invariably "Constant Reader," or "Pro Bono," or "A Friend" who closed it out—with hundreds.

Suddenly the Town of Keno, a hundred miles away, found itself struggling in the mighty strength of a devastating flood. It was sudden, appalling, unexpected.

Bartlett got it over the wire at about ten o'clock in the morning.

"Great Scott!" he gasped, "it can't be possible." Then he came to his senses. "They'll need money," he told himself; "that's the first thing—money." He thought for an instant. "This time," he said to himself, "I'll start the list myself. Old Cradlebaugh, with his quarter contribution, can take a back seat."

But before he knew it—before the news was on the street—Cradlebaugh came, puffing and blowing, into the office.

"Say, Bartlett," he said, "it's terrible. I was down at the station, and Werner, the operator, gave it to me as it came over the wires. Gee, those poor drowned folks at Keno. Gee, but I've hustled. And look here, what I've got already."

He passed over the sheet of paper. Bartlett groaned. On it there were fifteen names. And heading these appeared this item:

FOR THE KENO FLOOD SUFFERERS

LET EACH GIVE ACCORDING TO HIS MEANS

James Cradlebaugh $1.50

"I tell the boys this time they've got to give. And, look here, Bartlett, let somebody get after that old skinflint Terwilliger, good and hard. This is a

time when every rich man ought to shell out, and no mistake."

They did shell out. So deeply were the feelings of the Donaldson people touched that it seemed like hysteria. But it wasn't. It was charity, pure and simple. Bartlett worked harder than did Cradlebaugh—for the editor was proud of his town, and he wanted it to stand well in the eyes of the world. He did his best, and when he had finished, he glanced lovingly upon the last line of the contribution-sheet. For there he read:

From a sympathizer......$2,500

"Twenty-five hundred dollars," he sighed; "almost two thousand times as much as we got from Cradlebaugh."

The Town of Donaldson—a small, insignificant town of the East, sent twenty-thousand dollars to her stricken neighbor Keno.

"Cheer up," said the overgrown Village of Donaldson to the big town that had been steeped in ruin a hundred miles away.

"And I started that list," Jim Cradlebaugh told everybody. "I tell you, it's the man that begins the thing that's entitled to the credit."

But the small Town of Donaldson never knew what fate had in store for her. She had given bounteously to all her neighbors. She little knew how much she would need charity herself.

It was the widow McGaffney who started it, after all. One morning she raked her little coalfire and banked it, and left it for the day. Her occupation was that of washerwoman. She left at six in the morning—she returned at six at night. On the morning in question, she rose late. She ate her breakfast in a hurry. In haste she raked her fire. Then she locked up and left.

Unknown to her, a small red coal had dribbled down upon the floor. The mission of a small red coal is to burn. This coal fulfilled its mission.

It was a windy day, terribly windy. Mrs. McGaffney's hut was in the heart of the town. The wind blew; the little coal burned away for dear life.

By night the rising little town of Donaldson lay in ruins—ruins black and stark and uncompromising. Donaldson was a city without a home.

Yes, there was one home that escaped. It was Jim Cradlebaugh's big house, upon the hill. And there was another home—the home that men seek in their extremity. The Donaldson First Church was unscathed.

All night the people of Donaldson camped on the hillside, moaning. There were no lives lost; there had been many narrow escapes.

But with the morning and rising sun hope grew. The banks reported that their vaults were safe. And the insurance companies wired that they would pay Donaldson losses immediately. And all that the people needed was food, temporary shelter—just the bare necessaries of life.

"We'll supply those ourselves," cried Bartlett to the crowd; "come into the church."

They flocked in. Bartlett, the leader this time, stepped into the pulpit beside the old clergyman. He even smiled to himself.

"This time," he thought, "I'm ahead of Cradlebaugh." He was right. Cradlebaugh was nowhere to be seen. The rumor grew that Cradlebaugh was keeping himself to himself in comfort up in his big house on the hill. Others, who had, perforce, sheltered themselves there during the night, had not seen him. At any rate, he was not among the crowd in the church.

Bartlett leaned down over the pulpit and told the people just how things stood. He knew the town. He knew its needs.

"This is business," he said; "fully a third of us are very well-to-do. We've saved money. Two-thirds of us have been living from hand to mouth. The one-third must rise to the occasion. Gentlemen," he added earnestly, "this is a thing that will make the rich poor; but it's real—it's real—it's real."

The crowd felt it. The old clergyman stood there with tears in his eyes. Bartlett prepared a dozen subscription lists and sent them through the crowd.

"We'll pull through," he told himself, when he began to see results. "And Terwilliger. Terwilliger 'll give. Good old 'Pro bono.' But—where is he?"

Almost as he spoke Terwilliger, a lean, straggling old man, entered the church, and struggled up the aisle.

He seated himself at the foot of the stairs just below the pulpit. He waited hours until the lists were all in. Then Bartlett stepped to his side.

"I want something from 'A Friend,'" he ventured.

Terwilliger took the list, and scribbled something at the bottom. Bartlett looked at it, and shouted aloud with glee.

"Hurrah, boys," he yelled, "here's something worth seeing. Listen while I read. The last name on the list:

"'From a fellow townsman, $30,000.'

"Now," he cried, "I'm going to tell at last—it's from Mr. Terwilliger here. That's who it is. The man of this town—the man who gives every time, all the time, who——"

But Terwilliger was up beside him in the pulpit, holding his arm.

"Wait, wait," cried Terwilliger, in a thin, shrill, piping voice, but a voice quivering with earnestness—"wait." He turned to the audience.

"If the truth's to be told," he said, "let's tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Gents," he went on, "fifteen years ago I was in the poorhouse over in Monroe. Listen. There was a man who found me there, and who brought me over here—a man with a big hearty smile on his face, and a big warm hand, and a big warm heart. Gents, he—he supported me. He made me live in comfort. but, gents, he"—old Terwilliger smiled in spite of himself—"he was a joker—such a joker. And I didn't mind so much. But his heart—that man would give, give, give all he had for the poor, the sick, the stricken. But, gents, he was a man who would never let his left hand know what his right hand was doing. He gave through me." Old Terwilliger became terribly in earnest. "Gents," he went on, "yesterday, in the fire, I was in my second-storey back room, in a closet. I was shut off by the fire. There was no hope for me. But—he, this man with the big heart. He found me. He rescued me. I'm safe. But he— he's up in his big house." Terwilliger's voice quivered. "Only the doctor knows. He's burned, that man. And he ain't a-goin' to get well. Gents," he cried aloud, "that man is the man you never knew, who wouldn't let you know him, whose left hand didn't know his own right hand. Gents, that man was—Cradlebaugh. He gives the thirty thousand, as he gave all he ever gave — unbeknown — through me."

The crowd was silent for a moment. Bartlett led the cheering, stepped down from the pulpit, and led the way silently out of the church, and up the steep hill toward the house of Cradlebaugh.

For there was one thing more important than to rebuild the town; more important than to feed its people; the first thing the town had to do was to make amends to a—man.

The town was almost too late. The doctor shook his head as the committee forced its way on tiptoe into the room of Cradlebaugh.

"He'll never speak again," the doctor said. But he was mistaken. Cradlebaugh had heard them. He struggled painfully up on his elbow.

"Boys, boys," he cried, "you've come for me—to—get—up—a list. It's—all—right—boys."

He stopped for an instant. Then his voice rang loud and clear:

"Jim Cradlebaugh gives two dollars to rebuild Donaldson," he cried. "Come, step up now Who'll give twenty?"

That night there was a list of fatalities in the hand-printed Donaldson Daily. And Jim Cradlebaugh, headliner, was at its top. He had passed into the loving memory of the town whose best friend he had been.

Get This Kind of Trouble

By Elbert Hubbard in The Philistine.

If Sheldon had a salve that would give every business candidate the Salesman's Itch, I'd take his whole output on suspicion. The salesman who makes the record is not the one who knows the most or the one who is the best looking; he's the smiling cuss who never hears the word "No."

The Salesman's Itch!

Buyers in loose wrappers do not wait for you around the corner. You have to go after the buyers very much as the Romans went after the Sabines. It is persistency that wins.

The buyer is a shy and sly proposition. He likes to be chased.

The man who gets the order is the one with the Salesman's Itch.

There are two departments to every business. One is Out-go, and the other is In-come.

When times are "scarce" the Out-go men are cut down or laid off; and the lads who lay them off are the In-come boys.

Get the Salesman's Itch—a nose for orders, a scent for fromage.

Nail the business. Promises do not meet the pay-roll.

Cultivate the Salesman's Itch.

Salesmen who expect buyers to chloroform them and stuff the orders in their pockets, are doomed to disappointment.

It is certainly true that you can not afford to sell a man goods that are going to burden him, but it is also true that it is for you to decide as to what a customer needs, and then see that he gets it.

Buyers, through habit, fight on the defensive. There are various ways of overcoming their scruples, but unless you have the Salesman's Itch, you'll wander forever a lone, lorn holluschickie, and Clio will carve on your tomb a single word: Skunked.

Hunter River, P.E.I.

A Summer Tour of the Maritime Provinces

Westerners Should Learn More of the Attractions, Traditions, History and Scenic Grandeur of the East — A Section of Canada That Affords Splendid Objective Points for a Delightful Outing Where Repose of Body and Mind May be Enjoyed.

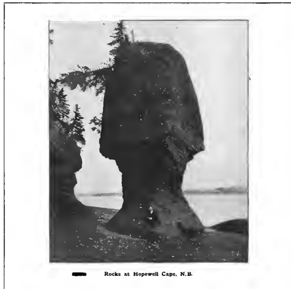
By G. R. C.

PROBABLY there is no portion of the American continent richer in historic interest, stirring incident, early struggle, quaint towns, attractive scenery, and ideal facilities for spending a pleasant holiday, than the Maritime Provinces of the Dominion of Canada.

To Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick, there flock every year thousands of Americans who believe that the peaceful valleys, beautiful water falls, refreshing streams, delightful bays, ocean breezes, superb fishing, and hunting paradises, offer unrivalled fascination to the traveler, the tourist, the angler, and the nimrod—a perfect spot in which to regain health and strength, to lay in stores of fresh energy, to find ideal recreation, and to conjure up pleasant memories. Tourists associations are widely advertising the rare, natural beauty of these Provinces, while the Intercolonial Railway is also doing its share in setting forth the charms of landscape and varied picturesqueness, of those Provinces with which Western Canadian residents are too little acquainted. While many of the citizens of the East travel to Quebec and Ontario, and even beyond the Great Lakes on their periodical holiday jaunts, few from Ontario and points further West ever visit the

extreme East, and know nothing, comparatively speaking, of the glorious assets and majestic features bestowed so lavishly upon the older sections of Canada. Those, who desire splendid hunting or fishing, those in search of health, those traveling for pleasure, or to become better acquainted with the character and climate of Canada, to learn something more of the rich treasures presented to the eye on every hand, or to delve into the storehouses of history, romance, legend and tragedy, should certainly spend their vacation down East during the glorious months of June, July, August or September.

It has been suggested that the railways of Canada, which have from time to time, year in and year out, been offering special inducements and exceedingly cheap rates to make trips to the Western Provinces, to spy out a home, to help gather the harvest, to visit friends or to indulge in prospecting, might well reverse this course of action and induce people, many of whom have often been in the cities and towns of the rolling prairies, to travel East and down by the sounding sea, commune with a people and a land which some may think slow, uneventful and uninteresting. The latter conception is altogether wrong. No more hospitable hosts or cordial friends can be found anywhere. They greet the tourist, the sightseer and the visitor warmly, and are never



Rocks at Hopewell Cape, N.B.

Whycocamagh, Cape Breton.

tired doing all in their power to make his or her stay one that will long remain when thoughts roam through the picture gallery or pleasant and vivid recollections. The railways of Canada can do more to educate the people by affording opportunities for cheap trips than can any other agency. It is not on record that any large excursions from Ontario have ever gone to the Maritime Provinces, and the different transportation lines might very well present special inducements, and see if something could not be done whereby those of the more Western portion of the Dominion might revel for a few weeks among the sea girt districts and kind cousins of the East. It is true the Intercolonial Railway is doing its share, but other lines of communication and travel do not seem to have over-exerted themselves in an effort to give wider publicity to the beauties of Maritime Canada. The Canadian Press Association took a trip down to New Brunswick and Nova Scotia some years ago, and possibly did more to advertise the "ideal summer land of the North American continent" than any other medium. Almost every section of these Provinces is rich in local tradition of the early days when the French and English struggled for supremacy in the trade of the red man. In a recent brochure issued by the St. John Tourists' Association, it is pointed out that another interest attaches in the fact that the real growth of the Lower Provinces as British possessions began with the American War of Independence. "Thousands of Loyalists who refused to join in the Declaration of Independence, abandoned their homes and settled in New Brunswick, where they could continue to enjoy British institutions and British laws. These Loyalists were the real founders of St. John, but they found the place already famous in history, because of the heroic defence of her husband's fortress by Madame La Tour, the wife of a French trader and adventurer. Her story so graphically told in Whittier's beautiful poem, 'St. John,' is one of the noblest as well as the saddest in

the pages of the early history of the country, and is only one of the many that give the student an interest in this land."

Much detailed information might be presented, many pages might be written on the different rail and water routes, summer resorts, fishing haunts and hunting paradises, but it is not the intention of the writer to draw a distinction between any particular route or place.

To adequately describe the charms and scenic heritage of the innumerable beauty spots, would require not only a graphic pen, but also rare and vivid imagination. Even then, the literateur or word painter could not portray all the enchantments and panorama of land and sea unfolded in a journey down to St. John, Halifax, Sydney or Charlottetown. The Intercolonial Railway traverses a section in which are countless places of interest, from Dalhousie Junction to North Sydney, Dartmouth, St. John, Moncton and numerous other places which might be mentioned. Other points that may not be located on the Government railway, may be reached by C.P.R., G.T.R., C.N.R., Canada Eastern, Dominion Atlantic, Prince Edward Island Railway and other means of travel, while the different steamship lines have veritable floating palaces so that no one can complain that every facility is not afforded for swift travel, while the hotel accommodation at all the summer retreats is unexcelled.

The hotels generally are beautifully situated, all possessing a grand outlook, while the surrounding scenes, neighboring wood, and nearby streams afford an abundance of pure air which drives away hay fever, asthma and malaria, making the most peaceful rest retreats found anywhere on earth. The rates are reasonable and the accommodation unsurpassed. I trust that within this brief, general, hasty outline I have aroused the interest of those living West of Montreal, and that desire, and curiosity will find expression during the present summer in a demand that the railways offer the public, tickets good for at least thirty days, at single fare, return, and thus help to bring about on the part of Canadians a keener appreciation of the natural blessings that we possess in every part of the Dominion and to establish more intimate acquaintanceship and closer ties with fellow-citizens down by the sandy beaches and bold cliffs of the Atlantic and the St. Lawrence.

Baddeck, Cape Breton.

Halifax from Citadel.

New Glasgow, N.S.

What the Genius of One Man Has Accomplished

A Canadian Inventor, Who Early in Life Knew What He Wanted to Do and Immediately Set About Doing It—Mr. Joseph Boyer Who Has Made Mechanical Ability a Stepping-Stone to Substantial Success, Has a Career That Reads More Like Fiction Than Fact.

NOT infrequently it is a long way on the road to success when a man early in life knows what he wants to do and immediately sets about doing it. This has brought more than one man to the top of his profession or calling, and among those who have risen from humble rank is Mr. Joseph Boyer, President of the Burroughs Adding Machine Company, of Detroit. He is a splendid representative of the sturdy sons that Ontario has sent to the States. Nature made him a mechanic and gave him the "gumption" to be glad of it, and a desire to make himself a good one. Thus Mr. Boyer has made mechanical skill the stepping-stone to success. He is a mechanical genius, one of the foremost inventors of the age, and has, in a comparatively few years, amassed a fortune of several millions. Mr. Boyer is a man of extreme modesty and quiet disposition. He is studiously inclined and brings to bear upon any undertaking concentration of effort and dogged perseverance.

MR. JOSEPH BOYER.

Born on a farm in Pickering township, Ontario County, he was one of a family of nine children. It came about that at an early age he was obliged to step out into the world to seek opportunity on his own account. Almost as soon as Mr. Boyer had completed his mechanical apprenticeship, he set his face toward the West, traveling to California, on one of the first Union Pacific trains that crossed the plain. That was in 1869. After a year or so in San Francisco he retraced his steps as far eastward as Leavenworth, Kansas, where he remained for a few months, and then on to St. Louis, where he made his home in 1873, that city being the scene of his early successes. When he first came to St. Louis, Mr. Boyer worked in a machine shop as a journeyman, but soon managed to embark in business for himself, forming a partnership with another man to establish a jobbing shop.

Afterwards he bought his partner's share and continued the business himself. This was the old Dickson Street shop, often referred to by Burroughs men to-day as the cradle of the adding machine industry, for it was here that William Seward Burroughs came to work out the details of his invention at a time when he had struggled with it until people called him crazy, and said that his idea was an impossibility.

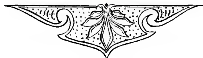
Here, in one corner of the old shop, with a few of Mr. Boyer's workmen assisting him, he spent several years in making one model after another, until the machine was finally complete and ready for the market. Then, when the Burroughs was at last taken up on a manufacturing basis, it was in this shop that Mr. Boyer made the tools and special fixtures required for the making of the Burroughs. It will thus be seen that Mr. Boyer's destinies and those of the adding machine were closely intertwined.

In this old shop, also, Mr. Boyer laid the real foundation of his fortune when he conceived the pneumatic tool as applied to the working of metal and stone. This was in 1881, and, finding the problem too much for him at that time, he dropped it for thirteen years, during which the idea lay dormant in his mind, and it was not until 1894 that he again took it up, finished it and made it ready for the market. Once marketed, however, it was an early success. A modern building was erected in St. Louis and here the Boyer pneumatic tool was turned out in a plant which occupied the ground floor, while the adding machine enterprise was located in the upper storey.

When the pneumatic tool industry outgrew its quarters in this building, Mr. Boyer picked it up bodily and transferred it to a handsome new factory which had been built in the meantime in Detroit. This left the entire building in St. Louis for the Burroughs factory, but the adding machine industry was growing at such a rate that it soon outgrew this increased space also.

At this time Mr. Boyer had been elected president of the adding machine company, while Mr. Burroughs, the inventor, had died. Soon it came to pass that another model factory went up on Second Avenue, in Detroit, alongside the pneumatic tool plant, and Mr. Boyer picked up the whole Burroughs organization—machinery, workmen, office fixtures and all—packed it into a solid train load and dropped it down in Detroit ready to go to work in the new factory.

Soon after the exodus to Detroit, Mr. Boyer retired from the active direction of the pneumatic tool plant to devote his working time to looking after the mechanical work of the Burroughs plant. His chief delight is the great experimental department at the Burroughs factory, where new ideas are conceived, worked out and tested by a force of over a hundred men, including inventors, designers and experimental mechanics. He is also in touch with the men who design and manufacture the tools used in the building of the machine, and takes a deep interest in every problem concerning the improvement of the Burroughs or new devices intended to widen its range of usefulness.



Mississauga Indians gathering Rice near Mizang's Point, Rice Lake.

How Indians Gather the Wild Rice Crop

Many Tons Harvested Every Summer by the Mississauga and Chippewa Bands From Rice Lake—As a Food it is Unexcelled, Having a Very Rich Flavor —Methods Employed in Threshing the Article are Unique and Painfully Slow.

By T. J. Wallace—Illustrated by D. E. Eason.

THE North American Indian of three centuries ago was a child of nature in more than one sense of the word. He feasted during the seasons that provided natural foods in abundance and starved through those in which nature withdrew her lavish hand. He never seemed to have acquired the art, or even the sense of need, of providing food for the days to come.

We are told that Indians who fed on the fat of the land during the summer, actually starved in great numbers about the camp of Cartier, in the winter of 1634-35. We know that the Algonquins grew pumpkins and corn —the pumpkins rotted and the quantity of corn harvested depended on the amount of labor expended by these naturally lazy people. But in the heart of the Trent country grew a naturally wild product, that depended in no sense on the Indian's wisdom, wish or will, but preserved itself through all seasons and conditions of climate—the Wild Black Rice.

The home of this wonderful product of nature is on a small lake which takes its name from it, and is situated in the Province of Ontario, between Northumberland County, on the south and east, and Peterborough County on the north and west. The lake lies, in accordance with the glacial formation of the surrounding country, northeast by southwest, and is nothing more than a level submerged valley, its greatest depth being twenty feet. Two parallel ridges show in places by a succession of small islands, and it is on these submerged ridges, and in the shallows between them and the shore, that the wild rice grows. The land around is for the most part of a heavy clay soil, and, consequently, the bottom of the lake is covered with two feet or more of a dark, oozy character.

The plant grows in all parts of the lake where the current is not sufficiently strong to wash away this mud; but there are two places where it grows particularly rank and thick. The one great "bed" extends northeast from Paudash Point (Island), to Rainy Point (Island), a distance of two miles, and the other from the north end of Rainy Point in the same direction, about four miles to Upper Foley Island. The former is owned and controlled by the Mississauga band of Indians, located at Hiawatha, and the latter by the Chippewa band, at Alderville, Rainy Point, being the dividing line. No white man can lawfully harvest a grain of it. It is an annual that grows from seed fallen the previous autumn. As the level of the lake is raised yearly, eighteen or twenty inches, by spring freshets, the plant does not show itself till the middle of June; previous to this one would not suspect its existence. Then as the water lowers and the plant grows, its bright green leaves, resembling very much the leaves of oats, rest on the surface of the water, and it is not until the last week of July that the stalk "shoots to head" and, consequently, stands erect. Although it is almost submerged, yet should the season be dry, the crop will be light. It grows to a height of about four feet above the water, and blossoms about the middle of August. It then waves thick and strong, and to a canoeist in its midst it appears "unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful." I use the word "canoeist" advisedly, for with no other craft is it possible to force a passage through its dense growth. Woe betide the unlucky yachtsman, who, by a severe gale, is blown into it, for he may extract his boat the same day, or he may not.

During the last few weeks of August scores of Indian families forced by instinct rather than by necessity, leave their well tilled government lands and camp on Sugar Island in the heart of the great northern rice bed. After arranging their tents, they build their fireplaces of stone, and wind-breaks of brush, haul out the

Parching the Rice.

Another View of Parching the Rice.

large wooden threshing troughs, set up the great drying kettles, sharpen their long-pointed threshing sticks, and, in general, prepare for the harvest.

The mode of gathering the rice is unique. A dusky, muscular brave sits close to the bow of the canoe, while his better half sits well to the stern. He guides the canoe slowly and skillfully through the dense beds, while the squaw wields the two sticks, with one bending the stalks well over the canoe, and with the other, beating out the grain, hulls and all, into it. I have seen canoes return from the fields laden to the gunwale with this strange grain. It is then spread out in bins to dry in the sun. Large quantities are marketed in this condition, to be shipped to foreign lakes, where, I believe, it is sown, and more or less successfully grown. The greater part is subjected to a still further process. The big iron cauldrons are placed over a moderate fire, and half filled with the unshelled grain. An attendant keeps it constantly stirred to prevent its burning. When thoroughly parched it is allowed to cool, and is placed in circular wooden troughs. These are set close to a tree, and in them, supporting himself by a limb,

Winnowing the Rice.

General view of the Rice Beds.

an Indian, to the tune of some popular air, "dances the grain from the hull."

The contents are then spread on a large sheet, and before a brisk wind great handfuls are let fall, the heavy grain dropping to the sheet, and the light hulls being blown away. This is exactly the same method as that used by the early settlers, to winnow their wheat. It is crude and slow, but the Indian's time is not valuable; the machinery used is not expensive, and, more than all, he loves this work, not thinking it in the least laborious.

Great numbers of whites are annually attracted to the rice camps, where the simple life may well be studied. A description of this life, of the annual rice picnic, and the Sabbath camp meeting would furnish interesting and amusing reading.

How much rice will an Indian family gather? That depends entirely on the industry of the operators. I have known families to gather no more than sufficient for their immediate needs, while others market a dozen bags, (one hundred and twenty pounds each), of shelled grain.

In the hull, the grain resembles oats, but is much longer and more slim. The kernel is of the thickness of the lead in a pencil, and nearly three-quarters of an inch long, the outer skin being almost jet black and the inside snowy white. Fifteen years ago, it sold as low as three cents per pound, unshelled, and five cents shelled, but now it is disposed of at fifteen cents per pound unshelled. One is glad to get it at that for as a food it is unexcelled. Unlike the white rice, it has a rich flavor without additional helps, and when boiled, sweetened and served with cream, it is a food fit for the gods. I would rather do a hard day's work on a meal of black rice alone, than on one of beefsteak. What the oatmeal is to the hardy Scot, black rice is to the dusky Trent Indian. He cooks it when convenient, but more often eats it raw.

"Dancing the Rice."

The Camp on Sugar Island

Last year Messrs. Anderson and Skinner, of Keene, handled three tons of it, while Mr. Edmison, of Harwood, did an equally good business. Tons of it, however, are never marketed, for the Indians have a great love for it, and always keep their own share for winter use. Again, it is safe to say, that on account of the crude method of harvesting, and the Indians' monopoly of the crop, one-half is never gathered. Thus thousands of teal, black and bluebill ducks are attracted to Rice Lake in the fall to feed on the rice before it sinks to the bottom of the lake.

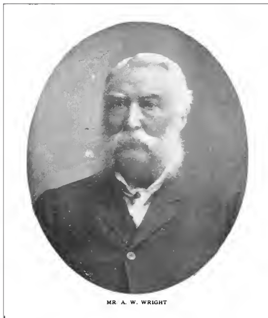
It is probably an exaggeration, but one is tempted to remark that almost an equal number of hunters are attracted to Rice Lake by the ducks. Sheltered by the vast rice fields, the nimrods wage war against the feathered tribe. How this war is carried on may be the subject for another article. The grain that is not eaten by the ducks sinks to the bottom of the lake and affords seed for the next year's crop.

The First Public Ownership Candidate

To Contest a Constituency Solely on This Distinctive Policy is Mr. A. W. Wright — One of the Fathers of the Principle of Protection—Twenty-eight Years Ago He Advocated the Building of the C. P. Railway as a Government Enterprise—Some of His Outstanding Characteristics.

THE first man in Canada to seek election solely on a platform of public ownership of all utilities that are in the nature of a monopoly, and on that plank alone, is Mr. Alexander Whyte Wright, who is a candidate for Legislative honors in West Toronto.

In many respects Mr. Wright is a unique figure. He is probably the most convincing platform speaker in Canada. In marshalling facts and presenting an argument he has few, if any, superiors; he is cool, calm and logical, and can secure a hearing in a mob where others fail. He says that the secret of getting a hearing in a turbulent meeting is to tell the truth and present the issue fairly. Mr. Wright never gets ruffled, never loses his temper and is always a thorough master of himself. He is one of the fathers of the National Policy. Away back in 1875, in the old United Empire Club rooms, Toronto, he was one of a deputation of six that waited upon Sir John A. Macdonald, then leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons, urging him to adopt a protective policy for the benefit of Canadian industries. All the members of that deputation with the exception of Mr. Wright. have passed away. The others were: Hon. Isaac Buchanan, of Hamilton; John Maclean, father of W. F. Maclean, M.P.: William Wallace, M.P. for Norfolk; W. H. Fraser, of Toronto, and David McCullough, of Hamilton. At that time there was virtually no protection in force, the Mackenzie tariff being a uniform one of 17½ per cent. The following year, Mr. James Goldie, now of Guelph, was the candidate in a bye-election in South Wellington on the protective ticket, although a Liberal in politics. He was warmly supported by Mr. Wright and others. A valiant fight was engaged in and Mr. Goldie, although meeting with defeat, managed to cut down the majority very materially. So satisfactory was the outcome, so readily did the people accept the policy, and so hearty was the interest aroused in the protection, that it is said to have led Sir John to bring in a want of confidence motion, when the House was in supply, setting forth a resolution in favor of the N.P. In the following year the House was dissolved and a general election ensued. Mr. Wright spoke on many a platform advocating the policy, delivering during the campaign over one hundred speeches and by his cogent, logical and impressive addresses, carried conviction home in many a centre of Ontario. After the battle Sir John A. Macdonald, in a letter to Mr. Wright, said, that although he had the pleasure of hearing him in only one address, he was delighted with the way Mr. Wright marshalled his facts and presented his arguments. The gathering at which Sir John was present was in the old amphitheatre, where the present City Hall stands. Meetings were held there twice a week for some months, and a lively battle waged. "and," added Sir John, "I hope to express my gratitude to



MR. A. W. WRIGHT

you in a more substantial way, and will be delighted if you will give me the opportunity to do so."

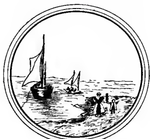
Had Mr. Wright been looking for political favors this was the golden moment; but he was not seeking personal preferment, and he so wrote Sir John. Altruism being a dominant trait of his nature he chose rather to remain an humble follower in the ranks. He has always held fast to principle, many times at great personal sacrifice, even when it meant the severance of party ties and life-long associations. Mr. Wright to-day should be one of the great captains of industry, as he began life as a carpet and woollen manufacturer, and if it were not for his big heartedness and strict adherence to any cause which he deems right, he would doubtless be one of the leading manufacturers in Canada.

Several illustrations of this might be furnished. In 1880, when the building of the C.P.R. across the continent was projected, he advocated its construction by the Government as a

national undertaking. He was then editor of the Guelph Daily Herald, but, sooner than advocate a policy at variance with his party, he retired from the editorial chair, and delivered an address at a great mass meeting in Guelph, composed of members of both political parties, when he set forth his plan. A resolution presented by him in favor of government ownership was endorsed by the great gathering, there being only one dissenting vote. Sir John A. Macdonald wrote him that while the view which he presented had much to commend it, and under different circumstances might be practical, it was impossible to carry it out at that time.

Another stirring incident in the somewhat varied career which Mr. Wright has undergone, is that about seventeen years ago he took the leading part in straightening out the great strike of the Knights of Labor on the New York Central Railway. He was then secretary of the Executive Board of the Knights of Labor, with an office in Philadelphia. The passenger service on the line was not disturbed, but all freight trains were tied up for a month or more. Freight conductors, sectionmen, yardmen, baggagemen and others, joined in the strike. There were no scenes of disorder due to Mr. Wright's great tact, but it was seen by the Executive officers that the action of the strikers was neither wise nor opportune. One of the district master workmen of the organization, however, remarked during the trouble: "Do you not think we were perfectly justified in striking?" "Yes," significantly answered Mr. Wright, "I might be justified in striking John L. Sullivan, but I would be a fool to do so." The Knights of Labor, as an order, is now practically non-existent, the various unions of the different trades having replaced this once flourishing body.

Mr. Wright has been a life-long friend of labor interests, and was appointed a commissioner in 1895, by the Dominion Government, to inquire into the "sweat-shop system" in Canada. He was also one of the promoters of the co-operative colony scheme. He drafted the original Factories' Act, a measure which has been of great advantage to the laboring classes, and has been successful in securing for them other beneficial legislation. He further believes in the policy of creating smelters for the conversion of nickle ore, and declares if such a plan was carried out that Canada would be one of the greatest, if not the greatest, manufacturing countries in the world.



The Power Behind a Vast Enterprise

Some Characteristics and Methods of the Resourceful Men who Created, Control and Operate the Canadian Northern Railway A Great Transportation Line With Over 4000 Miles in Operation and 3000 More Now Building.

By John V. Borne in System Magazine.

IN 1896, nothing

In 1907, four thousand one hundred miles of railway in operation, six hundred under construction, and two thousand more surveyed; the whole absolutely controlled by two men.

Herein is a record that would be remarkable in the United States. In Canada we accept it as a matter of course, and look for more.

Here is a paragraph of details. The derelict charter of the Lake Manitoba Railway and Canal Company was bought, and in 1896 was translated into a hundred miles of railway by William Mackenzie and D. D Mann, two railway contractors who had been partners for ten years. Some extensions were built, and a line from Winnipeg to Lake Superior was begun, the charter for which had been granted to other parties in 1889. In 1901, the Manitoba lines of the Northern Pacific were leased. In 1902, the road to Port Arthur, on Lake Superior, was completed. In 1905, Edmonton was reached; and the main line was 1,265 miles long In 1906, double entrance was gained to Prince Albert—by building a line from the east, and by acquiring a railway from the south that had been operated for fifteen years by the Canadian Pacific This winter, Regina, the capital of Saskatchewan, has been given its first competitive route to the east

While three thousand miles of track have been built and handled in the West, the elements of a transcontinental have been secured in the East by the same two men. The Canadian Northern Ontario is built for three hundred miles, from Toronto to the Moose Mountain iron mines, which, via Key Harbor, a new port on Georgian Bay, will give Cleveland and Pittsburg an additional unlimited supply of first-class ore, five hundred miles nearer than that which comes through Duluth. The Canadian Northern Quebec gives Ottawa a new connection with Montreal and Quebec. With the governance of the Quebec & Lake St John have come first-rate terminal facilities, and access to the greatest pulpwood forests in America In Nova Scotia, 431 miles of line have opened up the south shore between Halifax and Yarmouth, and have tapped great coal deposits in Cape Breton Island

How Earnings Have Greatly Increased in a Few Years.

The first train on this system ran on December 19, 1896 In the first year the gross earnings were $60,000 The staff totalled about twenty. West of Port Arthur alone the earnings are now on a basis of $10,000,000 per annum, and 10,700 are on the regular pay-roll

The explanation? Men, chiefly.

Mr. Mackenzie is president of the Canadian Northern Railway Company: Mr Mann is vice-president They are complementary one of an-

other—which is another way of saying that they differ markedly in their characteristics

MACKENZIE—BUILDER AND ORGANIZER.

And, first, Mr. Mackenzie. Who is he? What is he like? What is his knack of doing things? What is he likely to find round the next bend in the road.

His parents came from Caithness, and cleared a farm about seventy miles back from Toronto. From the first he was ambitious—reticently. He began by teaching school. There was little prospect in that profession, except the possible glory of showing some unsuspected genius how to spell. He found other constructive business. As you pass through Gamebridge, on the Canadian Northern Ontario line, a frame building is shown you as a piece of his handiwork. He kept store; and, when railways were first being built thereabouts, he set up as a sawmiller.

In the early eighties he was building trestle bridges for the Canadian Pacific Railway in British Columbia. He constructed the snowsheds in the Selkirks. The railways from Calgary to Edmonton and from Regina to Prince Albert were built by his firm. In 1891 he secured control of the Toronto Street Railway. The street railway franchise of Winnipeg also came his way. He became heavily interested in Montreal street traction, and, with another, once held similar privileges in Birmingham, England.

MR. WM. MACKENZIE
President of the C.N.R.

A GRASP OF DETAIL, A GENIUS FOR FINANCE, WITH A TOUCH OF ROMANCE.

The beginnings of the Canadian Northern, in 1896, were not as accidental as they seemed. Reticence was the price of success. The wise public said that Western Canada was the inheritance of the mighty Canadian Pacific, the first great railway of the West, and that it was impossible for a great trunk and branches to be built from Lake Superior to the Rocky Mountains, in the same way as little shops have grown into leviathan department stores. But Mr. Mackenzie laughs at impossibilities and converts them into roadbeds, rails and running rights. He is chief of forty-three per cent of the working Canadian railroads between Lake Superior and the Rocky Mountains.

Perhaps the explanation of his power is a combination of a rare instinct for the profitable thing; a capacity rapidly to transmute an idea into a proposition, and a matchless certainty that events will justify the proposition. "Mackenzie never lets go," said one who has known him intimately for many years. The testimony is corroborated by the records of big enterprises that are too numerous to mention.

Where is the place of detail in this makeup? It is everywhere; and nowhere. "I am seldom out in a figure," was how he once described his extraordinary knowledge of the entrails of a business he has once dealt with. But he dismisses as detail many things which the average man regards as essential. He looks right into the centre of a problem; knows instantly what its vital spark is; and discovers a way to kindle it into a blaze, while the other fellow is wondering from which quarter a breeze may come to destroy the flame.

The man who is seldom out in a figure naturally dispenses with some of the common paraphernalia of business. In the board-room of the Canadian Northern Building in Toronto, Mr. Mackenzie has a chair, a telephone, two rows of electric buttons, a blotter and accessories—and that's his outfit. He has Cecil Rhodes' disregard for letter writing. As a rule he makes two trips a year to Europe on financial business. He cannot be induced to take a secretary with him. He always gets what he asks for.

POWERFUL ENERGY BACK OF THIS CANADIAN RAILWAY MAGNATE.

He is not unaware of his genius for financing, but nobody ever hears him speak of it. A few weeks ago he returned from a trip to England, during which he achieved surprising results; and gave interviews to the Toronto papers. The most accurate of the reporters wrote that Mr. Mackenzie received them in his "genially bashful way." Recently a most experienced Toronto editorial writer, who had written much about Mr. Mackenzie for a dozen years—often critically, for Mr. Mackenzie knows how to fight as well as how to be genial—met him for the first time. "I expected," said he, "to meet a big, muscular, domineering man—a sort of express in trousers. But I saw an averaged-sized, thin-handed, and, at first, almost timid man, with wonderful, winning eyes, who has got somewhere about him, an element of romance, if I am not mistaken."

It was a shrewd observation. Mr. Mackenzie's summer home is on the paternal homestead. His devotion to his family is proverbial among all who know Mr. Mackenzie, of Benvenuto, as well as President Mackenzie, of the Canadian Northern. He cares intensely for Canada. To him you might as well criticize the multiplication table, as suggest a doubt of the magnificence of his country. When the Dominion Government fathered the Grand Trunk Pacific scheme, it was suggested to him that the Canadian Northern might be sold at a great price. His answer was immediate, decisive, illuminating: "No, I like building railroads." The most persistent and possibly the most bitter assailant of railways in Canada said this to me, not so long ago: "I believe that when he has built a railway across the continent, Mackenzie will be quite capable of making it a national possession." The remark is useful only as showing that the element of romance suspected by another man is not as deeply overlaid by balance sheets as is generally supposed. Mr. Mackenzie is not primarily a philanthropist. If he were, he could not build railways. But his genius for acquisition is not for self-aggrandizement.

The next bend of the road? The Canadian Northern will be a transcontinental railway, as certainly as anything can be, in a mutable world. Mr. Mackenzie is fifty-seven, "the most tireless man, physically and mentally, I ever saw," said his friend Byron E. Walker, president of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, lately. The longevity of his father is remarkable. There is no visible reason why he himself should not be hale at eighty-five. He will go on building railroads to the end of the chapter.

It agrees with him.

It agrees with Canada.

MANN—A POWER IN RAILWAY MAKING.

"I am a believer in the made-in-Canada idea," said Mr. Mann, to the Toronto Board of Trade. He should be; a tree is known by its fruits. Mr. Mann is altogether a product of Canada. The Canadian Northern has been mainly financed in England, but it is the first great Canadian undertaking that is not a debtor to imported driving powers. It is not a breach of confidence to say that Mr. J. J. Hill regards Sir Wm. Van Horne and Mr. Mann as the two greatest living railroad builders. Mr. Hill knows what he is talking about, and if his modesty conquers him occasionally, it is the only thing that ever did.

If the Canadian Northern is singu-

MR. D. D. MANN
Vice-President of the C.N.R.

lar in Canada, because it owes nothing to extraneous force, it must have developed its own driving powers. Mr. Mackenzie has done the financing: and has been in the public eye more than his partner, who has stayed at home "minding the sheep," as an inconsequential wag said. As a rule, he who minds the sheep is the more difficult entity to size up than he who goes into the market place.

Writing of Mr. Mann, after Mr. Mackenzie, might make it comparatively easy to exhibit him as the complement of Mr. Mackenzie; were it not equally desirable to show Mr. Mackenzie as the complement of Mr. Mann Finance must be followed by Construction. Construction depends on Finance. Finance cannot repeat itself until Construction has justified its promises. In the case of the Canadian Northern, Construction and Finance are truly married. And, as with all fruitful, abiding unions, the parties have qualities alike, besides qualities complementary. Any idea that Mr. Mann is not a first-class financier could not survive a ten-minutes' talk with him about a financial proposition.

Training as a Railroad Builder and Judge of Territory.

Half the art of railroad construction is in getting things done. The antecedent is the choice of right country in which to lay your first rails. The prosperity of your road may finally depend on the success with which you contrive to feed it with tributary lines, and contributory industries. Mr. Mann went to Western Canada somewhere about 1880, because he saw that the ground floor of the future was beyond Lake Superior. Two days ago, I met the head of the firm of lumbermen for whom Mr. Mann was a foreman in 1879. "What was his outstanding quality?" I asked. "Drive!" was the answer. "Organizing the work, and getting it done. He was the best foreman we ever had."

See how these qualities worked under new conditions. Mr. Mann is not given to excess of speech. He observes prodigiously. He was one of the builders of the railways from Regina, the centre of the prairie country, to Prince Albert, near the Forks of the Saskatchewan; and from Calgary, at the foot-hills of the Rockies, two hundred miles northward to Edmonton, which is about four hundred miles west of Prince Albert. He saw the Saskatchewan Valley; and it was very good His notions about it can only be judged by what happened afterwards. The Lake Manitoba Railway and Canal charter, which he and his partner acquired, belonged to the scheme for reaching Hudson Bay. They built their first lines in that direction, through country which one of the earlier Government explorers described as "the finest, in a state of na ture, I have ever seen."

But while this was being done, the magnificent territory between Dauphin, the terminus of 1896, and Edmonton was being pre-empted for a main line to the Pacific. And before the interests that then dominated the railway situation in Western Canada quite appreciated what was going to happen, the Saskatchewan, by the end of 1905, had been bridged in four

places, and there was a main line from Port Arthur on Lake Superior to Edmonton, twelve hundred and sixty-five miles away. The next year, the line from Regina to Prince Albert, through remarkably productive wheat-growing land, fell into the hands of its actual builders; and this year Regina, by a new line to Brandon, has her first alternative commercial line to navigation. Eighteen hundred and forty miles of branches feed the trunk; and the grain elevator at Port Arthur into which the crop is poured, is the largest in the world.

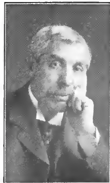
Every acre that has been handled by the Railway's Land Department, was granted with some charter whose promoters failed to finance it. Compared with the cash grants in aid of preceding railways, the monetary help received by the Canadian Northern has been trifling. New charters, and re-adjustments of old ones, have involved much legislation which has been under Mr. Mann's guidance, rather than Mr. Mackenzie's. He is a skilled diplomatist; with the advantage of always working on a case he controls; and, generally, on a case he has created.

Hanna—the Managing Genius.

When creative genius has done its work there is generally need for some expert hand to run the mechanism that has been made. Take a rigid training in auld licht faith and practice; long-houred service on economical Scotch railways; comprehensive experience in New York, Eastern Canada, and the spacious plains of the Last West; broaden and deepen the result, by a decade of management of a fast-growing system of transportation, and you produce the third vice-president of the Canadian Northern—D. Blythe Hanna—and you also produce the keys of his success.

Mr. Hanna is forty-nine. Until he was thirty-eight he was in no distinguished position. His career, though, which was well-founded and grounded in the years preceding that time, has been made, as far as widespread notice is concerned, in that time. Through the auditing staff, the chief accountancy, the treasureship of successive roads in Scotland, the United States and Canada, he reached, the last month of 1896, the avenue to his proper vocation, by becoming the superintendent of the Lake Manitoba Railway & Canal Company, an almost unnoticed line that began in a village and ended 100 miles out in the wilderness. To-day he is in active charge of the running of 4,100 miles.

Mr. Hanna's splendid part in the Canadian Northern is due to his independence of precedent and his devotion to the immutability of "two and two are four." He is six feet two; as strong as a horse. He jokes without difficulty, and enjoys the jokes almost as much as those who hear them. Last spring an Irish banker traveled with him from Winnipeg to Edmonton and confessed he had not laughed so much in any two previous days. From which it is pretty clear he gets on with people—and so, also, with himself.



MR. D. BLYTHE HANNA
Third Vice-President of the C.N.R.

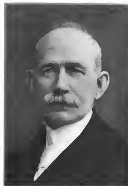
Some Men Who Are in the Public Eye

In connection with the rapid development of local motor companies, no one is playing a more conspicuous part than Mr. E. R. Thomas, a former well-known resident of Toronto, now at the head of the big concern in Buffalo which bears his name. Mr. Thomas is still a frequent visitor to

MR. E. R. THOMAS.

the Provincial capital, from his summer home at Niagara-on-the-Lake. He has stamped his individuality as well as the name Thomas on his self-propelled vehicles. In Canada and the United States, so persistent has become the demand for the big touring car, the natty runabout, the rapid flyer, etc., that on an average one thousand automobiles—the output of the different factories—are being sold each week. This may be well termed the motoring age. Mr. Thomas left for Buffalo in 1898, after being engaged in the motor business in Toronto for several years as managing partner of the Canadian Cycle Company. In the Bison City he engaged in the manufacture of self-propelled conveyances of the motor bicycle type for two years, being the originator of the motor bicycle in America. In 1902 he commenced the manufacture of four-wheeled automobiles in Buffalo and shortly afterwards dropped the motor bicycle end of the industry, retaining the automobile business. This has steadily grown, owing to the high quality of workmanship and material in the vehicles, as well as the reliability, until to-day he stands quite at the top of American automobile industry. The line which is now being in Mr. Thomas' name is the Thomas 6-70 Flyer, the highest powered and fastest stock car in America; the Thomas 4-60 Flyer, the well-known four-cylinder, which is leading the world in the New York-to-Paris Race; the Thomas 4-40 Detroit, being built by the E. R. Thomas Detroit Company, which recently made a world's record by a three-thousand-mile run in midwinter with all gears removed, except the direct drive. The 4-16 town car, the little car which proved itself such a sensation at the New York Show, and the popularity of which is keeping the Thomas factory working both day and night to supply the demand.

Mr. William Mackenzie, the doyen of the Parliamentary Press Gallery in Ottawa, after a quarter century



MR. WM. MACKENZIE.

service, in handling correspondence from the hill for a string of papers from Halifax to Vancouver, and even beyond the seas, is no longer in his accustomed seat. His new title is Secretary of Imperial and Foreign Correspondence. Laboring during each session from sixteen to twenty hours, he never seemed to show the effects. No matter how late the House sat he was always one of the first to be around the next morning. As years went by he appeared to possess the faculty of renewing his youth. No man, in the gallery has ever enjoyed to the same degree, the confidence and intimate friendship of so many Cabinet Ministers and public men as Mr. Mackenzie, while many a raw recruit of the fourth estate has to thank him for helpful service. He perfected a system by which he was enabled to turn out a vast amount of copy. In times of the greatest strain and public turmoil, he was always calm, and it is not recorded that he ever lost his head at any stage of the political game. Mr. Mackenzie, in his new post, will have an office in the Privy Council Department, and the class of correspondence under his jurisdiction will consist largely of a secret and confidential character. This was formerly treated by all the departments in the same way as other correspondence. A better selection as Secretary of Imperial and Foreign Correspondence could not have been made. It requires a man who possesses an intimate knowledge of all affairs of State, and of absolute integrity, and there is no one who measures up to this standard more adequately than Mr. Mackenzie.

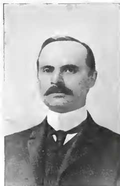
The Commandant of the Canadian Bisley Team for 1908 is Lieut.-Col. Labelle, R.O., Montreal. The team will consist of twelve representatives from Ontario, three from Quebec, two each from British Columbia and Alberta, and one from Nova Scotia—in all, twenty expert marksmen. Col. Labelle is an enthusiastic military man. He entered the 65th Regiment Mount Royal Rifles as a private in 1882, and during the last quarter century has passed through every grade up to Lieutenant-Colonel. He was throughout the Riel Rebellion in 1885, with his regiment, and attained the rank of commanding officer twelve years later. Col. Labelle is well-

LIEUT.-COL. LABELLE

known in England, being present at the Diamond Jubilee of the late Queen Victoria in 1897. For many years he has been in the employ of the Ogilvie Flour Mills Company, and occupies a leading position in this great enterprise. He is a thorough business man, energetic, influential and enthusiastic. He is recognized as one of the most progressive young men in the Canadian metropolis, where he has resided all his life, and can count many friends in both military and business circles in all parts of Canada.

Hon. F. R. Latchford, of Ottawa, recently created a Judge of the Ontario High Court, to fill the vacancy caused by the appointment of Judge Mabee to the Chairmanship of the Board of Railway Commissioners, has long been one of the most prominent residents in the Eastern part of the Province. He is a native of the Capital City, and was Minister of Public Works and afterwards Attorney-General in the Ross Administration, from 1889 to 1905. The new appointee to the High Court Bench is an able lawyer, who has held many offices in the gift of his fellow citizens. The flourishing town of

JUDGE F. R. LATCHFORD.

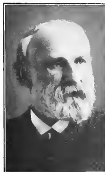


CHANCELLOR C. A. STUART.

Latchford, on the line of the Temiskaming & Northern Ontario Railway, is named after the new judge, who is one of the originators of the Government road. Under his direction while Minister of Public Works, a large portion of the present line was built and various town sites laid out. A gentleman of genial temperament and courteous disposition, with the happy faculty of making friends in all walks of life, tall and erect of person, with a pleasing, well built presence, are some of the characteristics of the new judge. As a speaker he is logical, deliberative and argumentative. Since his voluntary retirement a few years ago from Provincial politics, he has devoted himself exclusively to the practice of his profession and has figured in a large number of leading actions in the Province.

Middlesex County has given to Canada many sons who have won a place in the forefront of numerous professions. Among those who have ascended the ladder in legal and educational work is Judge Charles Allan Stuart, of Calgary, who is a

member of the Supreme Court Judiciary of Alberta, and was recently selected as Chancellor by the members of convocation of the University of that Province. The new Provincial seat of learning has a most promising future and the choice of Chancellor is generally conceded to have been the best that could be made. Judge Stuart has resided ten years in the West. Previous to his elevation to the Bench he served a term in the Alberta Legislature. Not only is he a gentleman of widely-known legal acumen, but also one of culture and experience in educational work. He combines the necessary scholarship and legal ability to make him a strong directing force in the work of the institution. A brilliant graduate of Toronto University, taking honors in Political Science and Classics, he also held a Fellowship in Modern History from Columbia College. Sixteen years ago he delivered a course of lectures at the University of Toronto, on Modern History, as a substitute for the late Sir Daniel Wilson, and afterwards lectured for a couple of years on the Constitutional History of England and Canada. Judge Stuart has always been deeply concerned in the work of higher education.



MR. F. A. VERNER, A.R.C.A.

A Canadian artist, who has won fame abroad by his particularly realistic canvases, depicting the days of the Indian aborigines of the Canadian West, with their wigwams, blankets, huts and rather weird surroundings—the time when that vast territory was the special property of the red man—is Mr. F. A. Verner, A.R.C.A. His studies of Indian life—a Canada of the past—are distinctive, and have given him a standing in the Old Country, that must be particularly pleasing to his many Canadian friends. Mr. Verner's work is noted for its originality as well as its technical excellence. He has been a close student and observer, of the dusky inhabitants of the plains, which have been the foundation of his principal productions. Since 1880 he has resided permanently in England, but may visit the Dominion in the near future. Mr. Verner was born in Halton County seventy-two years ago, and first left Canada for England away back in the fifties. He joined the Third West Yorkshire Regiment. After two or three years' service he went to Italy, with the British Legion. Leaving London in 1860, he served under General Garibaldi, the noted Italian revolutionary, and was present at the Battle of Volturno, at the time of the Siege of Capua and Gaeta in 1860-61. Returning to Canada in 1862, Mr. Verner undertook the studies of Western life and made a number of tours throughout the Northwest. He was present at the Treaty of 1873 at the Lake of the Woods between the Governor of Manitoba and the Ojibway Indians. This gave the artist an opportunity of making a splendid selection of studies of Indian life, which he has used to such excellent advantage in his studio at Fulham, London.

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The New Electric Ordnance. Col. F. N. Maude, C. B.—Cont. Rev.
The Discipline of the Navy—Spectator (May 2).
The Big Gun. K. Snowden—Pall Mall.
Our Maritime Outlook. Jno. F. Greathead.—Overland Monthly.
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Mare Island Navy Yard. Fred A. Hunt—Overland Monthly.
The Log of an Anchored Frigate. E. G. Blakeslee—Overland Monthly.
Target Practice on Board a Modern Man-o'-War. D. L. Dawson—Overland Monthly.
The American Fleet's Respects to Chili. F. Palmer—Collier's (April 25).
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Our Military Forces—Lone Hand.
The Great Naval Cruise. F. J. Dyer—World's Work.
Is Our Standing Army a Suicide Club? R. Hughes—Broadway.
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Pitfalls of Army Reform. A. White—International.

Architecture and the Arts.

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A Proper Village Church. R. L. Hartt.—World's Work.
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The Purchase of Coal on a Scientific Basis. Jno. B. C. Kershaw.—Cassier's.
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A Proper Method for the Keeping of Church Records. M. A. Bowers.—Book-Keeper.
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The Art of Gaining Admission.—Office Appliances.
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The Factory Girl. B. Tracy.—Lone Hand.
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The Tribute Silver. E. C. McMakin. Craftsman.
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My Lord of the Pillagers. B. M. Bower—Popular.
The Canopy Bed. T. Bailey—Collier's (April 25).
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A Grand Army Man. H. J. O'Higgins.—Woman's Home Comp.
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A Few Dining Rooms for Country Houses.—Ladies' Home Jrnl.
Inexpensive Playhouses for Children.—Ladies' Home Jrnl.
How to Have Success with Roses. F. Duncan.—Ladies' Home Jrnl.
The House Dignified. L. H. French.—Putnam's.
The Modern Kitchen. R. Fisher.—Country Life in America.
A Successful Country House of Stone. J. Stuyvesant.—Country Life in Am.
Mistakes I have Made in Building. H. H. Horner.—Country Life in Am.
A Garden Vacation. N. Contant.—Country Life in Am.
Summer Flowering Bulbs. T. Baker.—Home Mag.
Beautiful French Homes. B. Cuvellier.—London.
The Bungalow Era in the East. Edward S. Irvington.—Suburban Life.
The Hardy Rhododendron. H. H. Henry.—Suburban Life.
A Good Living From Bees on Less Than an Acre. Rudolph Strong.—Suburban Life.
Planning and Planting Flower-beds. Parker Thayer Barnes.—Suburban Life.
When Furnishing the Summer Home. Thomas Woodward.—Suburban Life.
Five Hundred Hens and Prosperity. George A. Cosgrove.—Suburban Life.
Vegetables Which Look Life Fruit. Ida M. Angell.—Suburban Life.
The Summer Care of the Lawn. H. J. Vaughn.—Suburban Life.
Canning Rhubarb and Asparagus. Edith Loring Fullerton.—Suburban Life.
How We Built Pine Lodge. Charles A. Miller.—Suburban Life.
Making a Rose Pot-Pourri. Emmett C. Hall.—Suburban Life.
"Casa-del-Ponte." A Summer Home. Barr Ferree.—Am. Homes and Gardens.
Scientific Poultry Breeding. Day Allen Willey.—Am. Homes and Gardens.
Residence of Henry M. Knoedler, Esq.. Walter Williams.—Am. Homes and Gardens.
The Rose as a Summer Bedder. Eben E. Rexford.—Am. Homes and Gardens.
The Garden of Winthrop Sargent, Esq.—Am. Homes and Gardens.
Residence of John M. Chapman, Esq. Francis Durando Nichols.—Am. Homes and Gardens.
Private Automobile Garages. Benjamin A. Howes.—Am. Homes and Gardens.
"Rocksym," a Summer Home. C. W. Whiteway.—Am. Homes and Gardens.
The Forest Garden. R. Quinn.—Lone Hand.
An Adapted Swiss Chalet for $3,700. A. R. Ellis.—Woman's Home Comp.
Ideal Summer Homes Afloat. E. Mayo.—Broadway.
The Maritime House. C. E. Hopper.—Good Housekeeping.
Window Draperies for Summer. D. M. C.—Good Housekeeping.

Immigration and Emigration.

Americans About to Be.—Circle.

Investments, Speculation and Finance.

Safety in Bonds for the Small Investor. Wm. B. Steele.—Am. Business Man.
The Truth About Nevada. J. M. Carroll.—Sunset.
The Financial Situation in Canada.—Canada (April 25).
Which—Roosevelt or the System? F. Blair.—Human Life.
All One's Eggs in One Basket.—World's Work.
Accident Insurance and the Egg Basket.—World's Work.
How the Stock Exchange Works. C. M. Keys.—World's Work.
The Romance of Life Insurance. Wm. J. Graham.—World's Work.

Labor Problems.

The Labor Movement.—International.
The Workers Concerned. A. Ruhl.—Collier's (April 25).
The Greatest Problem Since Slavery. C. A. Phelps.—Broadway.

Life Stories and Character Sketches.

The New Prime Minister. G. P. F.—Young Man.
Dickens as a Journalist. B. W. Matz.—Fort. Rev.
Walter Bagehot. Rev. Dr. Kolbe.—Irish Monthly.
Concerning Tourguenieff. Lady Ritchie.—Living Age (April 25).
Mr. Gladstone at Oxford, 1890. C. R. L. F.—Cornhill.
A Farmer. D. Tynan.—Cornhill.
Lady Hester Stanhope.—Cornhill.
Rena Basin. Hon. Mrs. A. Lyttleton.—Living Age (May 9).
The Life and Letters of Sir Richard Jebb. F. W. Cornish.—Living Age (May 9).
Spencer Compton Cavendish, Duke of Devonshire. O. Seaman.—Living Age (May 9).
The Duke of Gandia.—Living Age (May 9).
Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.—Living Age (May 9).
Miss Terry's First American Tour.—McClure's.
Carl Schurz as a Reporter.—McClure's.
Confessions of a Middle-aged Woman.—Circle.
The Fifth Summer of Our Kentucky Cardinal. J. Brooks.—Lippincott's.
Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.—Sat. Rev. (April 25).
Morgan—Master of the Money Mart. C. E. Russell.—Human Life.
Famous Hermit Who Lives in a Tree Top. A. Rohe.—Human Life.
"Dan" O'Leary—the Man Who Can Walk. N. Howes.—Human Life.
Governor Johnson in Washington.—Collier's (April 25).
The Poet and the Children. I. Cavendish.—Pall Mall.
Major Arthur Hughes-Onslow. A. E. T. Watson.—Badminton.
Sir Robert Hart.—Sat. Rev. (May 2).
The Ill-luck of the Reigning Grand-Ducal House of Baden. T. Schwarz.—Munsey's.
Ex-Senator Stewart of Nevada. Sam P. Davis.—Munsey's.
James Buchanan, Pennsylvania's Only President of the United States. L. Orr.—Munsey's.
Great Achievements of Men Over Sixty. E. B. Simmons.—Munsey's.
Reminiscences of a Franco-American. Mme. Chas. Bigot.—Putnam's.
Edmund Clarence Stedman. H. W. Boynton.—Putnam's.
Jefferson Davis at West Point. Prof. W. L. Fleming.—Metropolitan.
The Experiences of Clarence. A. H. Adams.—Lone Hand.
Mr. De Morgan's Habits of Work. B. Stoker.—World's Work.
Chief Croker and His Fighters of the Great Red Plague. G. Willets.—Broadway.
Lord Cromer on Gordon and the Gladstone Cabinet. Sidney.—Living Age (May 16).
Lawrence O. Murray. C. H. Forbes-Lindsay.—World's Work.
The New Prime Minister of Great Britain. T. P. O'Connor.—World's Work.

Miscellaneous.

Improving Earth Roads. W. A. McLean, C.E.—Farmer's Advocate (April 23).
The Highlanders of Old. The Duke of Argyll.—Pall Mall.
Diary of a Collector. E. Mew.—Pall Mall.
The Coming Censorship of Fiction. B. Tozer.—Living Age (May 2).
The New Turbine Yacht Alexandra. A. C. Hurd.—Cassier's.
The Six Cylinder Automobile. H. L. Towle.—Cassier's.
Graduation Day. Jno. T. McCutcheon.—Appleton's.
Mr. Roosevelt on the Misuse of Wealth.—Spectator (May 2).
An April Blizzard.—Spectator (May 2).
The Poems of Mary Coleridge. B. Holland.—Living Age (May 9).
Likeableness.—Living Age (May 9).
The Poetry of the Bible.—Living Age (May 9).

Getting Back to the Base of Our Supplies. E. J. Hollister.—Craftsman.
The Ostrich. A. S. Wheeler.—Smart Set.
The Village Pump. D. C. Pedder.—Cont. Rev.
Ancient Wisdom and Modern Knowledge. E. M. Caillard.—Cont. Rev.
The Waste of Daylight. Sir A. West.—Cont. Rev.
A Greater and a Greatest San Francisco. Jno. Chetwood.—Overland Monthly.
Some Jacks that Built Houses. R. Masson.—Chambers's Jrnl.
Behind the Scenes in Printing-house Square. T. H. S. Escott.—Chambers's Jrnl.
An Adventure with "Gray Nurses." L. Becke.—Chambers's Jrnl.
The Fair Complexion. F. Blake.—Living Age (April 25).
The Literature of Introspection. A. C. Benson.—Living Age (April 25).
The Village at Play.—Living Age (April 25).
The Artistic Temperament. Rev. David Bearne.—Irish Monthly.
On Killenarden Hill. Mrs. N. Tynan O'Mahony.—Irish Monthly.
Letters of Some Interest.—Irish Monthly.
The New York Saloon. A. H. Gleason.—Collier's (April 25).
Mr. Billy Sanders Discusses Lawson and the People. J. C. Harris.—Home Mag.
Seven Months as Raisuli's Prisoner. Kaid Sir Harry MacLean.—London.
The Stock Exchange from Within.—London.
Foreign Cheese Made in America. C. Thom.—Suburban Life.

Municipal and Local Government.

Guarding Chicago's Health on Business Principles. E. R. Pritchard.—Am. Business Man.
A Great City's Thirst. Geo. A. King.—Lone Hand.

Nature and Outdoor Life.

Changes in Bird Life. Canon J. Vaughan.—Chambers's Jrnl.
Birds in Flight. B. Dale.—Westward Ho.
The First of the Season. Grasshopper.—Rod and Gun.
The Scarcity of Partridges. J. B. Temple.—Rod and Gun.
Our Vanishing Deer. W. H. Low and J. G. Shaw.—Rod and Gun.
Lagging Sea Lions.—London.
The Homeopathic Treatment of Poultry. B. R. Winslow.—Suburban Life.
How to Train Your Dog. N. Newnham Davis.—Suburban Life.
Lassoing Lions in the Siwash. Zane Grey.—Everybody's.

Political and Commercial.

Law in Latin America.—Chambers's Jrnl.
Presidential Possibilities. A. H. Lewis.—Human Life.
The Mohmand Rising.—Sat. Rev. (April 25).
Free Traders or Unionists?—Sat. Rev. (April 25).
The Hop Grower's Appeal.—Sat. Rev. (April 25).
Liberalism and the Coming Debacle. Calchas.—Living Age (May 2).
Great Britain and the United States.—Living Age (May 2).
An Ideal Business Man for President. A. D. Cameron.—Am. Business Man.
The Manchester Election.—Spectator (May 2).
M. Clemenceau's Visit.—Spectator (May 2).
The Position of the Government.—Spectator (May 2).
The Indian Frontier.—Spectator (May 2).
England, America and Japan. Capt. M. Kincaid-Smith.—Living Age (May 9).
Sedition in India. G. D. Drenngn.—Idler.
The House of Lords. Duke of Argyll.—Living Age (April 25).
The Colonial Marriages Act, 1906. E. S. P. Haynes.—Fort. Rev.
A Challenge to Socialism. Dr. J. Beattie-Crozier.—Fort. Rev.
The New Liberal Policy. Vicar of Bray.—Fort. Rev.
Presidential Possibilities. S. Brooks.—Fort. Rev.
Two Conspicuous Candidates for the Republican Nomination.—Munsey's.
At the Reform Club.—Sat. Rev. (May 2).
The Temperance Pretext.—Sat. Rev. (May 2).
Peers or Senators?—Sat. Rev. (May 2).
The Canadian Parliament.—Sat. Rev. (May 2).
The National Conventions and the Country. G. W. Camp.—Metropolitan.
The American Senate as a Second Chamber. A. Johnson.—Living Age (May 16).
The Break-up of American Parties.—Living Age (May 16).
Preparing to Nominate a President. H. L. Beach.—World To-day.
The Crisis Japan Faces.—Collier's (May 16).
What the Matter is in America and What to do About It. L. Steffens.—Everybody's.
India and Mr. Morley's Reform Proposals. S. M. Davaiswami.—International.
The Awakening of the Masses.—International.
A Revolutionist on Regicide. Angelo Vaz, (Oporto).—International.

Poetry.

The Dance of the Seasons. H. Monroe.—Fort. Rev.
To My Imp. J. W. A.—Irish Monthly.
My Pain. R. M. G.—Irish Monthly.
Absence and Presence. A. Upton.—Pall Mall.
The Lost City. G. Cole.—Pall Mall.
My Garden's Neighbor. J. K. Lloyd.—Pall Mall.
After Sunset. W. Gibson.—Living Age (April 25).
Sailing Orders. A. D. Runyon.—People's.
Reflection. S. E. Baker.—People's.
Recognition. H. C. N.—Overland Monthly.
Affairs in Transition. J. A. Spender.—Cont. Rev.
California. D. Drake.—Sunset.
Mr. Tongue. E. Vance Cook.—Smart Set.
An Old Song. A. Ketchum.—Smart Set.
The Idealist. E. Barker.—Craftsman.
Waste Ground at Aldwych. A. H. Fisher.—Living Age (May 9).
The Orgy on Parnassus. Wm. Watson.—Living Age (May 2).

The Jungfrau. K. L. Bates.—Lippincott's.
What Gold Cannot Buy. M. Erskine.—Lippincott's.
Ashes of Roses. A. L. Hughes.—Westward Ho.
I Wed Thee Dear. S. Abbott.—Ladies' Home Jrnl.
Books and the Man. S. W. Mitchell.—Putnam's.
The Ship of Souls. W. H. Hillyer.—Home Mag.
The Mavis. Hugh Lawler.—Living Age (May 16).
The Ride of Phaethon. A. Noyes.—Living Age (May 16).
The Hidden Threshold. Chas. B. Going.—Everybody's.

Railroads and Transportation.

Safety in American Railway Transport. C. A. Howard.—Cassier's.
The New Winning of the West. Geo. C. Lawrence.—Appleton's.
Philippine Railroad Progress.—Overland Monthly.
Modern Wizards. H. Vanderhoof.—World To-day.

Religion.

Christianity in India. J. N. Farquhar.—Cont. Rev.
Modern Attacks on Christian Ethics. J. K. Mozley.—Living Age (May 9).
My Faith. H. A. Kelly.—Appleton's.
The Revision of the Vulgate. S. Cortesi.—Living Age (May 2).
Mrs. Eddy's Theory of the Universe and Man.—McClure's.
What Christian Science Claims. Rev. I. G. Tomlinson.—Metropolitan.
Religion via Greasepaint. H. M. Lyon.—Broadway.
The New Ideal of the Church. Rev. Charles Strong.—International.

Science and Invention.

Are There Men in Other Worlds? Dr. L. Robinson.—Living Age (May 2).
Remarkable Locomotives of 1907. J. F. Gairns.—Cassier's.
The Efficiency of Steam Turbines. F. A. Lart.—Cassier's.
Power Transmission by Chain. R. T. Flax.—Cassier's.
The Ether of Space. Sir Oliver Lodge.—Cont. Rev.
Can Science Abolish War? Col. F. N. Maude, C.B.—Living Age (May 16).
The New Theory of Light Pressure. W. Kaempferts.—Harper's.
Iconographic Researches of His Late Majesty King Carlos of Portugal.—Geographical Jrnl.
Stereo-photo Surveying. F. V. Thompson.—Geographical Jrnl.

Sports and Pastimes.

Village Cricket a Quarter of a Century Ago.—Chambers's Jrnl.
The Past Rugby Football Season. E. H. D. Sewell.—Fort. Rev.
The Olympic Games of 1908. H. Ade.—Young Man.
Exploring a B. C. Glacier. J. G. Harris.—Westward Ho.
A Lady's Experience of Elephant and Rhino Hunting. R. J. Cunninghame.—Badminton.
From Public School to Test Match. J. N. Crawford.—Badminton.
The Fitzwilliam Foxhounds. E. Holmes, Jr.—Badminton.
Is Bowling Deteriorating. Sir Home Gordon.—Badminton.
Rooks and Rook-shooting. "East Sussex."—Badminton.
Canoeing. F. M. Tompkinson.—Badminton.
Salmon Fishing in Newfoundland. A. R. Dugmore.—Country Life in Am.
How to Pitch a Tent. A. R. Dugmore.—Country Life in Am.
A Fishing Camp on the Gunnison River. L. Lewis.—Country Life in Am.
Camping Trips in Maine. W. G. Vermilye.—Country Life in Am.
Canadian Game Permits.—Canada (May 2).
A Record-Breaking Moose Hunt. Dr. W. L. Munro.—Rod and Gun.
An Unrehearsed Bear Hunt. T. Bagley.—Rod and Gun.
The Wayside Tavern and Shooting Match. E. B. Fraleck.—Rod and Gun.
Live Bait: How to Procure and Preserve It. A. T. Middleton.—Rod and Gun.
When Herring Runs in the Rideau. J. A. Moriarity.—Rod and Gun.
Babbling of Bass. C. H. Hooper.—Rod and Gun.
Fresh Fields in the Rockies. Mrs. E. Spragge.—Rod and Gun.
My Experience in Shotguns. G. B. Smith.—Rod and Gun.
If You are Thinking of Camping Out. M. G. Straith.—Ladies' Home Jrnl.
Three Summer Camps for Little Money.—Ladies' Home Jrnl.
The Low Price Motor Boat. H. W. Perry.—Suburban Life.
Vacation Camps and Cottages. W. F. Sleight.—Suburban Life.
How to Make a Camp Fire. W. S. Waterbury.—Suburban Life.
A Successful Co-operative Camp. H. P. Nourse.—Suburban Life.
Keeping Down the Tin Bill. H. L. Towle.—Suburban Life.
A Family Camp. Mary H. Northend.—Good Housekeeping.
Mountain Climbing as a Sport. G. D. Abraham.—World's Work.
In Partnership With Nature. D. Sloers.—Good Housekeeping.
The Vacation Camera. W. B. Thornton.—Good Housekeeping.

The Stage.

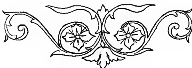
A Breathless Night With "The Follies." H. M. Walbrook.—Pall Mall.
Polly of the Circus.—Smith's.
The Royal Opera. Geo. Cecil.—Idler.

Travel and Description.

Summer Among the May Flies. A. T. Johnson.—Idler.
The Oldest of the Cinque Ports. E. F. Stock.—Idler.
Marsh Court, Hampshire. T. R. Davison.—Idler.
Tropical Climates in the Polar Regions. Sir C. R. Markham.—Cornhill.
Across Europe by Motor Boat. H. C. Rowland.—Appleton's.
An Ocean Backwater.—Chambers's Jrnl.
Canada's Sunset City. Jas. Kerr.—Chambers's Jrnl.
Memories of London in the Forties. D. Masson.—Living Age (April 25).
Life in Edmonton.—Canada (April 25).
The Ruined Cities of Ceylon. Frank Burnett.—Westward Ho.
The Golden West in the Farthest East. F. J. Koch.—Westward Ho.
"Simon Fraser," Explorer. E. O. Schofield.—Westward Ho.
See Canada First. J. S. Bell.—Westward Ho.
Indian Legendry. Maude E. McVicker.—Westward Ho.
The Land of the Future. M. Speed.—Badminton.
Baltimore, the Metropolis of the South. H. N. Casson.—Munsey's.
Vacation Trips for Everybody. C. H. Claudy.—Country Life in Am.
Vacations in Old Lumber Camps. W. S. Carpenter.—Country Life in Am.
A Trip to the Wonderland of the Cascades. Chas. E. Cutter.—Country Life in Am.
The Great American Abyss. Chas. F. Holder.—Country Life in Am.
A Driving Trip in Ohio and Indiana. B. C. Harrington.—Country Life in Am.
The Wonderful Years to be. R. Kipling.—Collier's (April 25).
The Romance of the Great Lakes. J. O. Curwood.—Putnam's.
A Foreign Tour At Home. H. Holt.—Putnam's
My Voyage in the World's Greatest Airship. Hon. C. S. Rolls.—London.
The City of Brilliant Night. S. Gould.—Broadway.
The Old and New Salem. C. H. White.—Harper's.
A Winter Among the Eskimos. V. Stefanson.—Harper's.
Alaska and Its Wealth. W. W. Atwood.—World To-day.
An Eddy in the Stream of Modern Life. C. R. Howland.—World To-day.
Berlin and Its Burghers. S. G. Blythe.—Everybody's.
The Volcanoes of Guatemala. Dr. T. Anderson.—Geographical Jrnl.
Dr. Stein's Central Asian Expedition.—Geographical Jrnl.
Through Eastern Tibet and Kam. Capt. P. K. Kozloff.—Geographical Jrnl.
River and Loch.—Scottish Field.
A Rannoch Forest: Dunalastair.—Scottish Field
Strathleven House.—Scottish Field.
Blackpool To-day. W. M. Bamford.—Scottish Field.
Lochearnhead and District. C. J. H. Cassels.—Scottish Field.

Women and the Home.

Oxford as an Educational Centre for Women. L. V. Lambert.—Education.
The Price Women Pay for Liberty. L. M. Saunders.—Appleton's.
Mothers and Daughters. Anna O'Hagan.—Smith's.
For the Girl Who Wants to be Pretty. F. Augustine.—Smith's.
The Successful Mother.—Ladies' Home Jrnl.
The Six Great Moments in a Woman's Life. E. Calvin-Blake.—Ladies' Home Jrnl.
A Woman's Worst Emotion. L. H. Gulick, M. D.—Ladies' Home Jrnl.
How to Use Things Often Thrown Away. Mrs. S. T. Rorer.—Ladies Home Jrnl.
Pretty Girl Questions. Emma E. Walker, M.D.—Ladies' Home Jrnl.
Rice as the Chinese Prepare It. H. Copeland.—Ladies' Home Jrnl.
How to Care for Household Brooms. G. Rice.—Ladies' Home Jrnl.
Some Women of France. E. J. Putnam.—Putnam's.
A Lady's Experience of Elephant and Rhino Hunting. R. J. Cunninghame.—Badminton.
Hats and Moods. Mrs. E. Pritchard.—London.
Honeymoons.—Woman's Home Comp.
A Modern Charlotte Corday.—Woman's Home Comp.
Problems of the Business Girl. A. S. Richardson.—Woman's Home Comp.
Lavish Weddings of American Heiresses. M. K. Warwick.—Broadway.
An Outdoor Linen Shower. Wm. E. Barton, D. D.—Good Housekeeping.
On Going Visiting.—Good Housekeeping.
Wives of the Pseudo-Rich.—Everybody's.



The Busy Man's Book Shelf

Best Selling Books.

The best selling books during the past month were:—

CANADA.

Somehow Good. By Wm. De Morgan
Weavers. By Sir Gilbert Parker
Three Weeks. By Elinor Glyn.
Shuttle. By F. H. Burnett
Barrier. By Rex Beach
Black Bag. By L. J. Vance

UNITED STATES.

Black Bag. By L. J. Vance.
The Barrier. By Rex Beach.
The Shuttle. By F. H. Burnett.
Somehow Good. By Wm. De Morgan.
The Ancient Law. By Ellen Glasgow.
The Weavers. By Sir Gilbert Parker.

* * *

Some New Books Worth Reading.

The Night Riders. By Henry C. Wood.
Beau Brocade. By Baroness Orczy.
A Millionaire Girl. By Arthur W. Marchmont.
The Wingless Victory. By M. P. Willcocks.
The Lost Millionaire. By Lillian Campbell Davidson.
The Barrier. By Rex. E. Beach.
Exton Manor. By Archibald Marshall.
Craven Fortune. By F. M. White.
The Orphan. By Clarence E. Mulford.
Vavenne. By Percy James Brebner.
The Admiral Davis. By Ronald Legge.
Morals of Marcus Ordeyne. By W. J. Locke.
Three Weeks. By Elinor Glyn.
Her Faithful Knight. By W. Bourne Cooke.
Lillies of Eternal Peace. By Lillian Whiting.
The Disinherited. By George Wallace.
Our Rich Inheritance. By James Freeman Jenness.
The Light Eternal. By Peter Rosegger.
The Square Pegg. By W. E. Norris.
Told in the Hills. By Margh Ellis Ryan.
Go to It. By John Heart.
Pearl of Pearl Island. By John Oxenham.
The Profligate. By Arthur Hornblow.
The Four Fingers. By F. M. White.
Deep Moat Grange. By S. R. Crockett.
Trails and Tails in Cobalt. By W. H. P. Jarvis.
A Garden in Antrim. By Evg S. Molesworth.
Bemocked of Destiny. By Aeneas McCharles.
Gleaned from Life's Pathway. By M. C. Pritchard.
Go Forward. S. J. Rock.
The Chaperones. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson.
The Heart of a Child. By Frank Danby.
The Spanish Jade. By Maurice Hewlett.
Mr. Crewe's Career. By Winston Churchill.
Prima Donna. By F. Marion Crawford.

BIRTHPLACE OF MISS LILY DOUGALL, MONTREAL.
Ivy Cottage, on the side of Montreal Mountain, built in 1846 by Mr. John Dougall, and the present home of Mr. John R. Dougall, editor of The Montreal Witness. Miss Dougall is well known as the authoress of several successful novels.

Improvements in Office Devices

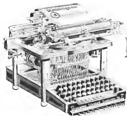
Won High Honor.

Miss Elise Scott, of the Business Systems Commercial School, Toronto, took part in the recent contest in typewriting in Philadelphia. She not only succeeded in winning a gold medal, but broke the record established last year by 80 words. She divided honors with Miss Rose L. Fritz, of New York, the champion lady typist of the world, and by her expert work brought distinction to Canada.

* * *

Book-keeping Typewriter.

A specially constructed bookkeeping typewriter with several exclusive features for rapid handling of up-to-date systems is now being installed in many offices by the Remington Typewriter Co., where economy of time, money, space, energy, and elimination of waste effort, are constantly being studied. The profitable conduct of accounting methods is as important these days as getting business. Daily entry systems, condensed charging (bill written and account charged in one operation, no waste space on the sales sheet) unit and order systems, as well as other multiple office forms are most easily and speedily handled on this new machine. Its special features are end and side guides, assuring absolute accuracy for the paper feed with positive registry of the printing. The annular scale is in itself a marvel



of convenience for many uses. Its variable line cylinder or platen insures double the wear over any other form of printing surface. Equipped with Gorin tabulator and two-color ribbon attachment, this new product covers the entire field of mechanical bookkeeping.

* * *

Self-filling Pen.

Self filling fountain pens are now a success. They have long passed beyond the experimental

stage. The Dr. Faber Self-Filling Pen Co., of Toledo, Ohio, have perfected a self-filling, self-cleaning pen that has been severely tested and found satisfactory on every point. The pen is easy to fill. The lever is pressed and then the pen is stuck in the ink well up to the holder. The lever is next released and the reservoir is filled. The feed is by capillary attraction. The ink is contained in a reservoir or seamless sack, and does not come in contact with the joints. The pen cannot blot because of its perfected feed bar. Dr. Faber has patented the self-filler, which writes perfectly with any good ink. The feed is always plentiful without being too plentiful, and the appearance of the whole is as sightly as the pen is serviceable.

What Men of Note Are Saying

What Games Teach Us.

MR. EUSTACE MILES, former amateur champion court tennis player of Great Britain, says:

I cannot for a moment pose as one who has taken full advantage of the excellent teaching of games. I can only claim that, had I not played games so much, I should have been still more deficient in many qualities than I am at present.

The same applies to the training of the intelligence and reason, though here I feel I owe more to games than I do in the moral sphere, where I seem to owe more to commonsense physical culture.

It was my faulty method of playing racquets and other games, than my vain attempts to improve by sheer, unthinking practice; then my realization of the plan of mastering a whole, not as a whole, but part by part, process by process, after analyzing the whole, that first put me in the way of what I have found to be the most valuable law of learning and practice—a law applicable alike to the learning of history, of science, of article writing and many other subjects, within my personal experience.

Then there is the habit of rapid adaptation to new conditions and emergencies; nowhere is this habit so quickly developed as in games, if the thinking mind be brought to bear on them.

Next, there is the teaching as to co-operation, division of labor, captaincy and other matters so essential to business success.

In fact, games seem to be the natural training ground for actual life; the best and simplest training ground not only for animals and children, but also—and scarcely in any less degree—for adults.

Where else can we see so clearly how to bear and use defeat, and, what is far harder, how to bear and use victory?

The pity is that such nonsense is talked about games by those in authority. Give a dog a bad name and hang it. Call games mere muscle development and recreation, or mere frivolity, and at once you strike a severe blow at their chances of helping individuals, groups, nations and humanity; at once you, if you are a reformer or a philanthropist, cut off your own best ally. For instance, what better aid to religion is there than the teaching of fair play? What better aid to socialism than the class levelling and other effects of games?

The pity is that more people have not reflected, and then said or written what they owe to games. Had they done so, we should have many millions more individuals playing the best games and we should have the best games adapted (as football, baseball and cricket are not at present) to city life and moderate purses, so that others could owe to games as much or even more.

* * *

Calls St. Patrick a Baptist.

Rev. Robert Stuart MacArthur, D.D., pastor of Calvary Baptist church, New York City, has shattered all popular beliefs regarding the life and religion of St. Patrick. Dr. MacArthur is an eminent clergyman and a widely known author. He is a Canadian by birth, Dalesville, Argenteuil county, Quebec, being his natal spot. In a recent address before the Current Events class of Calvary church, New York, he cited several authorities for his conclusions that St. Patrick was not an Irishman of French descent or a Roman Catholic; he was born in Scotland, and as far as the ceremony of baptism was concerned, believed as the Baptists of to-day.

From contemporary writings and also from statements in the confessions of St. Patrick, Dr. MacArthur said that he was fully justified in asserting that the saint was born at Bonavem Tabernise, in Scotland, within thirteen miles of Glasgow.

From the fact that nowhere in the writings of St. Patrick is reference made to the authority of the Pope, Dr. MacArthur based his conclusions that Ireland's patron saint was not a Catholic. He told of the thousands of converts made by the preaching of the great saint and how the baptisms were made by walking into pools or other large bodies of water.

* * *

Imprisonment Conducive to Long Life.

Dr. William A. Evans, Commissioner of Health of Chicago, has discovered that penitentaries are more conducive to longevity than is the average home. Dr. Evans' conclusion is based on his study of the reports and mortality tables of the penitentiaries at Joliet and Michigan City. Dr. Evans discovered that the death rate in Joliet was 7.73 per thousand for one year, as against 11.22 per thousand for the same time among persons of corresponding ages in Chicago.

"A man between twenty and sixty years of age living in Chicago," says Dr. Evans, "will improve his chances of living 34.6 per cent—

11.22 compared with 7.73—by going to prison at Joliet.

"Prison control of the average inmate of Joliet gives him a better chance for his life than does the individual control of the average Chicago citizen."

Why is the death rate in Joliet so much lower than the death rate in Chicago?

The answer is so simple that it is likely to astonish the inquirers. The men committed to prison live longer because they do not overeat. Their food is given to them in regular quantities at regular times, and they are not given too much. That is the secret of the Joliet death rate.

Three-fourths of the population of Chicago overeat. This theory, advanced by the celebrated Chicago rectal specialist, Dr. John Maxwell Auld, some time ago, has been proved by the comparison of these mortality statistics. Dr. Auld insisted that too much food was the great evil that beset Chicago. Too much drink caused few deaths as compared with the evil of overeating.

* * *

A Big Thing for Trade.

"President Roosevelt has done the manufacturing interests of the United States a great service by sending the fleet around South America."

This is the statement made by John H. Moss, of the Rockwell Manufacturing Company and head of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association, Milwaukee.

"In the reception given to our officers trade interests have been spoken of repeatedly," continued Mr. Moss, "and the old saying that 'commerce follows the flag' is proved by the large number of inquiries our own and other Milwaukee plants are receiving for goods as a result of the showing made by the fleet."

* * *

Press Causes Trouble.

"There is no trouble between China and Japan. It is all in American newspapers. They write, write, write all the time and tell of trouble when there is no trouble," said Minister Wu Ting Fang on his arrival in Omaha en route to Washington.

"The Chinese door is open to the world. The open door is no myth in China.

"There is, of course, some local friction between the Chinese and Japanese, owing to the evacuation of Manchuria by the Japanese and the taking possession of that country by the Chinese. The Chinese Viceroy ruling in Manchuria probably has found it necessary to refer certain matters to the Chinese Foreign Office for arrangements with the Japanese. But because of the local differences between two people there is no reason for trouble between two nations.

"Also, there is a little friction locally only, in the disposition of an island lying between Corea and China. Japan is settling the affairs of Corea and claims that island. China also claims the island. The matter is being settled, but is still in dispute. But there will be no trouble between the two countries. Their interests lie too closely together to admit of any war between the two nations.

"It's all because the American newspapers write, write, write all the time and must have something to say."

* * *

A Severe Blow at Early Rising.

Two severe blows have been struck at the proverbs "Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise," and "It's the early bird that catches the worm." Dr. Savary told the members of the French Academy the other day that early rising, instead of rendering a man healthy, wealthy and wise was far more likely to drive him insane. This opinion has received support from Dr. Forbes Ross, a noted physician, of London, England.

According to the latter early rising makes for mental inefficiency. If we were allowed to go to sleep and to wake when we liked, nerve illness and half the ailments in the world would be abolished.

"Ninety per cent. of the early risers end by suffering from insomnia. And many of them get the habit because they cannot sleep. They are like the fox in the fable—they want everybody else to follow their pernicious example."

Finally Dr. Forbes Ross declares that a man who wakes up of his own accord will do double the work of the man who forces himself to rise early. The thick-headed, sleepy clerk is the man who gets to the office first in the morning. He is not worth his wages. The brightest man is the man who is late, because he has overslept.

It is only a ploughman or a yokel who has no brain work to do that can rise early with impunity. But, then, it is pointed out, he goes to bed at eight in the evening.

"People must have a healthy heart to rise early," says Dr. Forbes Ross. "Many a person with a weak heart has jumped up, awakening early, and fallen back dead.

"Few brain workers of any value get up early. One or two novelists boast that their best work is done in the early hours of the morning—but, then, they don't say how they rest for the remainder of the day.

"If a man wakes up and remains awake for some time he should then get up. But if he is awakened before his sleep is exhausted the tendency is to go to sleep again. And this shows that forced early rising is wrong."

* * *

The Seed Well Planted.

At a recent gathering Mr. R. L. Borden, leader of the Opposition in the Canadian House of Commons, said:

"The prophecy of the late Dr. Douglas that the child was then born who would place its hand on the head of a child that would see

seventy-five million people in British North America, will be abundantly fulfilled.

The seed is planted, and the flower
Shall flourish, as the human will
For good or evil rules the hour.

"Let us see to it that the seed planted amid the toil and suffering incident to the days of the pioneers is well nourished by us whose rich heritage was created by the sacrifices of the past."

* * *

Benefits of Optimism.

"The Optimist Club of America" was recently organized at Salt Lake City, with Charles A. Quigley, general manager of the Studebaker Company, Salt Lake City, as its president. Mr. Quigley says some of the mottoes of the club are:

"Shake hands as if you meant it and smile."
"Nobody can compute the value of a smile."
"The greatest smiler is the greatest healer."
"Smile and the world smiles with you."
"A smile is God's own medicine."

The philosophy of the club is expressed in little sentences like these:

"There are more people dying each day for the lack of a kind word, a pat on the back and a little encouragement than from disease."

"The man who never makes mistakes never makes anything else."

"When in doubt take optimism."

"Clearing house certificates and tight financial conditions have afforded people who never had a dollar an excuse for hard luck stories more than anything that has happened since the civil war."

"Let optimism destroy the last hope of the pessimist and perfect confidence will again prevail, with peace and plenty for all."

* * *

Anger Hard on the Brain.

Maurice de Fleury, a distinguished Frenchman, has just written a short scientific treatise in which he advances the interesting theory that every time we become angry our vitality shrinks so much in proportion to every outburst. After even the most artfully suppressed signs of bad temper, according to the London Evening News, our vitality becomes smaller and smaller until finally nothing is left.

The moral of this French doctor's treatise, of course, is that we should never allow ourselves to become angry if we value our health and life.

Anger is a certain kind of cerebral excitement, explains Dr. Fleury. The hyperesthenic subject is always on its verge, while the neurasthenic becomes infuriated only by a sudden bound of reaction excited from without. But at the moment when they are let loose the two are alike, save that the strong man is a blinder brute, while the weak man is somewhat of an actor and seems to aim at effect.

"The more we reflect on it," says Dr. Fleury, "the more we are led to think that the brain of man is at all points to be compared to a delicate and complex machine, which is fed with sensations and gives back muscular contractions, gestures and written or spoken language. Like every machine, it furnishes what is called in mechanics 'work.'

"Now, the immense work performed by the brain during the anger crisis is so much work lost, worse than lost, harmful, apart from the evil it may do to its object, who may be killed by it, it is harmful to the person who gets into the rage. We are degraded by anger; not only does it humiliate us in the eyes of others, but it leaves us dejected and exhausted.

"I acknowledge that this idea would be humiliating if it were not scientifically exact and practically very moral. In fact, it teaches us that in order to moderate the vain and lamentable paroxysms of anger or to bring them to an end, we must replace them by regular, moderate and useful work."

* * *

Forty-storey Buildings Are Too Tall.

Limiting the height of skyscrapers in New York city was the theme of speakers at a public hearing before a committee of the Building Code Revision Commission. All the speakers contended that a continuance of buildings thirty and forty storeys in height will ultimately make it possible for a congestion in the streets down town which is not imagined at the present time.

Ernest Flagg, architect of the Singer building, and several other prominent buildings, advocated a decided reduction in height from his recent undertaking. He recommended that this general height ought not to be more than once and a half the width of the street, and in no case more than one hundred feet.

George W. Babb, president of the New York Board of Fire Underwriters, in expressing the views of the board, condemned so-called fireproof buildings.

"No building is fireproof," he said, "against the possibility of combustion. Fill a building with inflammable and combustible material and the heat of its burning will bring the building to the ground. There is a possibility that if fire started in one of these high buildings it would develop into a conflagration before the fire department could gain control."

* * *

Too Many Swear Words.

During the recent Lenten addresses in St. James Cathedral, Toronto, the rector, Rev. Canon Welch, severely rebuked perjury and profanity.

"It is a well-known fact," he said, "and one of most disquieting significance, that perjury, in the strictest sense of the word, is extremely common.

"Lawyers say that in certain classes of cases they have to take into account the probability, if not the practical certainty, that a proportion of witnesses will perjure themselves in spite of the heavy penalties attached to the offence."

Canon Welch rebuked severely the terrible lack

of truthfulness found at the present time in every-day life, and attributed it to the "disease of insincerity."

Lies can never be called "white" under any circumstances, he said, and one of the thoroughly bad features of modern life is the careless disregard of the exact truth, the habit of reckless statement and unthinking exaggeration which is so common among us.

One of the chief needs of the present age is a finer sense of honor, a nice and delicate feeling of what is due to oneself, one's neighbor, and to God

* * *

The Age in Which We Live.

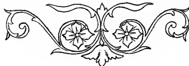
Referring to the subject of Decadence, Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, the eminent British statesman, in an address, said that he did not himself believe that this age was either less spiritual or more sordid than its predecessors. He believed, indeed, precisely the reverse. But, however this might be, was it not plain that if society was to be moved by the remote speculations of isolated thinkers, it could only be on condition that their isolation was not complete? Philosophy had never touched the mass of men except through religion. And though the parallel was not complete, it was safe to say that science would never touch them unaided by its practical applications. Its wonders might be catalogued for purposes of education, they might be illustrated by arresting experiments, by numbers and magnitudes which startled and fatigued the imagination; but they would form no familiar portion of the intellectual furniture of ordinary men unless they were connected, however remotely, with the conduct of ordinary life. There was another, and an opposite, danger in which it was possible to fail. The material world, howsoever it might have gained in sublimity, had under the touch of science lost in domestic charm. For this mood only religion or religious philosophy could supply a cure. But for the former the appropriate remedy was the perpetual stimulus which the influence of science on the business of mankind offered to their sluggish curiosity. If in the last hundred years the whole material setting of civilized life had altered, they owed it neither to politicians nor to political institutions. They owed it to the combined efforts of those who had advanced science and those who had applied it. If their outlook upon the universe had suffered modifications in detail so great and so numerous that they amounted collectively to a revolution, it was to men of science we owed it, not to theologians or philosophers.

* * *

Believes in Boys' Clubs.

Mr. M. C. D. Borden, of Fall River, Mass., has just presented the boys of that city with a $150,000 building, splendidly equipped, and, at the opening exercises a few weeks ago Judge Lindsey said:

"What has most impressed me about it is the spirit of freedom, almost proprietorship, of the boys themselves. To them it is 'de club,' their club. Around it there hangs no air of patronage, or of charity. Its helpfulness is unobtrusive, perhaps unsuspected. Indeed, it is not a charity in any fair sense of the word, because the boys pay as large a proportion of the running expenses of the club as the college boys do of the running expenses of the colleges. Its competitors are, as Mr. Chew says, not the churches nor the schools, but the streets and the saloons. And its greatest achievement is, to my thinking, that the boys and men come here as freely and unconsciously as they go there, and because they prefer the club."



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Science and Invention

Progressive Farming Methods.

ALTHOUGH a certain class of farmers are rather conservative and inclined to use the methods their fathers employed, there are a great number filled with the progressive spirit of the age. Tread mills have had their place and horse-power machines have followed. Windmills still find a place, but some farmers have adopted other methods for pumping water, cutting fodder, sawing wood, etc. The gasoline and oil motor is fast finding a place on the farm and sometimes in conjunction with the windmill. Churning is now done by the gasoline or oil engine and up-to-date creameries have instalments of these motive powers.

In the western wheat lands, gang plows are seen drawn by traction engines, using oil and gasoline fuels, and on account of the bad alkaline water in parts of the west, causing foaming or frothing in steam boilers, this class of engine will no doubt be generally used in some sections. The gasoline and oil engine is also adaptable for threshing, though the straw fuel used under steam boilers, makes the steam power cheap. However, if water must be drawn some distance this is counterbalanced by the cost of water haulage.

While a horse can be used for purposes that a gasoline or oil motor cannot be used, it is found to be a very profitable asset on the farm and these engines have been brought up to such perfection that they are found very reliable. They are portable and can be changed easily from one place to another. They can be installed in the barn to cut the fodder, in the yard to saw the wood and can be used for threshing, churning, running the fan to clean seed grains, etc. In some parts of Europe the automobile is used on the farm for plowing and freighting, and as this motive power becomes more widely known, isolated users of power will find it a profitable investment.

* * *

New Electric Smelting Furnace.

A new type of electric furnace, the invention of Prof. Dorsey Lyon, of Stanford University, has been installed under the direction of the inventor at the Heroult smelter, on Pitt river two miles from Redding, Shasta county, California. It is now in operation smelting iron ore and is said to be entirely satisfactory, the production being 2,400 pounds of pig iron every twenty-four hours without the addition of a single pound of fuel.

The furnace is called the Lyon, after the inventor, and differs from the Heroult furnace first installed there. It is operated by a single phase current. The furnace now in operation is a smaller one, being constructed on experimental lines, but much larger ones will be built, if this working test, which is to continue for a few weeks, proves as satisfactory as the first results lead the operators to expect. A thorough test will show whether the Heroult or Lyon furnace is the more profitable.

* * *

Clock Made of Straw.

An extraordinary addition has been made to the exhibition of inventions now being held in Berlin. A shoemaker named Wegner, living in Strasburg, has sent in a clock of the grandfather shape, nearly six feet high, made entirely of straw. The wheels, pointers, case and every detail are exclusively of straw. Wegner has taken fifteen years to construct this strange piece of mechanism. It keeps perfect time, but under the most favorable circumstances cannot last longer than two years.

* * *

Ships of Concrete.

In Italy it is proposed to use reinforced concrete for the armor of war vessels, and though, so far, conclusive tests have not been completed concerning the resisting power of this material to shot and shell, it has been successfully applied to the construction of smaller craft. Several barges and pontoons constructed of reinforced concrete are now in use in Italy. The success of this material in structural purposes points to success in adapting it to other work and when the method of making the molds and the workmanship has been improved there is little doubt of this enterprise of building the hulls of vessels with reinforced concrete being a great success.

* * *

New Chloroform Indicator.

The greatest harm from chloroform anaesthesia occurs owing to the gasping of the patient. Dr. Augustus D. Waller, of London University, has invented an apparatus by which the operator always knows the exact percentage of chloroform inhaled and which percentage may be varied at will.

The apparatus consists of a glass case containing a pair of scales in which is a closed glass

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bulb full of air, counterpoised against a weight. A mixture of chloroform and air is drawn into the glass case of the scales and then passes on to the patient, the mixed gases being carried through as they are required. As the drug in the gaseous form is heavier than air the bulb which was originally accurately counterpoised, rises proportionately to the relative percentage of chloroform in the air, and the index of the scales thus gives a means of estimating the quantity of chloroform in the air inside the case of the scales and of reading it off in percentages of chloroform gas on the scale on which the index moves.

* * *

Alcohol From Natural Gas.

A new process of converting natural gas into alcohol has been invented by Dr. Henry Spencer Blackmore, Washington, D.C. The gas contains on an average of 96 per cent. methane, and is converted into alcohol by the action of limited portions of oxygen or air in the presence of a heat-absorbing fluid, such as steam, which prevents complete combustion and maintains the temperature below the decomposing point of alcohol, the oxidation being induced and maintained by passing the gaseous ingredients through an electrically heated gauze.

By subjecting natural gas to a limited or restrained oxidation or combustion in this manner, it is converted directly into alcohols and dehydrogenated alcohols known as aldehydes, the aldehyde of methane alcohol (wood alcohol) being known as formaldehyde. The product, therefore, is a mixture methyl alcohol, containing a small portion of formaldehyde, which can be readily separated. If the combustion is properly regulated and controlled, 5,000 feet of natural gas will produce approximately 50 gallons of alcohol, and as natural gas can be readily obtained in unlimited quantities at from 5 to 10 cents per thousand feet, it follows that the cost of 50 gallons of alcohol produced in this manner would only be 25 to 50 cents for raw material.

A plant demonstrating the commercial value of this process will shortly be erected in western Pennsylvania, probably at Bradford.

* * *

Stamp Licking Machine.

Stamp-licking is to be abolished by a new invention—a machine which places the stamp on the letter without any human aid beyond the pressing of a lever. The machine is unbreakable, so it can be left in the street all night—which means that it will be never too late to get a stamp. The stamp-licker which will probably be in general use in October, is inclosed in a species of cupboard. Altogether it looks very similar to an automatic machine. The envelope is put into a little slot. One, two, or three pennies, according to the number of stamps required, are placed in slots, and a lever is pressed down. The envelope is withdrawn—and there are the stamps upon it. The changing of a finger on a dial will cause stamps of any value required to be stuck on the envelope. No base or foreign coins are accepted by the machine. All coins are weighed on a balance in the interior, and if they are found wanting back they come through another slot.

* * *

Making Rare Stones.

Few of the fair Americans who visit the gorgeous jewellery shops in the Rue de la Paix know that many of the precious stones that glitter about them so attractively come neither from Asia nor Africa, but from the outskirts of Paris. There is at present in Paris a small syndicate comprised of five members, engaged solely in the manufacture of rubies, laboratory-made, are among the most beautiful on the market to-day.

Sapphires of remarkable beauty are also now being made by the pound. So far there is only one manufacturer engaged in the sapphire business, and he is a eclectist of such surprising genius that his monopoly on this part of the trade will probably continue for a number of years. Both sapphires and rubies are of a kind that a princess could wear. Their difference from stones made by nature is such that an expert gem merchant or chemist could only discover it.

* * *

Measurement of High Temperature.

Wedgwood, the famous potter, was the first to point out the necessity of knowing temperature in industrial work. In 1782 he made a pyroscope which depended on the permanent contraction in clay. It was not very accurate, however, as the contraction varies with the quality of the clay. The celebrated Sevres potters in 1882 employed fusible clay to determine the temperature necessary for their work. This method was perfected in 1886 by Seger, who constructed a series of slender triangular fireclay pyramids with fusing points ranging from 1,080 degrees to 3,240 degrees Fahrenheit. When the series is placed in a furnace whose temperature is gradually raised, one after another will bend over as its range of plasticity is reached. These pyramids, however, afford no indication when the temperature is falling.

The thermo-electric properties of metals were first shown in 1820 by Seebeck. In 1830 Becquerel applied this to the measurement of temperature. Various pyrometers have been devised using this principle and are now employed in industrial work. The Le Chatelier and Bristol pyrometer use the thermo-electric properties of metals. In 1871 Siemens introduced the electric resistance method of measurement, and this was perfected and made practical by Callendar in 1887. These are used extensively in England and are accurate up to 2,000 degrees Fahrenheit.

For very high temperatures above the melting point of the metals, such as are used in electric furnaces and many metallurgical processes, the optical pyrometer is widely used. Two types used are the Wanner

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pyrometer based on color estimation, and the Fery radiation pyrometer, based on measuring the intensity of heat radiation. The Morse optical pyrometer is another type depending on comparing the intensity of illumination of an incandescent lamp filament with the light emitted from a small orifice in the furnace.

The melting point of iron such as used in grey iron castings is 2,228 degrees Fahrenheit, and mild steel is 2,687 degrees. In gold melting the temperature of the standard alloy ready for pouring into molds is 2,156 degrees. Silver is not so high, being 1,796 degrees F. The different temperatures are now measured with great accuracy by these modern methods.

* * *

Great Engineering Work.

An important piece of work is being done on the C.P.R. from a point near Hector, on the summit of the Canadian Rockies, to Field, a distance of four miles on the Kicking Horse river. The distance by rail is being increased to eight, but the grade will then be reduced from 4.4 to 2.2. per cent.

The importance of this work is that it includes two spiral tunnels, one 3,200 feet, and the other 2,890 feet, in length, located on opposite sides of the Kicking Horse river. One of the tunnels is under Cathedral Peak, and the second is beneath Mount Wampa, both tunnels being cut through silicious limestone. No work such as this will be when completed has ever been completed in this country. The tracks in both tunnels will turn directly around on a ten degree curve. There are three similar spiral tunnels in Europe. These are on the Swiss side of the famous Simplon Pass under the Alps between Switzerland and Italy.

The tunnels at Kicking Horse pass will be 17 feet wide and 25 feet high. The tunnels will be in service by the end of 1908, and at the present time 500 men are employed, and two large air compressor plants have been installed to complete the work as soon as possible. The scenery from this point, Hector to Field, is probably the finest in the world, and the construction of these tunnels is a great engineering feat, which is arousing the interest of the engineers in United States and Canada.

* * *

Earthquakes.

The physical changes caused by earthquakes give one an idea of the stupendous power of the subterranean forces. Mountains have been obliterated, new islands have been made in a night and others destroyed in the same short space of time, and in some cases long stretches of coast line have been wiped out.

In September, 1759, on the lofty tableland about 150 miles southwest of the city of Mexico, a piece of land four miles square in area was suddenly raised 550 feet, and numerous cones appeared, one of them, the volcano of Jorullo, being nearly 17,000 feet high. Java in 1772 suffered in the opposite way, for a tract of country fifteen miles long by six miles broad, was swallowed up entirely, a mountain 9,000 feet high being reduced to 5,000 feet in the process.

* * *

Cotton Plants in the North.

Among the many wild flowers seen in the Arctic regions is the cotton plant. Miners say that where this plant appears, ice is not far distant. During the months of July and August one can walk for miles through fields of cotton plants in flower, the white silky tops waving in the Arctic breezes. No industrial use has yet been made of this, except where they are gathered to fill pillows. Other flowers which may be seen in the summer months in the Arctic are the purple larkspur, blue-bells, monk's-hood, primroses, asters, lilies-of-the-valley, and pink or white geranium. This geranium is found only in the Arctic regions.

* * *

Vaccines Through Mouth.

Dr. Latham, of St. George's hospital, read a preliminary paper before the Royal Society of Medicine in London, tending to show that satisfactory immunization against tuberculosis could be obtained by administering vaccines through the mouth, instead of injecting them into the blood. He described cases in which he cured glandular tuberculosis and markedly improved pulmonary tuberculosis. Dr. Latham's system is based on the original recommendation of Prof. Koch, modified by Prof. Wright's work on the opsonic index.

* * *

Poisoned By Work.

Science is a wonderful thing, especially medical science, which, among its many other achievements, is always discovering some new thing about which people can worry. One of its latest advancements in this direction is the discovery that physical fatigue is due to a poison produced in the system by muscular action. The man who has found all this out is a learned professor by the name of Weichardt, and the name he gives to this fatigue-toxin is a long German word whose very appearance is enough to make one tired. The result of his researches should certainly entitle him to a high place in that universal brotherhood that scoffing people who work have designated as the "sons of rest."

* * *

A Walk of Teeth.

A walk of teeth is to be built around the novel new home of Dr. John Kinsel, in Bellwood, Pa. The doctor has been saving up the ache producers he has extracted for the past twenty years, and he has a big stock of them on hand at the present time. He never knew exactly what he would do with them until he decided to build a "round house" for a dwelling. Then he concluded to use the teeth in the walk.

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